

LORE OF THE KINSFOLK

BOOK VIII

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A nine-volume anthology edited and compiled by
D.S. BLAIS

First Edition
MMXVII

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For my sons.

*Ac se maga geonga under his maéges scyld elne
geéode þá his ágen wæs glédum forgrunden.*

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Introduction

Lore of the Kinsfolk is a large anthology of literature that reflects the cultural soul and values of our “Germanic,” “Nordic,” and “Celtic” European ancestors. While these ethnic terms are broad and imprecise, they provide sufficient distinction for there exists within their spiritual nexus a markedly different *Weltanschauung* from those of other cultures.

But what is this world-view? What is the true nature of our forefathers, our folk? I take the position that the best way we can discover the answer is through direct experience of their works. Thanks to the availability of their primary sources, we may “hear” the voices of our ancestors once more in their songs, sagas, epics, and chronicles. In this way their histories return to life as their sentiments and wisdom are renewed and reawakened within our own lives.

Until the availability of this compilation, an anthology such as this was lacking. To understand why, let us look at the “Great Books” and “Western Canon.” Though sometimes pilloried as out-moded and archaic, these canonical selections are still taught in many universities and should be considered carefully with a mind to not only what is included, but also what is excluded. Specifically, what is the perspective of the scholar who chooses Adam Smith over Thomas Malory, *Paradise Lost* over the *Song of Roland*, and so on?

The perspective of such a scholar is not at all original, but instead extends tastes which have their origin in the 14th century with the Renaissance and its disparagement of what Petrarch called the “Dark Ages.” There are three chief roots to this mentality, which so displaced our indigenous one and now completely possesses the modern world: (1) the Black Plague which spread with trade and altered the appearance of the world from one of divine order to that of a grim lottery, (2) the “Little Ice Age” that collapsed the agriculture of the Medieval Warm Period, and (3) Levantine trading and lending practices spreading through Europe, especially as the *Reconquista* ended *al-Andalus*. Together these instilled abstracted, rationalistic materialism and erected an irreconcilable barrier between Nature and Self.

As I have argued in *Mysteries of the Obvious*, the penchant and skill of the Jewish people for cosmopolitan trade was formed in the survival strategies of the Near Eastern sociological and climatological milieu following desertification. This climate change was central to the fall of the previous agriculturally-rooted kingdoms of the Near East, as that fertile, orderly, and harmonious natural world was turned to chaos, plunging good and bad alike into the throes of misfortune.

During this time the hostility of natural forces outside of human control led many to a sense of alienation from life; a perception of divine order as either cruel, indifferent, or nonexistent; and a resulting cynical egoistical materialism. The resource scarcity encouraged competition and selfishness as short-term personal opportunism prevailed over long-term social good, practical strategies in a starving land filled with predatory raiders. When the Black Plague and climate change occurred in Europe, a similar shift in the perception of Nature followed, most especially in the cities where the links to Her spirit were already tenuous and it is indeed in the cities of northern Italy that we first see the resolve of the old European spirit crumble into ruin.

The Jewish merchants and moneylenders who entered Florence found their Gentile champions in the Medici family, who pro-

tested and encouraged the Jewish population and trade practices. The House of Medici, bankrolled by the Jewish moneylenders whose wealth greatly expanded in the Islamic “Golden Age,” became exceedingly rich and powerful. The Medici possessed the largest bank in Europe through the 15th century, sired three popes and many royals, and lent to avaricious royalty throughout Europe.

Jewish collaboration with Gentiles towards international corporatism or imperialism may be found earlier in Rome, among the Muslim Caliphates, onwards through Europe via the Renaissance and Enlightenment, and ongoing in this corrupt age of Modernity. The style of Jewish-Gentile partnership capitalizes on the respective strengths of Jewish financial acumen and legalism in conjunction with Gentile military and industrial power. Contrary to the rhetoric of simplistic anti-Semites, this situation is not due to manipulation or exploitation on the part of the Jews, but transparently achieves precisely what both collaborating parties want, namely power and wealth — of exaggerated importance in desperate times as with decaying Rome or plague-ridden Europe.

Though the oligarchs thereby advance, the congress of commercial enterprise is not without its casualties and detractors, and perhaps no values are truly more antithetical to it than those of our European ancestors. Our concepts of Honor and Love are entirely opposed to the peddler’s *ethos*; the basis of the former is Nature and the deep sense of belonging to Her, while that of the latter is a rationalistic abstraction of life and spirituality entirely away from our Earthly origin to an abstract conception of Universe and Self. These two world views are not simply different perspectives of the same truth, but two diametrically opposed directions of the soul to or away from the real, living natural world.

Chivalry cannot abide Capitalism, nor the contrary. To defeat the obstacle posed to trade, the merchant must disarm the knight; neuter the old concepts of masculinity and femininity; replace “person” with “consumer;” mock sacrifice, loyalty, and honor; and endlessly advertise the Self over the Folk, that is, the individual over their larger sense of belonging within Nature.

Thus it is was that Petrarch, the Tuscan father of Renaissance, was to first describe the previous era as the “Dark Age” (i.e. *saeculum obscurum*), elevating the Greeks and Romans of antiquity while debasing the European successors as ignorant primitives. The Renaissance is the reaction that he and other Northern Italians, informed by cynicism derived of pestilence and famine, initially fashioned in choosing the glittering ephemerality of wealthy and decadent past empires over the ancestral European outlook. While the ancestral outlook could be characterized as ultimately based on the intimate faith in Nature’s inherent goodness and correctness (i.e. the harmonious expression of the divine in the Middle World), the future mentality was utterly aloof from such pedestrianly mundane notions of God, Soul, and Nature.

The New Man of commerce, technology, and imperialism would spread the inticements of the Jews and their imitative collaborators into Belgium, Amsterdam, England, and throughout Europe, promoting his cosmopolitan oligarchical *ethos* everywhere he went. Fresh imperialism caught on fire, profitable colonies were established overseas, ruthless slavery came back into vogue, the cruel Jehovah replaced the compassionate Christ — and subsequently was entirely displaced with Spinoza, Hobbes, Diderot, *et al* — and thereafter all “enlightened” people only

looked with embarrassment and contempt upon those ridiculous old views of the past.

And, so it is that conventional scholars ever since may find Shakespeare's street-smart wit or Cervantes' satirical mocking palatable, but reject the Matter of Britain as unworthy of canonical inclusion. Mortimer J. Alder's famed *Great Books of the Western World* well demonstrates this myopia. After eighteen massive volumes of classical works, not a single piece is included from the eight hundred years spanning Augustine to Aquinas! The modern corruption of value is so great that hundreds of pages of pointless astronomical tables from Kepler and Copernicus are included, but not a paragraph of the Nordic Sagas. And, why but because science and technology are so exceptionally valued in our present society — not due to an innate love of Natural Philosophy or Natural History, but because of their singular utility to commercial advantage!

Some have cast this conflict as a theological one, positing that the Church stifled creativity and imagination prior to the Renaissance. This belief reveals a tremendous myth in the historical understanding of the Christian religion, one that the religion's defenders and detractors both like to perpetuate: that the Christian religion of the Middle Ages is the same slavish, biblical creed as that of today, ignoring the hidden truth of the Reformation. In actuality, the historical Christianity of our ancestors was far more a reflection and furtherance of their own inherent nature than the supposed alien imposition of a Jewish sect.

To understand this, let us consider some facts. Once Imperial Rome had sufficiently weakened due to their own decadence and overreaching dilution, our kinsmen, the Visigoths, sacked Rome and German law, as with the *Visigothic Code*, replaced Roman law over the Western stretches of the former Roman Empire. Unlike the Roman subjects of Constantine *et al*, Christianity was not imposed on the ruling tribes or their kinsmen, but voluntarily adopted over time by the Northern peoples.

Why did Christianity appeal to them? Christianity was, from the beginning, a highly accessible and universal theological system formed from a mosaic of other beliefs including Roman paganism, Mithraism, Stoicism, and Buddhism. Until the dogmatism of the philo-Semitic Puritans and their restoration of Old Testament legalism, Christianity in practice was largely a matter of adopting what most resonated with the believer as variously realized from sect to sect, people to people. Our ancestors could see the strong similarities in the astro-theological underpinnings of Christianity to their heathen systems which had thousands of years travelled with them in their migration from the winnowing agricultural lands of the Near East. Free to adapt Christianity as they wished, they accepted and encouraged what they found interesting, useful, and true, while simultaneously preserving their own beliefs and practices. This was very much like the Roman's espousal of Greek mythology, and they were free to fit the religion to the mold they wished so that it was additive to, rather than subtractive from their own extant philosophies.

This adaption occurred in just the same manner as when the Franks adopted and shaped the Latin language into what we now know as French. Valuing Latin's vocabulary, grammar, literature, and wide usage, the Franks, Burgundians, *et al* repurposed the Roman's language for their own expressive goals, preserving Germanic linguistic traits but, more importantly, the overall personality of their own folk. Thus, Christianity through the Middle Ages, while not a Germanic invention, was a Germanic (and Celtic) *adaptation* of a flexible, complex religion into their own existing spiritual frameworks, from the Yggdrasil tree of salvation to the Celtic Cross.

A tremendous example of this is given us by the *Heliand*, the Saxon gospel of the 9th century. After the tyrannical behavior of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, a different approach by the Frankish Christians was used to convert the remaining pagans. Radically dissimilar from the conventional gospels of Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John, the Saxon gospel has a great many divergences from the traditional story of Jesus, portraying him and his Apostles as honorable and brave warriors. Jesus himself is shown as a heroic warrior chief imbued with pagan magical ability, his story a strong fusion of Germanic and early Christian *mythoi*.

As with Christianity, the ideas of our ancestors being generally brutish and cruel, predisposed to early deaths, and acutely scientifically ignorant are wholly in error. Fortunately, this older view of medievalism, so widely propagated by the Renaissance and its followers, has been undergoing a significant revisionism at the hands of some academics. This began with the Romantics, themselves a reaction to the inhumanity of modernity and industrialism, many of whom embraced the spirit of the past and sought to continue its traditions into their own time.

In fact, the true nature of our ancestral character is shown by its honorableness, compassion, piety, idealism, humaneness, and vigor. As such, it reflects the best aspects of the continued soul of our European folk. For the truth is that the so-called "Dark Ages" were really the *Living Ages*, as every interaction was with an intelligent, organismic entity and perceived as within a like-wise Holism. Whereas commercial and, now, mechanical interactions have robbed life of its natural depth, our past kinsfolk lived fully amidst its inherent living complexity. For our ancestors, all of the world was an orderly, living organism, interdependent and related; all the world was a manifestation of the living nature god-head.

The Greeks and Romans were both peoples originally from the North, both spoke Indo-European languages, and both had many cultural traits familiar to our own. This connection is particularly evident with the Romans, and it was a difficult decision to omit works by the Romans, including Virgil's *Aeneid*, Plutarch's *Lives*, the especially insightful works by Julius Caesar and Tacitus on Gaul and Germania, and so on. Likewise, there are strong relations to be found in Slavic literature and such Eastern European history as Nestor's *Tales of Past Years*, but a choice was made to specifically feature the continuous inner path of the Western and Northern Europeans, in no small part because the *Lore* already exceeds 5,000,000 words. Perhaps these deficiencies and others will be remedied in future editions.

The fundamental nature of reality and our own spiritual instincts remain the same as when our ancestors wrote the works that follow. All that has really changed are the form and pervasiveness of the illusions and confutations we face. We can find inspiration in the like-minded revival of the old truths by certain Romantics, several of whom are included in the latter sections of the *Lore* for the beauty and authenticity of their continuations. These recent ancestors remind us that we can today still listen to and learn from the wisdom of our ancient kinsmen, and thereby rekindle within our hearts the truth of our blood, our world, and our soul.

Not only *can* we do this, but this what we *must* do! For it is the path back to reality, back to truth, and back to Nature in all of Her beautiful splendor. The works in the *Lore* are not merely historical relics; they are a sacred heirloom which has been passed to you so that you may live as accords your natural being. Listen to the *Lore of the Kinsfolk* and hear in the spirits of your ancestors your own living nature. And for you who hearken to the call of your forefathers, may their words cause your heart and mind to follow the wisdom of heroes over the wending path of time and fate.

— D.S. Blais, Vinland, December 2017

Kalevala

PROEM.

MASTERED by desire impulsive,
By a mighty inward urging,
I am ready now for singing,
Ready to begin the chanting
Of our nation's ancient folk-song
Handed down from by-gone ages.
In my mouth the words are melting,
From my lips the tones are gliding,
From my tongue they wish to hasten;
When my willing teeth are parted,
When my ready mouth is opened,
Songs of ancient wit and wisdom
Hasten from me not unwilling.
Golden friend, and dearest brother,
Brother dear of mine in childhood,
Come and sing with me the stories,
Come and chant with me the legends,
Legends of the times forgotten,
Since we now are here together,
Come together from our roamings.
Seldom do we come for singing,
Seldom to the one, the other,
O'er this cold and cruel country,
O'er the poor soil of the Northland.
Let us clasp our hands together
That we thus may best remember.
Join we now in merry singing,
Chant we now the oldest folk-lore,
That the dear ones all may hear them,
That the well-inclined may hear them,
Of this rising generation.
These are words in childhood taught me,
Songs preserved from distant ages,
Legends they that once were taken
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomieli,
From the bow of Youkahainen,
From the pastures of the Northland,
From the meads of Kalevala.
These my dear old father sang me
When at work with knife and hatchet

These my tender mother taught me
When she twirled the flying spindle,
When a child upon the matting
By her feet I rolled and tumbled.
Incantations were not wanting
Over Sampo and o'er Louhi,
Sampo growing old in singing,
Louhi ceasing her enchantment.
In the songs died wise Wipunen,
At the games died Lemminkainen.
There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant copses,
Blown me from the forest branches,
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hillocks green and golden,
After sable-haired Murikki,
And the many-colored Kimmo.
Many runes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord
Waves of sea, and ocean billows,
Music from the many waters,
Music from the whole creation,
Oft have been my guide and master.
Sentences the trees created,
Rolled together into bundles,
Moved them to my ancient dwelling,
On the sledges to my cottage,
Tied them to my garret rafters,
Hung them on my dwelling-portals,
Laid them in a chest of boxes,
Boxes lined with shining copper.
Long they lay within my dwelling
Through the chilling winds of winter,
In my dwelling-place for ages.
Shall I bring these songs together
From the cold and frost collect them?
Shall I bring this nest of boxes,
Keepers of these golden legends,
To the table in my cabin,
Underneath the painted rafters,
In this house renowned and ancient?
Shall I now these boxes open,
Boxes filled with wondrous stories?
Shall I now the end unfasten
Of this ball of ancient wisdom,
These ancestral lays unravel?
Let me sing an old-time legend,

That shall echo forth the praises
Of the beer that I have tasted,
Of the sparkling beer of barley.
Bring to me a foaming goblet
Of the barley of my fathers,
Lest my singing grow too weary,
Singing from the water only.
Bring me too a cup of strong-beer,
It will add to our enchantment,
To the pleasure of the evening,
Northland's long and dreary evening,
For the beauty of the day-dawn,
For the pleasure of the morning,
The beginning of the new-day.
Often I have heard them chanting,
Often I have heard them singing,
That the nights come to us singly,
That the Moon beams on us singly,
That the Sun shines on us singly;
Singly also, Wainamoinen,
The renowned and wise enchanter,
Born from everlasting Ether
Of his mother, Ether's daughter.

RUNE I. BIRTH OF WAINAMOINEN.

In primeval times, a maiden,
Beauteous Daughter of the Ether,
Passed for ages her existence
In the great expanse of heaven,
O'er the prairies yet enfolded.
Wearisome the maiden growing,
Her existence sad and hopeless,
Thus alone to live for ages
In the infinite expanses
Of the air above the sea-foam,
In the far outstretching spaces,
In a solitude of ether,
She descended to the ocean,
Waves her coach, and waves her pillow.
Thereupon the rising storm-wind
Flying from the East in fierceness,
Whips the ocean into surges,
Strikes the stars with sprays of ocean
Till the waves are white with fervor.
To and fro they toss the maiden,
Storm-encircled, hapless maiden;
With her sport the rolling billows,
With her play the storm-wind forces,
On the blue back of the waters;
On the white-wreathed waves of ocean,
Play the forces of the salt-sea,
With the lone and helpless maiden;
Till at last in full conception,
Union now of force and beauty,

Sink the storm-winds into slumber;
Overburdened now the maiden
Cannot rise above the surface;
Seven hundred years she wandered,
Ages nine of man's existence,
Swam the ocean hither, thither,
Could not rise above the waters,
Conscious only of her travail;
Seven hundred years she labored
Ere her first-born was delivered.
Thus she swam as water-mother,
Toward the east, and also southward,
Toward the west, and also northward;
Swam the sea in all directions,
Frightened at the strife of storm-winds,
Swam in travail, swam unceasing,
Ere her first-born was delivered.
Then began she gently weeping,
Spake these measures, heavy-hearted:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Woe is me, in this my travail!
Into what have I now fallen?
Woe is me, that I unhappy,
Left my home in subtle ether,
Came to dwell amid the sea-foam,
To be tossed by rolling billows,
To be rocked by winds and waters,
On the far outstretching waters,
In the salt-sea's vast expanses,
Knowing only pain and trouble!
Better far for me, O Ukko!
Were I maiden in the Ether,
Than within these ocean-spaces,
To become a water-mother!
All this life is cold and dreary,
Painful here is every motion,
As I linger in the waters,
As I wander through the ocean.
Ukko, thou O God, up yonder,
Thou the ruler of the heavens,
Come thou hither, thou art needed,
Come thou hither, I implore thee,
To deliver me from trouble,
To deliver me in travail.
Come I pray thee, hither hasten,
Hasten more that thou art needed,
Haste and help this helpless maiden!"
When she ceased her supplications,
Scarce a moment onward passes,
Ere a beauteous duck descending,
Hastens toward the water-mother,
Comes a-flying hither, thither,
Seeks herself a place for nesting.
Flies she eastward, flies she westward,
Circles northward, circles southward,

Cannot find a grassy hillock,
Not the smallest bit of verdure;
Cannot find a spot protected,
Cannot find a place befitting,
Where to make her nest in safety.
Flying slowly, looking round her,
She descries no place for resting,
Thinking loud and long debating,
And her words are such as follow:
"Build I in the winds my dwelling,
On the floods my place of nesting?
Surely would the winds destroy it,
Far away the waves would wash it."
Then the daughter of the Ether,
Now the hapless water-mother,
Raised her shoulders out of water,
Raised her knees above the ocean,
That the duck might build her dwelling,
Build her nesting-place in safety.
Thereupon the duck in beauty,
Flying slowly, looking round her,
Spies the shoulders of the maiden,
Sees the knees of Ether's daughter,
Now the hapless water-mother,
Thinks them to be grassy hillocks,
On the blue back of the ocean.
Thence she flies and hovers slowly,
Lightly on the knee she settles,
Finds a nesting-place befitting,
Where to lay her eggs in safety.
Here she builds her humble dwelling,
Lays her eggs within, at pleasure,
Six, the golden eggs she lays there,
Then a seventh, an egg of iron;
Sits upon her eggs to hatch them,
Quickly warms them on the knee-cap
Of the hapless water-mother;
Hatches one day, then a second,
Then a third day sits and hatches.
Warmer grows the water round her,
Warmer is her bed in ocean,
While her knee with fire is kindled,
And her shoulders too are burning,
Fire in every vein is coursing.
Quick the maiden moves her shoulders,
Shakes her members in succession,
Shakes the nest from its foundation,
And the eggs fall into ocean,
Dash in pieces on the bottom
Of the deep and boundless waters.
In the sand they do not perish,
Not the pieces in the ocean;
But transformed, in wondrous beauty
All the fragments come together
Forming pieces two in number,

One the upper, one the lower,
Equal to the one, the other.
From one half the egg, the lower,
Grows the nether vault of Terra:
From the upper half remaining,
Grows the upper vault of Heaven;
From the white part come the moonbeams,
From the yellow part the sunshine,
From the motley part the starlight,
From the dark part grows the cloudage;
And the days speed onward swiftly,
Quickly do the years fly over,
From the shining of the new sun
From the lighting of the full moon.
Still the daughter of the Ether,
Swims the sea as water-mother,
With the floods outstretched before her,
And behind her sky and ocean.
Finally about the ninth year,
In the summer of the tenth year,
Lifts her head above the surface,
Lifts her forehead from the waters,
And begins at last her workings,
Now commences her creations,
On the azure water-ridges,
On the mighty waste before her.
Where her hand she turned in water,
There arose a fertile hillock;
Wheresoe'er her foot she rested,
There she made a hole for fishes;
Where she dived beneath the waters,
Fell the many deeps of ocean;
Where upon her side she turned her,
There the level banks have risen;
Where her head was pointed landward,
There appeared wide bays and inlets;
When from shore she swam a distance,
And upon her back she rested,
There the rocks she made and fashioned,
And the hidden reefs created,
Where the ships are wrecked so often,
Where so many lives have perished.
Thus created were the islands,
Rocks were fastened in the ocean,
Pillars of the sky were planted,
Fields and forests were created,
Checkered stones of many colors,
Gleaming in the silver sunlight,
All the rocks stood well established;
But the singer, Wainamoinen,
Had not yet beheld the sunshine,
Had not seen the golden moonlight,
Still remaining undelivered.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Lingering within his dungeon

Thirty summers altogether,
And of winters, also thirty,
Peaceful on the waste of waters,
On the broad-sea's yielding bosom,
Well reflected, long considered,
How unborn to live and flourish
In the spaces wrapped in darkness,
In uncomfortable limits,
Where he had not seen the moonlight,
Had not seen the silver sunshine.
Thereupon these words be uttered,
Let himself be heard in this wise:
"Take, O Moon, I pray thee, take me,
Take me, thou, O Sun above me,
Take me, thou O Bear of heaven,
From this dark and dreary prison,
From these unbefitting portals,
From this narrow place of resting,
From this dark and gloomy dwelling,
Hence to wander from the ocean,
Hence to walk upon the islands,
On the dry land walk and wander,
Like an ancient hero wander,
Walk in open air and breathe it,
Thus to see the moon at evening,
Thus to see the silver sunlight,
Thus to see the Bear in heaven,
That the stars I may consider."
Since the Moon refused to free him,
And the Sun would not deliver,
Nor the Great Bear give assistance,
His existence growing weary,
And his life but an annoyance,
Bursts he then the outer portals
Of his dark and dismal fortress;
With his strong, but unnamed finger,
Opens he the lock resisting;
With the toes upon his left foot,
With the fingers of his right hand,
Creeps he through the yielding portals
To the threshold of his dwelling;
On his knees across the threshold,
Throws himself head foremost, forward
Plunges into deeps of ocean,
Plunges hither, plunges thither,
Turning with his hands the water;
Swims he northward, swims he southward,
Swims he eastward, swims he westward,
Studying his new surroundings.
Thus our hero reached the water,
Rested five years in the ocean,
Six long years, and even seven years,
Till the autumn of the eighth year,
When at last he leaves the waters,
Stops upon a promontory,

On a coast bereft of verdure;
 On his knees he leaves the ocean,
 On the land he plants his right foot,
 On the solid ground his left foot,
 Quickly turns his hands about him,
 Stands erect to see the sunshine,
 Stands to see the golden moonlight,
 That he may behold the Great Bear,
 That he may the stars consider.
 Thus our hero, Wainamoinen,
 Thus the wonderful enchanter
 Was delivered from his mother,
 Ilmatar, the Ether's daughter.

RUNE II. WAINAMOINEN'S SOWING.

Then arose old Wainamoinen,
 With his feet upon the island,
 On the island washed by ocean,
 Broad expanse devoid of verdure;
 There remained be many summers,
 There he lived as many winters,
 On the island vast and vacant,
 well considered, long reflected,
 Who for him should sow the island,
 Who for him the seeds should scatter;
 Thought at last of Pellerwoinen,
 First-born of the plains and prairies,
 When a slender boy, called Sampsa,
 Who should sow the vacant island,
 Who the forest seeds should scatter.
 Pellerwoinen, thus consenting,
 Sows with diligence the island,
 Seeds upon the lands he scatters,
 Seeds in every swamp and lowland,
 Forest seeds upon the loose earth,
 On the firm soil sows the acorns,
 Fir-trees sows he on the mountains,
 Pine-trees also on the hill-tops,
 Many shrubs in every valley,
 Birches sows he in the marshes,
 In the loose soil sows the alders,
 In the lowlands sows the lindens,
 In the moist earth sows the willow,
 Mountain-ash in virgin places,
 On the banks of streams the hawthorn,
 Junipers in hilly regions;
 This the work of Pellerwoinen,
 Slender Sampsa, in his childhood.
 Soon the fertile seeds were sprouting,
 Soon the forest trees were growing,
 Soon appeared the tops of fir-trees,
 And the pines were far outspreading;
 Birches rose from all the marshes,
 In the loose soil grew the alders,

In the mellow soil the lindens;
Junipers were also growing,
Junipers with clustered berries,
Berries on the hawthorn branches.
Now the hero, Wainamoinen,
Stands aloft to look about him,
How the Sampsa-seeds are growing,
How the crop of Pellerwoinen;
Sees the young trees thickly spreading,
Sees the forest rise in beauty;
But the oak-tree has not sprouted,
Tree of heaven is not growing,
Still within the acorn sleeping,
Its own happiness enjoying.
Then he waited three nights longer,
And as many days he waited,
Waited till a week had vanished,
Then again the work examined;
But the oak-tree was not growing,
Had not left her acorn-dwelling.
Wainamoinen, ancient hero,
Spies four maidens in the distance,
Water-brides, he spies a fifth-one,
On the soft and sandy sea-shore,
In the dewy grass and flowers,
On a point extending seaward,
Near the forests of the island.
Some were mowing, some were raking,
Raking what was mown together,
In a windrow on the meadow.
From the ocean rose a giant,
Mighty Tursas, tall and hardy,
Pressed compactly all the grasses,
That the maidens had been raking,
When a fire within them kindles,
And the flames shot up to heaven,
Till the windrows burned to ashes,
Only ashes now remaining
Of the grasses raked together.
In the ashes of the windrows,
Tender leaves the giant places,
In the leaves he plants an acorn,
From the acorn, quickly sprouting,
Grows the oak-tree, tall and stately,
From the ground enriched by ashes,
Newly raked by water-maidens;
Spread the oak-tree's many branches,
Rounds itself a broad corona,
Raises it above the storm-clouds;
Far it stretches out its branches,
Stops the white-clouds in their courses,
With its branches hides the sunlight,
With its many leaves, the moonbeams,
And the starlight dies in heaven.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,

Thought awhile, and well considered,
How to kill the mighty oak-tree,
First created for his pleasure,
How to fell the tree majestic,
How to lop its hundred branches.
Sad the lives of man and hero,
Sad the homes of ocean-dwellers,
If the sun shines not upon them,
If the moonlight does not cheer them
Is there not some mighty hero,
Was there never born a giant,
That can fell the mighty oak-tree,
That can lop its hundred branches?
Wainamoinen, deeply thinking,
Spake these words soliloquizing:
“Kape, daughter of the Ether,
Ancient mother of my being,
Luonnotar, my nurse and helper,
Loan to me the water-forces,
Great the powers of the waters;
Loan to me the strength of oceans,
To upset this mighty oak-tree,
To uproot this tree of evil,
That again may shine the sunlight,
That the moon once more may glimmer.”
Straightway rose a form from oceans,
Rose a hero from the waters,
Nor belonged he to the largest,
Nor belonged he to the smallest,
Long was he as man’s forefinger,
Taller than the hand of woman;
On his head a cap of copper,
Boots upon his feet were copper,
Gloves upon his hands were copper,
And its stripes were copper-colored,
Belt around him made of copper,
Hatchet in his belt was copper;
And the handle of his hatchet
Was as long as hand of woman,
Of a finger’s breadth the blade was.
Then the trusty Wainamoinen
Thought awhile and well considered,
And his measures are as follow:
“Art thou, sir, divine or human?
Which of these thou only knowest;
Tell me what thy name and station.
Very like a man thou lookest,
Hast the bearing of a hero,
Though the length of man’s first finger,
Scarce as tall as hoof of reindeer.”
Then again spake Wainamoinen
To the form from out the ocean:
“Verily I think thee human,
Of the race of pigmy-heroes,
Might as well be dead or dying,

Fit for nothing but to perish.”
Answered thus the pigmy-hero,
Spake the small one from the ocean
To the valiant Wainamoinen
“Truly am I god and hero,
From the tribes that rule the ocean;
Come I here to fell the oak-tree,
Lop its branches with my hatchet.”
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Answers thus the sea-born hero:
“Never hast thou force sufficient,
Not to thee has strength been given,
To uproot this mighty oak-tree,
To upset this thing of evil,
Nor to lop its hundred branches.”
Scarcely had he finished speaking,
Scarcely had he moved his eyelids,
Ere the pigmy full unfolding,
Quick becomes a mighty giant.
With one step he leaves the ocean,
Plants himself, a mighty hero,
On the forest-fields surrounding;
With his head the clouds he pierces,
To his knees his beard extending,
And his locks fall to his ankles;
Far apart appear his eyeballs,
Far apart his feet are stationed.
Farther still his mighty shoulders.
Now begins his axe to sharpen,
Quickly to an edge he whets it,
Using six hard blocks of sandstone,
And of softer whetstones, seven.
Straightway to the oak-tree turning,
Thither stalks the mighty giant,
In his raiment long and roomy,
Flapping in the winds of heaven;
With his second step he totters
On the land of darker color;
With his third stop firmly planted,
Reaches he the oak-tree’s branches,
Strikes the trunk with sharpened hatchet,
With one mighty swing he strikes it,
With a second blow he cuts it;
As his blade descends the third time,
From his axe the sparks fly upward,
From the oak-tree fire outshooting;
Ere the axe descends a fourth time,
Yields the oak with hundred branches,
Shaking earth and heaven in falling.
Eastward far the trunk extending,
Far to westward flew the tree-tops,
To the South the leaves were scattered,
To the North its hundred branches.
Whosoe’er a branch has taken,
Has obtained eternal welfare;

Who secures himself a tree-top,
He has gained the master magic;
Who the foliage has gathered,
Has delight that never ceases.
Of the chips some had been scattered,
Scattered also many splinters,
On the blue back of the ocean,
Of the ocean smooth and mirrored,
Rocked there by the winds and waters,
Like a boat upon the billows;
Storm-winds blew them to the Northland,
Some the ocean currents carried.
Northland's fair and slender maiden,
Washing on the shore a head-dress,
Beating on the rocks her garments,
Rinsing there her silken raiment,
In the waters of Pohyola,
There beheld the chips and splinters,
Carried by the winds and waters.
In a bag the chips she gathered,
Took them to the ancient court-yard,
There to make enchanted arrows,
Arrows for the great magician,
There to shape them into weapons,
Weapons for the skilful archer,
Since the mighty oak has fallen,
Now has lost its hundred branches,
That the North may see the sunshine,
See the gentle gleam of moonlight,
That the clouds may keep their courses,
May extend the vault of heaven
Over every lake and river,
O'er the banks of every island.
Groves arose in varied beauty,
Beautifully grew the forests,
And again, the vines and flowers.
Birds again sang in the tree-tops,
Noisily the merry thrushes,
And the cuckoos in the birch-trees;
On the mountains grew the berries,
Golden flowers in the meadows,
And the herbs of many colors,
Many kinds of vegetation;
But the barley is not growing.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Goes away and well considers,
By the borders of the waters,
On the ocean's sandy margin,
Finds six seeds of golden barley,
Even seven ripened kernels,
On the shore of upper Northland,
In the sand upon the sea-shore,
Hides them in his trusty pouches,
Fashioned from the skin of squirrel,
Some were made from skin of marten;

Hastens forth the seeds to scatter,
Quickly sows the barley kernels,
On the brinks of Kalew-waters,
On the Osma-hills and lowlands.
Hark! the titmouse wildly crying,
From the aspen, words as follow:
"Osma's barley will not flourish,
Not the barley of Wainola,
If the soil be not made ready,
If the forest be not levelled,
And the branches burned to ashes."
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Made himself an axe for chopping,
Then began to clear the forest,
Then began the trees to level,
Felled the trees of all descriptions,
Only left the birch-tree standing
For the birds a place of resting,
Where might sing the sweet-voiced cuckoo,
Sacred bird in sacred branches.
Down from heaven came the eagle,
Through the air he came a-flying,
That he might this thing consider;
And he spake the words that follow:
"Wherefore, ancient Wainamoinen,
Hast thou left the slender birch-tree,
Left the birch-tree only standing?"
Wainamoinen thus made answer:
"Therefore is the birch left standing,
That the birds may liest within it,
That the eagle there may rest him,
There may sing the sacred cuckoo."
Spake the eagle, thus replying:
Good indeed, thy hero-judgment,
That the birch-tree thou hast left us,
Left the sacred birch-tree standing,
As a resting-place for eagles,
And for birds of every feather,
Even I may rest upon it."
Quickly then this bird of heaven,
Kindled fire among the branches;
Soon the flames are fanned by north-winds,
And the east-winds lend their forces,
Burn the trees of all descriptions,
Burn them all to dust and ashes,
Only is the birch left standing.
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Brings his magic grains of barley,
Brings he forth his seven seed-grains,
Brings them from his trusty pouches,
Fashioned from the skin of squirrel,
Some were made from skin of marten.
Thence to sow his seeds he hastens,
Hastes the barley-grains to scatter,
Speaks unto himself these measures:

"I the seeds of life am sowing,
Sowing through my open fingers,
From the hand of my Creator,
In this soil enriched with ashes,
In this soil to sprout and flourish.
Ancient mother, thou that livest
Far below the earth and ocean,
Mother of the fields and forests,
Bring the rich soil to producing,
Bring the seed-grains to the sprouting,
That the barley well may flourish.
Never will the earth unaided,
Yield the ripe nutritious barley;
Never will her force be wanting,
If the givers give assistance,
If the givers grace the sowing,
Grace the daughters of creation.
Rise, O earth, from out thy slumber,
From the slumber-land of ages,
Let the barley-grains be sprouting,
Let the blades themselves be starting,
Let the verdant stalks be rising,
Let the ears themselves be growing,
And a hundredfold producing,
From my plowing and my sowing,
From my skilled and honest labor.
Ukko, thou O God, up yonder,
Thou O Father of the heavens,
Thou that livest high in Ether,
Curbest all the clouds of heaven,
Holdest in the air thy counsel,
Holdest in the clouds good counsel,
From the East dispatch a cloudlet,
From the North-east send a rain-cloud,
From the West another send us,
From the North-west, still another,
Quickly from the South a warm-cloud,
That the rain may fall from heaven,
That the clouds may drop their honey,
That the ears may fill and ripen,
That the barley-fields may rustle."
Thereupon benignant Ukko,
Ukko, father of the heavens,
Held his counsel in the cloud-space,
Held good counsel in the Ether;
From the East, he sent a cloudlet,
From the North-east, sent a rain-cloud,
From the West another sent he,
From the North-west, still another,
Quickly from the South a warm-cloud;
Joined in seams the clouds together,
Sewed together all their edges,
Grasped the cloud, and hurled it earthward.
Quick the rain-cloud drops her honey,
Quick the rain-drops fall from heaven,

That the ears may quickly ripen,
That the barley crop may rustle.
Straightway grow the seeds of barley,
From the germ the blade unfolding,
Richly colored ears arising,
From the rich soil of the fallow,
From the work of Wainamoinen.
Here a few days pass unnoted
And as many nights fly over.
When the seventh day had journeyed,
On the morning of the eighth day,
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Went to view his crop of barley,
How his plowing, how his sowing,
How his labors were resulting;
Found his crop of barley growing,
Found the blades were triple-knotted,
And the ears he found six-sided.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Turned his face, and looked about him,
Lo! there comes a spring-time cuckoo,
Spying out the slender birch-tree,
Rests upon it, sweetly singing:
"Wherefore is the silver birch-tree
Left unharmed of all the forest? "
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Therefore I have left the birch-tree,
Left the birch-tree only growing,
Home for thee for joyful singing.
Call thou here, O sweet-voiced cuckoo,
Sing thou here from throat of velvet,
Sing thou here with voice of silver,
Sing the cuckoo's golden flute-notes;
Call at morning, call at evening,
Call within the hour of noontide,
For the better growth of forests,
For the ripening of the barley,
For the richness of, the Northland,
For the joy of Kalevala."

RUNE III. WAINAMOINEN AND YOUKAHAINEN.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Passed his years in full contentment,
On the meadows of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala,
Singing ever wondrous legends,
Songs of ancient wit and wisdom,
Chanting one day, then a second,
Singing in the dusk of evening,
Singing till the dawn of morning,
Now the tales of old-time heroes,
Tales of ages long forgotten,
Now the legends of creation,
Once familiar to the children,

By our children sung no longer,
Sung in part by many heroes,
In these mournful days of evil,
Evil days our race befallen.
Far and wide the story travelled,
Far away men spread the knowledge
Of the chanting of the hero,
Of the song of Wainamoinen;
To the South were heard the echoes,
All of Northland heard the story.
Far away in dismal Northland,
Lived the singer, Youkahainen,
Lapland's young and reckless minstrel,
Once upon a time when feasting,
Dining with his friends and fellows,
Came upon his ears the story
That there lived a sweeter singer,
On the meadows of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala,
Better skilled in chanting legends,
Better skilled than Youkahainen,
Better than the one that taught him.
Straightway then the bard grew angry,
Envy rose within his bosom,
Envy of this Wainamoinen,
Famed to be a sweeter singer;
Hastes he angry to his mother,
To his mother, full of wisdom,
Vows that he will southward hasten,
Hie him southward and betake him
To the dwellings of Wainola,
To the cabins of the Northland,
There as bard to vie in battle,
With the famous Wainamoinen.
"Nay," replies the anxious father,
"Do not go to Kalevala."
"Nay," replies the fearful mother,
"Go not hence to Wainamoinen,
There with him to offer battle;
He will charm thee with his singing
Will bewitch thee in his anger,
He will drive thee back dishonored,
Sink thee in the fatal snow-drift,
Turn to ice thy pliant fingers,
Turn to ice thy feet and ankles."
These the words of Youkahainen:
Good the judgement of a father,
Better still, a mother's counsel,
Best of all one's own decision.
I will go and face the minstrel,
Challenge him to sing in contest,
Challenge him as bard to battle,
Sing to him my sweet-toned measures,
Chant to him my oldest legends,
Chant to him my garnered wisdom,

That this best of boasted singers,
That this famous bard of Suomi,
Shall be worsted in the contest,
Shall become a hapless minstrel;
By my songs shall I transform him,
That his feet shall be as flint-stone,
And as oak his nether raiment;
And this famous, best of singers,
Thus bewitched, shall carry ever,
In his heart a stony burden,
On his shoulder bow of marble,
On his hand a flint-stone gauntlet,
On his brow a stony visor.”
Then the wizard, Youkahainen,
Heeding not advice paternal,
Heeding not his mother’s counsel,
Leads his courser from his stable,
Fire outstreaming from his nostrils,
From his hoofs, the sparks outshooting,
Hitches to his sledge, the fleet-foot,
To his golden sledge, the courser,
Mounts impetuous his snow-sledge,
Leaps upon the hindmost cross-bench,
Strikes his courser with his birch-whip,
With his birch-whip, pearl-enamelled.
Instantly the prancing racer
Springs away upon his journey;
On he, restless, plunges northward,
All day long be onward gallops,
All the next day, onward, onward,
So the third from morn till evening,
Till the third day twilight brings him
To the meadows of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala.
As it happened, Wainamoinen,
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Rode that sunset on the highway,
Silently for pleasure driving
Down Wainola’s peaceful meadows,
O’er the plains of Kalevala.
Youkahainen, young and fiery,
Urging still his foaming courser,
Dashes down upon the singer,
Does not turn aside in meeting,
Meeting thus in full collision;
Shafts are driven tight together,
Hames and collars wedged and tangled,
Tangled are the reins and traces.
Thus perforce they make a stand-still,
Thus remain and well consider;
Water drips from hame and collar,
Vapors rise from both their horses.
Speaks the minstrel, Wainamoinen:
“Who art thou, and whence? Thou comest
Driving like a stupid stripling,

Wainamoinen and Youkahainen.
Careless, dashing down upon me.
Thou hast ruined shafts and traces;
And the collar of my racer
Thou hast shattered into ruin,
And my golden sleigh is broken,
Box and runners dashed to pieces.”
Youkahainen then make answer,
Spake at last the words that follow:
“I am youthful Youkahainen,
But make answer first, who thou art,
Whence thou comest, where thou goest,
From what lowly tribe descended?”
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Answered thus the youthful minstrel:
“If thou art but Youkahainen,
Thou shouldst give me all the highway;
I am many years thy senior.”
Then the boastful Youkahainen
Spake again to Wainamoinen:
“Young or ancient, little matter,
Little consequence the age is;
He that higher stands in wisdom,
He whose knowledge is the greater,
He that is the sweeter singer,
He alone shall keep the highway,
And the other take the roadside.
Art thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Famous sorcerer and minstrel?
Let us then begin our singing,
Let us sing our ancient legends,
Let us chant our garnered wisdom,
That the one may hear the other,
That the one may judge the other,
In a war of wizard sayings.”
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Thus replied in modest accents:
“What I know is very little,
Hardly is it worth the singing,
Neither is my singing wondrous:
All my days I have resided
In the cold and dreary Northland,
In a desert land enchanted,
In my cottage home for aye;
All the songs that I have gathered,
Are the cuckoo’s simple measures,
Some of these I may remember;
But since thou perforce demandest,
I accept thy boastful challenge.
Tell me now, my golden youngster,
What thou knowest more than others,
Open now thy store of wisdom.”
Thus made answer Youkahainen,
Lapland’s young and fiery minstrel:
“Know I many bits of learning

This I know in perfect clearness:
Every roof must have a chimney,
Every fire-place have a hearth-stone;
Lives of seal are free and merry,
Merry is the life of walrus,
Feeding on incautious salmon,
Daily eating perch and whiting;
Whitings live in quiet shallows,
Salmon love the level bottoms;
Spawns the pike in coldest weather,
And defies the storms of winter.
Slowly perches swim in Autumn,
Wry-backed, hunting deeper water,
Spawn in shallows in the summer,
Bounding on the shore of ocean.
Should this wisdom seem too little,
I can tell thee other matters,
Sing thee other wizard sayings:
All the Northmen plow with reindeer,
Mother-horses plow the Southland,
Inner Lapland plows with oxen;
All the trees on Pisa-mountain,
Know I well in all their grandeur;
On the Horna-rock are fir-trees,
Fir-trees growing tall and slender;
Slender grow the trees on mountains.
Three, the water-falls in number,
Three in number, inland oceans,
Three in number, lofty mountains,
Shooting to the vault of heaven.
Hallapyora's near to Yaemen,
Katrakoski in Karyala;
Imatra, the falling water,
Tumbles, roaring, into Wuoksi."
Then the ancient Wainimoinen:
"Women's tales and children's wisdom
Do not please a bearded hero,
Hero, old enough for wedlock;
Tell the story of creation,
Tell me of the world's beginning,
Tell me of the creatures in it,
And philosophize a little."
Then the youthful Youkahainen
Thus replied to Wainamoinen:
"Know I well the titmouse-fountains,
Pretty birdling is the titmouse;
And the viper, green, a serpent;
Whitings live in brackish waters;
Perches swim in every river;
Iron rusts, and rusting weakens;
Bitter is the taste of umber;
Boiling water is malicious;
Fire is ever full of danger;
First physician, the Creator;
Remedy the oldest, water;

Magic is the child of sea-foam;
God the first and best adviser;
Waters gush from every mountain;
Fire descended first from heaven;
Iron from the rust was fashioned;
Copper from the rocks created;
Marshes are of lands the oldest;
First of all the trees, the willow;
Fir-trees were the first of houses;
Hollowed stones the first of kettles.”
Now the ancient Wainamoinen
Thus addresses Youkahainen:
“Canst thou give me now some wisdom,
Is this nonsense all thou knowest?”
Youkahainen thus made answer:
“I can tell thee still a trifle,
Tell thee of the times primeval,
When I plowed the salt-sea’s bosom,
When I raked the sea-girt islands,
When I dug the salmon-grottoes,
Hollowed out the deepest caverns,
When I all the lakes created,
When I heaped the mountains round them,
When I piled the rocks about them.
I was present as a hero,
Sixth of wise and ancient heroes,
Seventh of all primeval heroes,
When the heavens were created,
When were formed the ether-spaces,
When the sky was crystal-pillared,
When was arched the beauteous rainbow,
When the Moon was placed in orbit,
When the silver Sun was planted,
When the Bear was firmly stationed,
And with stars the heavens were sprinkled.”
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Thou art surely prince of liars,
Lord of all the host of liars;
Never wert thou in existence,
Surely wert thou never present,
When was plowed the salt-sea’s bosom,
When were raked the sea-girt islands,
When were dug the salmon-grottoes,
When were hollowed out the caverns,
When the lakes were all created,
When were heaped the mountains round them,
When the rocks were piled about them.
Thou wert never seen or heard of
When the earth was first created,
When were made the ether-spaces,
When the air was crystal-pillared,
When the Moon was placed in orbit,
When the silver Sun was planted,
When the Bear was firmly stationed,
When the skies with stars were sprinkled.”

Then in anger Youkahainen
Answered ancient Wainamoinen:
“Then, sir, since I fail in wisdom,
With the sword I offer battle;
Come thou, famous bard and minstrel,
Thou the ancient wonder-singer,
Let us try our strength with broadswords,
let our blades be fully tested.”
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Not thy sword and not thy wisdom,
Not thy prudence, nor thy cunning,
Do I fear a single moment.
Let who may accept thy challenge,
Not with thee, a puny braggart,
Not with one so vain and paltry,
Will I ever measure broadswords.”
Then the youthful Youkahainen,
Mouth awry and visage sneering,
Shook his golden locks and answered:
“Whoso fears his blade to measure,
Fears to test his strength at broadswords,
Into wild-boar of the forest,
Swine at heart and swine in visage,
Singing I will thus transform him;
I will hurl such hero-cowards,
This one hither, that one thither,
Stamp him in the mire and bedding,
In the rubbish of the stable.”
Angry then grew Wainamoinen,
Wrathful waxed, and fiercely frowning,
Self-composed he broke his silence,
And began his wondrous singing.
Sang he not the tales of childhood,
Children’s nonsense, wit of women,
Sang he rather bearded heroes,
That the children never heard of,
That the boys and maidens knew not
Known but half by bride and bridegroom,
Known in part by many heroes,
In these mournful days of evil,
Evil times our race befallen.
Grandly sang wise Wainamoinen,
Till the copper-bearing mountains,
And the flinty rocks and ledges
Heard his magic tones and trembled;
Mountain cliffs were torn to pieces,
All the ocean heaved and tumbled;
And the distant hills re-echoed.
Lo! the boastful Youkahainen
Is transfixed in silent wonder,
And his sledge with golden trimmings
Floats like brushwood on the billows;
Sings his braces into reed-grass,
Sings his reins to twigs of willow,
And to shrubs his golden cross-bench.

Lo! his birch-whip, pearl-enameled,
Floats a reed upon the border;
Lo! his steed with golden forehead,
Stands a statue on the waters;
Hames and traces are as fir-boughs,
And his collar, straw and sea-grass.
Still the minstrel sings enchantment,
Sings his sword with golden handle,
Sings it into gleam of lightning,
Hangs it in the sky above him;
Sings his cross-bow, gaily painted,
To a rainbow o'er the ocean;
Sings his quick and feathered arrows
Into hawks and screaming eagles;
Sings his dog with bended muzzle,
Into block of stone beside him;
Sings his cap from off his forehead,
Sings it into wreaths of vapor;
From his hands he sings his gauntlets
Into rushes on the waters;
Sings his vesture, purple-colored,
Into white clouds in the heavens;
Sings his girdle, set with jewels,
Into twinkling stars around him;
And alas! for Youkahainen,
Sings him into deeps of quick-sand;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
In his torture, sinks the wizard,
To his belt in mud and water.
Now it was that Youkahainen
Comprehended but too clearly
What his folly, what the end was,
Of the journey he had ventured,
Vainly he had undertaken
For the glory of a contest
With the grand, old Wainamoinen.
When at last young Youkahainen,
Pohyola's old and sorry stripling,
Strives his best to move his right foot,
But alas! the foot obeys not;
When he strives to move his left foot,
Lo! he finds it turned to flint-stone.
Thereupon sad Youkahainen,
In the deeps of desperation,
And in earnest supplication,
Thus addresses Wainamoinen:
"O thou wise and worthy minstrel,
Thou the only true, magician,
Cease I pray thee thine enchantment,
Only turn away thy magic,
Let me leave this slough of horror,
Loose me from this stony prison,
Free me from this killing torment,
I will pay a golden ransom."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:

“What the ransom thou wilt give me
If I cease from mine enchantment,
If I turn away my magic,
Lift thee from thy slough of horror,
Loose thee from thy stony prison,
Free thee from thy killing torment?”
Answered youthful Youkahainen:
“Have at home two magic cross-bows,
Pair of bows of wondrous power,
One so light a child can bend it,
Only strength can bend the other,
Take of these the one that pleases.”
Then the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Do not wish thy magic cross-bows,
Have a few of such already,
Thine to me are worse than useless
I have bows in great abundance,
Bows on every nail and rafter,
Bows that laugh at all the hunters,
Bows that go themselves a-hunting.”
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Sang alas! poor Youkahainen
Deeper into mud and water,
Deeper in the slough of torment.
Youkahainen thus made answer:
“Have at home two magic shallops,
Beautiful the boats and wondrous;
One rides light upon the ocean,
One is made for heavy burdens;
Take of these the one that pleases.”
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Do not wish thy magic shallops,
Have enough of such already;
All my bays are full of shallops,
All my shores are lined with shallops,
Some before the winds are sailors,
Some were built to sail against them.”
Still the Wainola bard and minstrel
Sings again poor Youkahainen
Deeper, deeper into torment,
Into quicksand to his girdle,
Till the Lapland bard in anguish
Speaks again to Wainamoinen:
“Have at home two magic stallions,
One a racer, fleet as lightning,
One was born for heavy burdens;
Take of these the one that pleases.”
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Neither do I wish thy stallions,
Do not need thy hawk-limbed stallions,
Have enough of these already;
Magic stallions swarm my stables,
Eating corn at every manger,
Broad of back to hold the water,
Water on each croup in lakelets.”

Still the bard of Kalevala
Sings the hapless Lapland minstrel
Deeper, deeper into torment,
To his shoulders into water.
Spake again young Youkahainen:
“O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Thou the only true magician,
Cease I pray thee thine enchantment,
Only turn away thy magic,
I will give thee gold abundant,
Countless stores of shining silver;
From the wars my father brought it,
Brought it from the hard-fought battles.”
Spake the wise, old Wainamoinen:
“For thy gold I have no longing,
Neither do I wish thy silver,
Have enough of each already;
Gold abundant fills my chambers,
On each nail hang bags of silver,
Gold that glitters in the sunshine,
Silver shining in the moonlight.”
Sank the braggart, Youkahainen,
Deeper in his slough of torment,
To his chin in mud and water,
Ever praying, thus beseeching:
“O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Greatest of the old magicians,
Lift me from this pit of horror,
From this prison-house of torture;
I will give thee all my corn-fields,
Give thee all my corn in garners,
Thus my hapless life to ransom,
Thus to gain eternal freedom.”
Wainamoinen thus made answer:
“Take thy corn to other markets,
Give thy garners to the needy;
I have corn in great abundance,
Fields have I in every quarter,
Corn in all my fields is growing;
One’s own fields are always richer,
One’s own grain is much the sweeter.”
Lapland’s young and reckless minstrel,
Sorrow-laden, thus enchanted,
Deeper sinks in mud and water,
Fear-enchained and full of anguish,
In the mire, his beard bedrabbled,
Mouth once boastful filled with sea-weed,
In the grass his teeth entangled,
Youkahainen thus beseeches:
“O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Wisest of the wisdom-singers,
Cease at last thine incantations,
Only turn away thy magic,
And my former life restore me,
Lift me from this stifling torment,

Free mine eyes from sand and water,
I will give thee sister, Aino,
Fairest daughter of my mother,
Bride of thine to be forever,
Bride of thine to do thy pleasure,
Sweep the rooms within thy cottage,
Keep thy dwelling-place in order,
Rinse for thee the golden platters,
Spread thy couch with finest linens,
For thy bed, weave golden covers,
Bake for thee the honey-biscuit.”
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Finds at last the wished-for ransom,
Lapland’s young and fairest daughter,
Sister dear of Youkahainen;
Happy he, that he has won him,
In his age a beauteous maiden,
Bride of his to be forever,
Pride and joy of Kalevala.
Now the happy Wainamoinen,
Sits upon the rock of gladness,
Joyful on the rock of music,
Sings a little, sings and ceases,
Sings again, and sings a third time,
Thus to break the spell of magic,
Thus to lessen the enchantment,
Thus the potent charm to banish.
As the magic spell is broken,
Youkahainen, sad, but wiser,
Drags his feet from out the quicksand,
Lifts his beard from out the water,
From the rocks leads forth his courser,
Brings his sledge back from the rushes,
Calls his whip back from the ocean,
Sets his golden sledge in order,
Throws himself upon the cross-bench,
Snaps his whip and hies him homeward,
Hastens homeward, heavy-hearted,
Sad indeed to meet his mother,
Aino’s mother, gray and aged.
Careless thus he hastens homeward,
Nears his home with noise and bustle,
Reckless drives against the pent-house,
Breaks the shafts against the portals,
Breaks his handsome sledge in pieces.
Then his mother, quickly guessing,
Would have chided him for rashness,
But the father interrupted:
“Wherefore dost thou break thy snow-sledge,
Wherefore dash thy thills in fragments,
Wherefore comest home so strangely,
Why this rude and wild behavior?”
Now alas! poor Youkahainen,
Cap awry upon his forehead,
Falls to weeping, broken-hearted,

Head depressed and mind dejected,
Eyes and lips expressing sadness,
Answers not his anxious father.
Then the mother quickly asked him,
Sought to find his cause for sorrow:
“Tell me, first-born, why thou weepest,
Why thou weepest, heavy-hearted,
Why thy mind is so dejected,
Why thine eyes express such sadness.”
Youkahainen then made answer:
“Golden mother, ever faithful,
Cause there is to me sufficient,
Cause enough in what has happened,
Bitter cause for this my sorrow,
Cause for bitter tears and murmurs:
All my days will pass unhappy,
Since, O mother of my being,
I have promised beauteous Aino,
Aino, thy beloved daughter,
Aino, my devoted sister,
To decrepit Wainamoinen,
Bride to be to him forever,
Roof above him, prop beneath him,
Fair companion at his fire-side.”
Joyful then arose the mother,
Clapped her hands in glee together,
Thus addressing Youkahainen:
“Weep no more, my son beloved,
Thou hast naught to cause thy weeping,
Hast no reason for thy sorrow,
Often I this hope have cherished;
Many years have I been praying
That this mighty bard and hero,
Wise and valiant Wainamoinen,
Spouse should be to beauteous Aino,
Son-in-law to me, her mother.”
But the fair and lovely maiden,
Sister dear of Youkahainen,
Straightway fell to bitter weeping,
On the threshold wept and lingered,
Wept all day and all the night long,
Wept a second, then a third day,
Wept because a bitter sorrow
On her youthful heart had fallen.
Then the gray-haired mother asked her:
“Why this weeping, lovely Aino?
Thou hast found a noble suitor,
Thou wilt rule his spacious dwelling,
At his window sit and rest thee,
Rinse betimes his golden platters,
Walk a queen within his dwelling.”
Thus replied the tearful Aino:
“Mother dear, and all-forgiving,
Cause enough for this my sorrow,
Cause enough for bitter weeping:

I must loose my sunny tresses,
Tresses beautiful and golden,
Cannot deck my hair with jewels,
Cannot bind my head with ribbons,
All to be hereafter hidden
Underneath the linen bonnet
That the wife. must wear forever;
Weep at morning, weep at evening,
Weep alas! for waning beauty,
Childhood vanished, youth departed,
Silver sunshine, golden moonlight,
Hope and pleasure of my childhood,
Taken from me now forever,
And so soon to be forgotten
At the tool-bench of my brother,
At the window of my sister,
In the cottage of my father.”
Spake again the gray-haired mother
To her wailing daughter Aino:
“Cease thy sorrow, foolish maiden,
By thy tears thou art ungrateful,
Reason none for thy repining,
Not the slightest cause for weeping;
Everywhere the silver sunshine
Falls as bright on other households;
Not alone the moonlight glimmers
Through thy father’s open windows,
On the work-bench of thy brother;
Flowers bloom in every meadow,
Berries grow on every mountain;
Thou canst go thyself and find them,
All the day long go and find them;
Not alone thy brother’s meadows
Grow the beauteous vines and flowers;
Not alone thy father’s mountains
Yield the ripe, nutritious berries;
Flowers bloom in other meadows,
Berries grow on other mountains,
There as here, my lovely Aino.”

RUNE IV. THE FATE OF AINO.

When the night had passed, the maiden,
Sister fair of Youkahainen,
Hastened early to the forest,
Birchen shoots for brooms to gather,
Went to gather birchen tassels;
Bound a bundle for her father,
Bound a birch-broom for her mother,
Silken tassels for her sister.
Straightway then she hastened homeward,
By a foot-path left the forest;
As she neared the woodland border,
Lo! the ancient Wainamoinen,
Quickly spying out the maiden,

As she left the birchen woodland,
Trimly dressed in costly raiment,
And the minstrel thus addressed her:
“Aino, beauty of the Northland,
Wear not, lovely maid, for others,
Only wear for me, sweet maiden,
Golden cross upon thy bosom,
Shining pearls upon thy shoulders;
Bind for me thine auburn tresses,
Wear for me thy golden braidlets.”
Thus the maiden quickly answered:
“Not for thee and not for others,
Hang I from my neck the crosslet,
Deck my hair with silken ribbons;
Need no more the many trinkets
Brought to me by ship or shallop;
Sooner wear the simplest raiment,
Feed upon the barley bread-crust,
Dwell forever with my mother
In the cabin with my father.”
Then she threw the gold cross from her,
Tore the jewels from her fingers,
Quickly loosed her shining necklace,
Quick untied her silken ribbons,
Cast them all away indignant
Into forest ferns and flowers.
Thereupon the maiden, Aino,
Hastened to her mother’s cottage.
At the window sat her father
Whittling on an oaken ax-helve:
“Wherefore weepst, beauteous Aino,
Aino, my beloved daughter?
”Cause enough for weeping, father,
Good the reasons for my mourning,
This, the reason for my weeping,
This, the cause of all my sorrow:
From my breast I tore the crosslet,
From my belt, the clasp of copper,
From my waist, the belt of silver,
Golden was my pretty crosslet.”
Near the door-way sat her brother,
Carving out a birchen ox-bow:
”Why art weeping, lovely Aino,
Aino, my devoted sister?”
”Cause enough for weeping, brother,
Good the reasons for my mourning
Therefore come I as thou seest,
Rings no longer on my fingers,
On my neck no pretty necklace;
Golden were the rings thou gavest,
And the necklace, pearls and silver!”
On the threshold sat her sister,
Weaving her a golden girdle:
”Why art weeping, beauteous Aino,
Aino, my beloved sister?”

"Cause enough for weeping, sister,
Good the reasons for my sorrow:
Therefore come I as thou seest,
On my head no scarlet fillet,
In my hair no braids of silver,
On mine arms no purple ribbons,
Round my neck no shining necklace,
On my breast no golden crosslet,
In mine ears no golden ear-rings."
Near the door-way of the dairy,
Skimming cream, sat Aino's mother.
"Why art weeping, lovely Aino,
Aino, my devoted daughter?"
Thus the sobbing maiden answered;
"Loving mother, all-forgiving,
Cause enough for this my weeping,
Good the reasons for my sorrow,
Therefore do I weep, dear mother:
I have been within the forest,
Brooms to bind and shoots to gather,
There to pluck some birchen tassels;
Bound a bundle for my father,
Bound a second for my mother,
Bound a third one for my brother,
For my sister silken tassels.
Straightway then I hastened homeward,
By a foot-path left the forest;
As I reached the woodland border
Spake Osmoinen from the cornfield,
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
'Wear not, beauteous maid, for others,
Only wear for me, sweet maiden,
On thy breast a golden crosslet,
Shining pearls upon thy shoulders,
Bind for me thine auburn tresses,
Weave for me thy silver braidlets.'
Then I threw the gold-cross from me,
Tore the jewels from my fingers,
Quickly loosed my shining necklace,
Quick untied my silken ribbons,
Cast them all away indignant,
Into forest ferns and flowers.
Then I thus addressed the singer:
'Not for thee and not for others,
Hang I from my neck the crosslet,
Deck my hair with silken ribbons;
Need no more the many trinkets,
Brought to me by ship and shallop;
Sooner wear the simplest raiment,
Feed upon the barley bread-crust,
Dwell forever with my mother
In the cabin with my father.'
Thus the gray-haired mother answered
Aino, her beloved daughter:
"Weep no more, my lovely maiden,

Waste no more of thy sweet young-life;
One year eat thou my sweet butter,
It will make thee strong and ruddy;
Eat another year fresh bacon,
It will make thee tall and queenly;
Eat a third year only dainties,
It will make thee fair and lovely.
Now make haste to yonder hill-top,
To the store-house on the mountain,
Open there the large compartment,
Thou will find it filled with boxes,
Chests and cases, trunks and boxes;
Open thou the box, the largest,
Lift away the gaudy cover,
Thou will find six golden girdles,
Seven rainbow-tinted dresses,
Woven by the Moon's fair daughters,
Fashioned by the Sun's sweet virgins.
In my young years once I wandered,
As a maiden on the mountains,
In the happy days of childhood,
Hunting berries in the coppice;
There by chance I heard the daughters
Of the Moon as they were weaving;
There I also heard the daughters
Of the Sun as they were spinning
On the red rims of the cloudlets,
O'er the blue edge of the forest,
On the border of the pine-wood,
On a high and distant mountain.
I approached them, drawing nearer,
Stole myself within their hearing,
Then began I to entreat them,
Thus besought them, gently pleading:
'Give thy silver, Moon's fair daughters,
To a poor, but worthy maiden;
Give thy gold, O Sun's sweet virgins,
To this maiden, young and needy.'
Thereupon the Moon's fair daughters
Gave me silver from their coffers;
And the Sun's sweet shining virgins
Gave me gold from their abundance,
Gold to deck my throbbing temples,
For my hair the shining silver.
Then I hastened joyful homeward,
Richly laden with my treasures,
Happy to my mother's cottage;
Wore them one day, than a second,
Then a third day also wore them,
Took the gold then from my temples,
From my hair I took the silver,
Careful laid them in their boxes,
Many seasons have they lain there,
Have not seen them since my childhood.
Deck thy brow with silken ribbon,

Trim with gold thy throbbing temples,
And thy neck with pearly necklace,
Hang the gold-cross on thy bosom,
Robe thyself in pure, white linen
Spun from flax of finest fiber;
Wear withal the richest short-frock,
Fasten it with golden girdle;
On thy feet, put silken stockings,
With the shoes of finest leather;
Deck thy hair with golden braidlets,
Bind it well with threads of silver;
Trim with rings thy fairy fingers,
And thy hands with dainty ruffles;
Come bedecked then to thy chamber,
Thus return to this thy household,
To the greeting of thy kindred,
To the joy of all that know thee,
Flushed thy cheeks as ruddy berries,
Coming as thy father's sunbeam,
Walking beautiful and queenly,
Far more beautiful than moonlight."
Thus she spake to weeping Aino,
Thus the mother to her daughter;
But the maiden, little bearing,
Does not heed her mother's wishes;
Straightway hastens to the court-yard,
There to weep in bitter sorrow,
All alone to weep in anguish.
Waiting long the wailing Aino
Thus at last soliloquizes:
"Unto what can I now liken
Happy homes and joys of fortune?
Like the waters in the river,
Like the waves in yonder lakelet,
Like the crystal waters flowing.
Unto what, the biting sorrow
Of the child of cold misfortune?
Like the spirit of the sea-duck,
Like the icicle in winter,
Water in the well imprisoned.
Often roamed my mind in childhood,
When a maiden free and merry,
Happily through fen and fallow,
Gamboled on the meads with lambkins,
Lingered with the ferns and flowers,
Knowing neither pain nor trouble;
Now my mind is filled with sorrow,
Wanders though the bog and stubble,
Wanders weary through the brambles,
Roams throughout the dismal forest,
Till my life is filled with darkness,
And my spirit white with anguish.
Better had it been for Aino
Had she never seen the sunlight,
Or if born had died an infant,

Had not lived to be a maiden
In these days of sin and sorrow,
Underneath a star so luckless.
Better had it been for Aino,
Had she died upon the eighth day
After seven nights had vanished;
Needed then but little linen,
Needed but a little coffin,
And a grave of smallest measure;
Mother would have mourned a little,
Father too perhaps a trifle,
Sister would have wept the day through,
Brother might have shed a tear-drop,
Thus had ended all the mourning.“
Thus poor Aino wept and murmured,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept a third from morn till even,
When again her mother asked her:
”Why this weeping, fairest daughter,
Darling daughter, why this grieving?
Thus the tearful maiden answered:
Therefore do I weep and sorrow,
Wretched maiden all my life long,
Since poor Aino, thou hast given,
Since thy daughter thou hast promised
To the aged Wainamoinen,
Comfort to his years declining
Prop to stay him when he totters,
In the storm a roof above him,
In his home a cloak around him;
Better far if thou hadst sent me
Far below the salt-sea surges,
To become the whiting’s sister,
And the friend of perch and salmon;
Better far to ride the billows,
Swim the sea-foam as a mermaid,
And the friend of nimble fishes,
Than to be an old man’s solace,
Prop to stay him when he totters,
Hand to aid him when he trembles,
Arm to guide him when he falters,
Strength to give him when he weakens;
Better be the whiting’s sister
And the friend of perch and salmon,
Than an old man’s slave and darling.“
Ending thus she left her mother,
Straightway hastened to the mountain?
To the store-house on the summit,
Opened there the box the largest,
From the box six lids she lifted,
Found therein six golden girdles,
Silken dresses seven in number.
Choosing such as pleased her fancy,
She adorned herself as bidden,
Robed herself to look her fairest,

Gold upon her throbbing temples,
In her hair the shining silver,
On her shoulders purple ribbons,
Band of blue around her forehead,
Golden cross, and rings, and jewels,
Fitting ornaments to beauty.
Now she leaves her many treasures,
Leaves the store-house on the mountain,
Filled with gold and silver trinkets,
Wanders over field and meadow,
Over stone-fields waste and barren,
Wanders on through fen and forest,
Through the forest vast and cheerless,
Wanders hither, wanders thither,
Singing careless as she wanders,
This her mournful song and echo:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Woe to Aino, broken-hearted!
Torture racks my heart and temples,
Yet the sting would not be deeper,
Nor the pain and anguish greater,
If beneath this weight of sorrow,
In my saddened heart's dejection,
I should yield my life forever,
Now unhappy, I should perish!
Lo! the time has come for Aino
From this cruel world to hasten,
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the realm of the departed,
To the isle of the hereafter.
Weep no more for me, O Father,
Mother dear, withhold thy censure,
Lovely sister, dry thine eyelids,
Do not mourn me, dearest brother,
When I sink beneath the sea-foam,
Make my home in salmon-grottoes,
Make my bed in crystal waters,
Water-ferns my couch and pillow."
All day long poor Aino wandered,
All the next day, sad and weary,
So the third from morn till evening,
Till the cruel night enwrapped her,
As she reached the sandy margin,
Reached the cold and dismal sea-shore,
Sat upon the rock of sorrow,
Sat alone in cold and darkness,
Listened only to the music
Of the winds and rolling billows,
Singing all the dirge of Aino.
All that night the weary maiden
Wept and wandered on the border
Through the sand and sea-washed pebbles.
As the day dawns, looking round her,
She beholds three water-maidens,
On a headland jutting seaward,

Water-maidens four in number,
Sitting on the wave-lashed ledges,
Swimming now upon the billows,
Now upon the rocks reposing.
Quick the weeping maiden, Aino,
Hastens there to join the mermaids,
Fairy maidens of the waters.
Weeping Aino, now disrobing,
Lays aside with care her garments,
Hangs her silk robes on the alders,
Drops her gold-cross on the sea-shore,
On the aspen hangs her ribbons,
On the rocks her silken stockings,
On the grass her shoes of deer-skin,
In the sand her shining necklace,
With her rings and other jewels.
Out at sea a goodly distance,
Stood a rock of rainbow colors,
Glittering in silver sunlight.
Toward it springs the hapless maiden,
Thither swims the lovely Aino,
Up the standing-stone has clambered,
Wishing there to rest a moment,
Rest upon the rock of beauty;
When upon a sudden swaying
To and fro among the billows,
With a crash and roar of waters
Falls the stone of many colors,
Falls upon the very bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea.
With the stone of rainbow colors,
Falls the weeping maiden, Aino,
Clinging to its craggy edges,
Sinking far below the surface,
To the bottom of the blue-sea.
Thus the weeping maiden vanished.
Thus poor Aino sank and perished,
Singing as the stone descended,
Chanting thus as she departed:
Once to swim I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty son-bird, perished.
Never come a-fishing, father,
To the borders of these waters,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest daughter Aino.
"Mother dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors,
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird perished.

Never mix thy bread, dear mother,
With the blue-sea's foam and waters,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest daughter Aino.
Brother dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird perished.
Never bring thy prancing war-horse,
Never bring thy royal racer,
Never bring thy steeds to water,
To the borders of the blue-sea,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest sister Aino.
"Sister dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird perished.
Never come to lave thine eyelids
In this rolling wave and sea-foam,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest sister Aino.
All the waters in the blue-sea
Shall be blood of Aino's body;
All the fish that swim these waters
Shall be Aino's flesh forever;
All the willows on the sea-side
Shall be Aino's ribs hereafter;
All the sea-grass on the margin
Will have grown from Aino's tresses."
Thus at last the maiden vanished,
Thus the lovely Aino perished.
Who will tell the cruel story,
Who will bear the evil tidings
To the cottage of her mother,
Once the home of lovely Aino?
Will the bear repeat the story,
Tell the tidings to her mother?
Nay, the bear must not be herald,
He would slay the herds of cattle.
Who then tell the cruel story,
Who will bear the evil tidings
To the cottage of her father,
Once the home of lovely Aino?
Shall the wolf repeat the story,
Tell the sad news to her father?
Nay, the wolf must not be herald,
He would eat the gentle lambkins.
Who then tell the cruel story,
Who will bear the evil tidings.
To the cottage of her sister?

'Will the fox repeat the story
Tell the tidings to her sister?
Nay, the fox must not be herald,
He would eat the ducks and chickens.
Who then tell the cruel story,
Who will bear the evil tidings
To the cottage of her brother,
Once the home of lovely Aino?
Shall the hare repeat the story,
Bear the sad news to her brother?
Yea, the hare shall be the herald,
Tell to all the cruel story.
Thus the harmless hare makes answer:
"I will bear the evil tidings
To the former home of Aino,
Tell the story to her kindred."
Swiftly flew the long-eared herald,
Like the winds be hastened onward,
Galloped swift as flight of eagles;
Neck awry he bounded forward
Till he gained the wished-for cottage,
Once the home of lovely Aino.
Silent was the home, and vacant;
So he hastened to the bath-house,
Found therein a group of maidens,
Working each upon a birch-broom.
Sat the hare upon the threshold,
And the maidens thus addressed him:
"Hie e there, Long-legs, or we'll roast thee,
Hie there, Big-eye, or we'll stew thee,
Roast thee for our lady's breakfast,
Stew thee for our master's dinner,
Make of thee a meal for Aino,
And her brother, Youkahainen!
Better therefore thou shouldst gallop
To thy burrow in the mountains,
Than be roasted for our dinners."
Then the haughty hare made answer,
Chanting thus the fate of Aino:
"Think ye not I journey hither,
To be roasted in the skillet,
To be stewed in yonder kettle
Let fell Lempo fill thy tables!
I have come with evil tidings,
Come to tell the cruel story
Of the flight and death of Aino,
Sister dear of Youkahainen.
With the stone of many colors
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless waters,
Like a pretty song-bird perished;
Hung her ribbons on the aspen,
Left her gold-cross on the sea-shore,
Silken robes upon the alders,
On the rocks her silken stockings,

On the grass her shoes of deer-skin,
In the sand her shining necklace,
In the sand her rings and jewels;
In the waves, the lovely Aino,
Sleeping on the very bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
In the caverns of the salmon,
There to be the whiting's sister
And the friend of nimble fishes."
Sadly weeps the ancient mother
From her blue-eyes bitter tear-drops,
As in sad and wailing measures,
Broken-hearted thus she answers:
"Listen, all ye mothers, listen,
Learn from me a tale of wisdom:
Never urge unwilling daughters
From the dwellings of their fathers,
To the bridegrooms that they love not,
Not as I, inhuman mother,
Drove away my lovely Aino,
Fairest daughter of the Northland."
Sadly weeps the gray-haired mother,
And the tears that fall are bitter,
Flowing down her wrinkled visage,
Till they trickle on her bosom;
Then across her heaving bosom,
Till they reach her garment's border;
Then adown her silken stockings,
Till they touch her shoes of deer-skin;
Then beneath her shoes of deer-skin,
Flowing on and flowing ever,
Part to earth as its possession,
Part to water as its portion.
As the tear-drops fall and mingle,
Form they streamlets three in number,
And their source, the mother's eyelids,
Streamlets formed from pearly tear-drops,
Flowing on like little rivers,
And each streamlet larger growing,
Soon becomes a rushing torrent
In each rushing, roaring torrent
There a cataract is foaming,
Foaming in the silver sunlight;
From the cataract's commotion
Rise three pillared rocks in grandeur;
From each rock, upon the summit,
Grow three hillocks clothed in verdure;
From each hillock, speckled birches,
Three in number, struggle skyward;
On the summit of each birch-tree
Sits a golden cuckoo calling,
And the three sing, all in concord:
"Love! O Love! the first one calleth;
Sings the second, Suitor! Suitor!
And the third one calls and echoes,

"Consolation! Consolation!"
 He that "Love! O Love!" is calling,
 Calls three moons and calls unceasing,
 For the love-rejecting maiden
 Sleeping in the deep sea-castles.
 He that "Suitor! Suitor!" singeth,
 Sings six moons and sings unceasing
 For the suitor that forever
 Sings and sues without a hearing.
 He that sadly sings and echoes,
 "Consolation! Consolation!"
 Sings unceasing all his life long
 For the broken-hearted mother
 That must mourn and weep forever.
 When the lone and wretched mother
 Heard the sacred cuckoo singing,
 Spake she thus, and sorely weeping:
 "When I hear the cuckoo calling,
 Then my heart is filled with sorrow;
 Tears unlock my heavy eyelids,
 Flow adown my, furrowed visage,
 Tears as large as silver sea pearls;
 Older grow my wearied elbows,
 Weaker ply my aged fingers,
 Wearily, in all its members,
 Does my body shake in palsy,
 When I hear the cuckoo singing,
 Hear the sacred cuckoo calling."

RUNE V. WAINAVOINEN'S LAMENTATION.

Far and wide the tidings travelled,
 Far away men heard the story
 Of the flight and death of Aino,
 Sister dear of Youkahainen,
 Fairest daughter of creation.
 Wainamoinen, brave and truthful,
 Straightway fell to bitter weeping,
 Wept at morning, wept at evening,
 Sleepless, wept the dreary night long,
 That his Aino had departed,
 That the maiden thus had vanished,
 Thus had sunk upon the bottom
 Of the blue-sea, deep and boundless.
 Filled with grief, the ancient singer,
 Wainamoinen of the Northland,
 Heavy-hearted, sorely weeping,
 Hastened to the restless waters,
 This the suitor's prayer and question:
 "Tell, Untamo, tell me, dreamer,
 Tell me, Indolence, thy visions,
 Where the water-gods may linger,
 Where may rest Wellamo's maidens?"
 Then Untamo, thus made answer,
 Lazily he told his dreamings:

"Over there, the mermaid-dwellings,
Yonder live Wellamo's maidens,
On the headland robed in verdure,
On the forest-covered island,
In the deep, pellucid waters,
On the purple-colored sea-shore;
Yonder is the home of sea-maids,
There the maidens of Wellamo,
Live there in their sea-side chambers,
Rest within their water-caverns,
On the rocks of rainbow colors,
On the jutting of the sea-cliffs."
Straightway hastens Wainamoinen
To a boat-house on the sea-shore,
Looks with care upon the fish-hooks,
And the lines he well considers;
Lines, and hooks, and poles, and fish-nets,
Places in a boat of copper,
Then begins he swiftly rowing
To the forest-covered island,
To the point enrobed in verdure,
To the purple-colored headland,
Where the sea-nymphs live and linger.
Hardly does he reach the island
Ere the minstrel starts to angle;
Far away he throws his fish-hook,
Trolls it quickly through the waters,
Turning on a copper swivel
Dangling from a silver fish-line,
Golden is the hook he uses.
Now he tries his silken fish-net,
Angles long, and angles longer,
Angles one day, then a second,
In the morning, in the evening,
Angles at the hour of noontide,
Many days and nights he angles,
Till at last, one sunny morning,
Strikes a fish of magic powers,
Plays like salmon on his fish-line,
Lashing waves across the waters,
Till at length the fish exhausted
Falls a victim to the angler,
Safely landed in the bottom
Of the hero's boat of copper.
Wainamoinen, proudly viewing,
Speaks these words in wonder guessing:
"This the fairest of all sea-fish,
Never have I seen its equal,
Smoother surely than the salmon,
Brighter-spotted than the trout is,
Grayer than the pike of Suomi,
Has less fins than any female,
Not the fins of any male fish,
Not the stripes of sea-born maidens,
Not the belt of any mermaid,

Not the ears of any song-bird,
Somewhat like our Northland salmon
From the blue-sea's deepest caverns."
In his belt the ancient hero
Wore a knife insheathed with silver;
From its case he drew the fish-knife,
Thus to carve the fish in pieces,
Dress the nameless fish for roasting,
Make of it a dainty breakfast,
Make of it a meal at noon-day,
Make for him a toothsome supper,
Make the later meal at evening.
Straightway as the fish he touches,
Touches with his knife of silver,
Quick it leaps upon the waters,
Dives beneath the sea's smooth surface,
From the boat with copper bottom,
From the skiff of Wainamoinen.
In the waves at goodly distance,
Quickly from the sea it rises
On the sixth and seventh billows,
Lifts its head above the waters,
Out of reach of fishing-tackle,
Then addresses Wainamoinen,
Chiding thus the ancient hero:
"Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Do not think that I came hither
To be fished for as a salmon,
Only to be chopped in pieces,
Dressed and eaten like a whiting
Make for thee a dainty breakfast,
Make for thee a meal at midday,
Make for thee a toothsome supper,
Make the fourth meal of the Northland."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Wherefore didst thou then come hither,
If it be not for my dinner?"
Thus the nameless fish made answer:
"Hither have I come, O minstrel,
In thine arms to rest and linger,
And thyself to love and cherish,
At thy side a life-companion,
And thy wife to be forever;
Deck thy couch with snowy linen,
Smooth thy head upon the pillow,
Sweep thy rooms and make them cheery,
Keep thy dwelling-place in order,
Build a fire for thee when needed,
Bake for thee the honey-biscuit,
Fill thy cup with barley-water,
Do for thee whatever pleases.
"I am not a scaly sea-fish,
Not a trout of Northland rivers,
Not a whiting from the waters,
Not a salmon of the North-seas,

I, a young and merry maiden,
Friend and sister of the fishes,
Youkahainen's youngest sister,
I, the one that thou dost fish for,
I am Aino whom thou lovest.
"Once thou wert the wise-tongued hero,
Now the foolish Wainamoinen,
Scant of insight, scant of judgment,
Didst not know enough to keep me,
Cruel-hearted, bloody-handed,
Tried to kill me with thy fish-knife,
So to roast me for thy dinner;
I, a mermaid of Wellamo,
Once the fair and lovely Aino,
Sister dear of Youkahainen."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen,
Filled with sorrow, much regretting:
"Since thou'rt Youkahainen's sister,
Beauteous Aino of Pohyola,
Come to me again I pray thee!"
Thus the mermaid wisely answered;
Nevermore will Aino's spirit
Fly to thee and be ill-treated."
Quickly dived the water-maiden
From the surface of the billow
To the many-colored pebbles,
To the rainbow-tinted grottoes
Where the mermaids live and linger.
Wainamoinen, not discouraged,
Thought afresh and well reflected,
How to live, and work, and win her;
Drew with care his silken fish-net,
To and fro through foam and billow,
Through the bays and winding channels,
Drew it through the placid waters,
Drew it through the salmon-dwellings,
Through the homes of water-maidens,
Through the waters of Wainola,
Through the blue-back of the ocean,
Through the lakes of distant Lapland,
Through the rivers of Youkola,
Through the seas of Kalevala,
Hoping thus to find his Aino.
Many were the fish be landed,
Every form of fish-like creatures,
But he did not catch the sea-maid,
Not Wellamo's water-maiden,
Fairest daughter of the Northland.
Finally the ancient minstrel,
Mind depressed, and heart discouraged,
Spake these words, immersed in sorrow:
"Fool am I, and great my folly,
Having neither wit nor judgment;
Surely once I had some knowledge,
Had some insight into wisdom,

Had at least a bit of instinct;
But my virtues all have left me
In these mournful days of evil,
Vanished with my youth and vigor,
Insight gone, and sense departed,
All my prudence gone to others!
Aino, whom I love and cherish,
All these years have sought to honor,
Aino, now Wellamo's maiden,
Promised friend of mine when needed,
Promised bride of mine forever,
Once I had within my power,
Caught her in Wellamo's grottoes,
Led her to my boat of copper,
With my fish-line made of silver;
But alas! I could not keep her,
Did not know that I had caught her
Till too late to woo and win her;
Let her slip between my fingers
To the home of water-maidens,
To the kingdom of Wellamo."
Wainamoinen then departed,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Straightway hastened to his country,
To his home in Kalevala,
Spake these words upon his journey:
"What has happened to the cuckoo,
Once the cuckoo bringing gladness,
In the morning, in the evening,
Often bringing joy at noontide?
What has stilled the cuckoo's singing,
What has changed the cuckoo's calling?
Sorrow must have stilled his singing,
And compassion changed his calling,
As I hear him sing no longer,
For my pleasure in the morning,
For my happiness at evening,
Never shall I learn the secret,
How to live and how to prosper,
How upon the earth to rest me,
How upon the seas to wander!
Only were my ancient mother
Living on the face of Northland,
Surely she would well advise me,
What my thought and what my action,
That this cup of grief might pass me,
That this sorrow might escape me,
And this darkened cloud pass over."
In the deep awoke his mother,
From her tomb she spake as follows:
"Only sleeping was thy mother,
Now awakes to give thee answer,
What thy thought and what thine action,
That this cup of grief may pass thee,
That this sorrow may escape thee,

And this darkened cloud pass over.
Hie thee straightway to the Northland,
Visit thou the Suomi daughters;
Thou wilt find them wise and lovely,
Far more beautiful than Aino,
Far more worthy of a husband,
Not such silly chatter-boxes,
As the fickle Lapland maidens.
Take for thee a life-companion,
From the honest homes of Suomi,
One of Northland's honest daughters;
She will charm thee with her sweetness,
Make thee happy through her goodness,
Form perfection, manners easy,
Every step and movement graceful,
Full of wit and good behavior,
Honor to thy home and kindred."

RUNE VI. WAINAMOINEN'S HAPLESS JOURNEY.

Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Now arranges for a journey
To the village of the Northland,
To the land of cruel winters,
To the land of little sunshine,
To the land of worthy women;
Takes his light-foot, royal racer,
Then adjusts the golden bridle,
Lays upon his back the saddle,
Silver-buckled, copper-stirruped,
Seats himself upon his courser,
And begins his journey northward;
Plunges onward, onward, onward,
Galloping along the highway,
In his saddle, gaily fashioned,
On his dappled steed of magic,
Plunging through Wainola's meadows,
O'er the plains of Kalevala.
Fast and far he galloped onward,
Galloped far beyond Wainola,
Bounded o'er the waste of waters,
Till he reached the blue-sea's margin,
Wetting not the hoofs in running.
But the evil Youkahainen
Nursed a grudge within his bosom,
In his heart the worm of envy,
Envy of this Wainamoinen,
Of this wonderful enchanter.
He prepares a cruel cross-bow,
Made of steel and other metals,
Paints the bow in many colors,
Molds the top-piece out of copper,
Trims his bow with snowy silver,
Gold he uses too in trimming,
Then he hunts for strongest sinews,

Finds them in the stag of Hisi,
Interweaves the flax of Lempo.
Ready is the cruel cross-bow,
String, and shaft, and ends are finished,
Beautiful the bow and mighty,
Surely cost it not a trifle;
On the back a painted courser,
On each end a colt of beauty,
Near the curve a maiden sleeping
Near the notch a hare is bounding,
Wonderful the bow thus fashioned;
Cuts some arrows for his quiver,
Covers them with finest feathers,
From the oak the shafts be fashions,
Makes the tips of keenest metal.
As the rods and points are finished,
Then he feathers well his arrows
From the plumage of the swallow,
From the wing-quills of the sparrow;
Hardens well his feathered arrows,
And imparts to each new virtues,
Steeps them in the blood of serpents,
In the virus of the adder.
Ready now are all his arrows,
Ready strung, his cruel cross-bow.
Waiting for wise Wainamoinen.
Youkahainen, Lapland's minstrel,
Waits a long time, is not weary,
Hopes to spy the ancient singer;
Spies at day-dawn, spies at evening,
Spies he ceaselessly at noontide,
Lies in wait for the magician,
Waits, and watches, as in envy;
Sits he at the open window,
Stands behind the hedge, and watches
In the foot-path waits, and listens,
Spies along the balks of meadows;
On his back he hangs his quiver,
In his quiver, feathered arrows
Dipped in virus of the viper,
On his arm the mighty cross-bow,
Waits, and watches, and unwearied,
Listens from the boat-house window,
Lingers at the end of Fog-point,
By the river flowing seaward,
Near the holy stream and whirlpool,
Near the sacred river's fire-fall.
Finally the Lapland minstrel,
Youkahainen of Pohyola,
At the breaking of the day-dawn,
At the early hour of morning,
Fixed his gaze upon the North-east,
Turned his eyes upon the sunrise,
Saw a black cloud on the ocean,
Something blue upon the waters,

And soliloquized as follows:
“Are those clouds on the horizon,
Or perchance the dawn of morning?
Neither clouds on the horizon,
Nor the dawning of the morning;
It is ancient Wainamoinen,
The renowned and wise enchanter,
Riding on his way to Northland;
On his steed, the royal racer,
Magic courser of Wainola.”
Quickly now young Youkahainen,
Lapland’s vain and evil minstrel,
Filled with envy, grasps his cross-bow,
Makes his bow and arrows ready
For the death of Wainamoinen.
Quick his aged mother asked him,
Spake these words to Youkahainen:
“For whose slaughter is thy cross-bow,
For whose heart thy poisoned arrows?”
Youkahainen thus made answer:
“I have made this mighty cross-bow,
Fashioned bow and poisoned arrows
For the death of Wainamoinen,
Thus to slay the friend of waters;
I must shoot the old magician,
The eternal bard and hero,
Through the heart, and through the liver,
Through the head, and through the shoulders,
With this bow and feathered arrows
Thus destroy my rival minstrel.”
Then the aged mother answered,
Thus reproving, thus forbidding.
Do not slay good Wainamoinen,
Ancient hero of the Northland,
From a noble tribe descended,
He, my sister’s son, my nephew.
If thou slayest Wainamoinen,
Ancient son of Kalevala,
Then alas! all joy will vanish,
Perish all our wondrous singing;
Better on the earth the gladness,
Better here the magic music,
Than within the nether regions,
In the kingdom of Tuoni,
In the realm of the departed,
In the land of the hereafter.”
Then the youthful Youkahainen
Thought awhile and well considered,
Ere he made a final answer.
With one hand he raised the cross-bow
But the other seemed to weaken,
As he drew the cruel bow-string.
Finally these words he uttered
As his bosom swelled with envy:
”Let all joy forever vanish,

Let earth's pleasures quickly perish,
Disappear earth's sweetest music,
Happiness depart forever;
Shoot I will this rival minstrel,
Little heeding what the end is."
Quickly now he bends his fire-bow,
On his left knee rests the weapon,
With his right foot firmly planted,
Thus he strings his bow of envy;
Takes three arrows from his quiver,
Choosing well the best among them,
Carefully adjusts the bow-string,
Sets with care the feathered arrow,
To the flaxen string he lays it,
Holds the cross-bow to his shoulder,
Aiming well along the margin,
At the heart of Wainamoinen,
Waiting till he gallops nearer;
In the shadow of a thicket,
Speaks these words while he is waiting
"Be thou, flaxen string, elastic;
Swiftly fly, thou feathered ash-wood,
Swiftly speed, thou deadly missile,
Quick as light, thou poisoned arrow,
To the heart of Wainamoinen.
If my hand too low should hold thee,
May the gods direct thee higher;
If too high mine eye should aim thee,
May the gods direct thee lower."
Steady now he pulls the trigger;
Like the lightning flies the arrow
O'er the head of Wainamoinen;
To the upper sky it darteth,
And the highest clouds it pierces,
Scatters all the flock of lamb-clouds,
On its rapid journey skyward.
Not discouraged, quick selecting,
Quick adjusting, Youkahainen,
Quickly aiming shoots a second.
Speeds the arrow swift as lightning;
Much too low he aimed the missile,
Into earth the arrow plunges,
Pierces to the lower regions,
Splits in two the old Sand Mountain.
Nothing daunted, Youkahainen,
Quick adjusting shoots a third one.
Swift as light it speeds its journey,
Strikes the steed of Wainamoinen,
Strikes the light-foot, ocean-swimmer,
Strikes him near his golden girdle,
Through the shoulder of the racer.
Thereupon wise Wainamoinen
Headlong fell upon the waters,
Plunged beneath the rolling billows,
From the saddle of the courser,

From his dappled steed of magic.
Then arose a mighty storm-wind,
Roaring wildly on the waters,
Bore away old Wainamoinen
Far from land upon the billows,
On the high and rolling billows,
On the broad sea's great expanses.
Boasted then young Youkahainen,
Thinking Waino dead and buried,
These the boastful words he uttered:
"Nevermore, old Wainamoinen,
Nevermore in all thy life-time,
While the golden moonlight glistens,
Nevermore wilt fix thy vision
On the meadows of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala;
Full six years must swim the ocean,
Tread the waves for seven summers,
Eight years ride the foamy billows,
In the broad expanse of water;
Six long autumns as a fir-tree,
Seven winters as a pebble;
Eight long summers as an aspen."
Thereupon the Lapland minstrel
Hastened to his room delighting,
When his mother thus addressed him
"Hast thou slain good Wainamoinen,
Slain the son of Kalevala?"
Youkahainen thus made answer:
"I have slain old Wainamoinen,
Slain the son of Kalevala,
That he now may plow the ocean,
That he now may sweep the waters,
On the billows rock and slumber.
In the salt-sea plunged he headlong,
In the deep sank the magician,
Sidewise turned he to the sea-shore
On his back to rock forever,
Thus the boundless sea to travel,
Thus to ride the rolling billows."
This the answer of the mother:
"Woe to earth for this thine action,
Gone forever, joy and singing,
Vanished is the wit of ages!
Thou hast slain good Wainamoinen.
Slain the ancient wisdom-singer,
Slain the pride of Suwantala,
Slain the hero of Wainola,
Slain the joy of Kalevala."

RUNE VII. WAINIOINEN'S RESCUE.

Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Swam through all the deep-sea waters,
Floating like a branch of aspen,

Like a withered twig of willow;
Swam six days in summer weather,
Swam six nights in golden moonlight;
Still before him rose the billows,
And behind him sky and ocean.
Two days more he swam undaunted,
Two long nights he struggled onward.
On the evening of the eighth day,
Wainamoinen grew disheartened,
Felt a very great discomfort,
For his feet had lost their toe-nails,
And his fingers dead and dying.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Sad and weary, spake as follows:
"Woe is me, my old life fated!
Woe is me, misfortune's offspring!
Fool was I when fortune, favored,
To forsake my home and kindred,
For a maiden fair and lovely,
Here beneath the starry heavens,
In this cruel waste of waters,
Days and nights to swim and wander,
Here to struggle with the storm-winds,
To be tossed by heaving billows,
In this broad sea's great expanses,
In this ocean vast and boundless.
"Cold my life and sad and dreary,
Painful too for me to linger
Evermore within these waters,
Thus to struggle for existence!
Cannot know how I can prosper,
How to find me food and shelter,
In these cold and lifeless waters,
In these days of dire misfortune.
Build I in the winds my dwelling?
It will find no sure foundation.
Build my home upon the billows?
Surely would the waves destroy it."
Comes a bird from far Pohyola,
From the occident, an eagle,
Is not classed among the largest,
Nor belongs he to the smallest;
One wing touches on the waters,
While the other sweeps the heavens;
O'er the waves he wings his body,
Strikes his beak upon the sea-cliffs,
Flies about, then safely perches,
Looks before him, looks behind him,
There beholds brave Wainamoinen,
On the blue-back of the ocean,
And the eagle thus accosts him:
"Wherefore art thou, ancient hero,
Swimming in the deep-sea billows?
Thus the water-minstrel answered:
"I am ancient Wainamoinen,

Friend and fellow of the waters
I, the famous wisdom-singer;
Went to woo a Northland maiden,
Maiden from the dismal Darkland,
Quickly galloped on my journey,
Riding on the plain of ocean.
I arrived one morning early,
At the breaking of the day-dawn.
At the bay of Luotola,
Near Youkola's foaming river,
Where the evil Youkahainen
Slew my steed with bow and arrow,
Tried to slay me with his weapons.
On the waters fell I headlong,
Plunged beneath the salt-sea's surface,
From the saddle of the courser,
From my dappled steed of magic.
"Then arose a mighty storm-wind,
From the East and West a whirlwind,
Washed me seaward on the surges,
Seaward, seaward, further, further,
Where for many days I wandered,
Swam and rocked upon the billows,
Where as many nights I struggled,
In the dashing waves and sea-foam,
With the angry winds and waters.
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Cannot solve this heavy problem,
How to live nor how to perish
In this cruel salt-sea water.
Build I in the winds my dwelling?
It will find no sure foundation.
Build my home upon the waters?
Surely will the waves destroy it.
Must I swim the sea forever,
Must I live, or must I perish?
What will happen if I perish,
If I sink below the billows,
Perish here from cold and hunger?"
Thus the bird of Ether answered
"Be not in the least disheartened,
Place thyself between my shoulders,
On my back be firmly seated,
I will lift thee from the waters,
Bear thee with my pinions upward,
Bear thee wheresoe'er thou wilt.
Well do I the day remember
Where thou didst the eagle service,
When thou didst the birds a favor.
Thou didst leave the birch-tree standing,
When were cleared the Osmo-forests,
From the lands of Kalevala,
As a home for weary song-birds,
As a resting-place for eagles."
Then arises Wainamoinen,

Lifts his head above the waters,
Boldly rises from the sea-waves,
Lifts his body from the billows,
Seats himself upon the eagle,
On the eagle's feathered shoulders.
Quick aloft the huge bird bears him,
Bears the ancient Wainamoinen,
Bears him on the path of zephyrs,
Floating on the vernal breezes,
To the distant shore of Northland,
To the dismal Sariola,
Where the eagle leaves his burden,
Flies away to join his fellows.
Wainamoinen, lone and weary,
Straightway fell to bitter weeping,
Wept and moaned in heavy accents,
On the border of the blue-sea.
On a cheerless promontory,
With a hundred wounds tormented,
Made by cruel winds and waters,
With his hair and beard dishevelled
By the surging of the billows.
Three long days he wept disheartened
Wept as many nights in anguish,
Did not know what way to journey,
Could not find a woodland foot-print,
That would point him to the highway,
To his home in Kalevala,
To his much-loved home and kindred.
Northland's young and slender maiden,
With complexion fair and lovely,
With the Sun had laid a wager,
With the Sun and Moon a wager,
Which should rise before the other,
On the morning of the morrow.
And the maiden rose in beauty,
Long before the Sun had risen,
Long before the Moon had wakened,
From their beds beneath the ocean.
Ere the cock had crowed the day-break,
Ere the Sun had broken slumber
She had sheared six gentle lambkins,
Gathered from them six white fleeces,
Hence to make the rolls for spinning,
Hence to form the threads for weaving,
Hence to make the softest raiment,
Ere the morning dawn had broken,
Ere the sleeping Sun had risen.
When this task the maid had ended,
Then she scrubbed the birchen tables,
Sweeps the ground-floor of the stable,
With a broom of leaves and branches
From the birches of the Northland,
Scrapes the sweepings well together
On a shovel made of copper,

Carries them beyond the stable,
From the doorway to the meadow,
To the meadow's distant border,
Near the surges of the great-sea,
Listens there and looks about her,
Hears a wailing from the waters,
Hears a weeping from the sea-shore,
Hears a hero-voice lamenting.
Thereupon she hastens homeward,
Hastens to her mother's dwelling,
These the words the maiden utters:
"I have heard a wail from ocean,
Heard a weeping from the sea-coast,
On the shore some one lamenting."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Ancient, toothless dame of Northland,
Hastens from her door and court-yard,
Through the meadow to the sea-shore,
Listens well for sounds of weeping,
For the wail of one in sorrow;
Hears the voice of one in trouble,
Hears a hero-cry of anguish.
Thus the ancient Louhi answers:
"This is not the wail of children,
These are not the tears of women,
In this way weep bearded heroes;
This the hero-cry of anguish."
Quick she pushed her boat to water,
To the floods her goodly vessel,
Straightway rows with lightning swiftness,
To the weeping Wainamoinen;
Gives the hero consolation,
Comfort gives she to the minstrel
Wailing in a grove of willows,
In his piteous condition,
Mid the alder-trees and aspens,
On the border of the salt-sea,
Visage trembling, locks dishevelled.
Ears, and eyes, and lips of sadness.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Thus addresses Wainamoinen:
"Tell me what has been thy folly,
That thou art in this condition."
Old and truthful Wainamoinen
Lifts aloft his bead and answers:
"Well I know that it is folly
That has brought me all this trouble,
Brought me to this land of strangers,
To these regions unbefitting
Happy was I with my kindred,
In my distant home and country,
There my name was named in honor."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Thus replied to Wainamoinen:
"I would gain the information,

Should I be allowed to ask thee,
Who thou art of ancient heroes,
Who of all the host of heroes?
This is Wainamoinen's answer:
"Formerly my name was mentioned,
Often was I heard and honored,
As a minstrel and magician,
In the long and dreary winters,
Called the 'Singer of the Northland,
In the valleys of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala;
No one thought that such misfortune
Could befall wise Wainamoinen."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Thus replied in cheering accents
"Rise, O hero, from discomfort,
From thy bed among the willows;
Enter now upon the new-way,
Come with me to yonder dwelling,
There relate thy strange adventures,
Tell the tale of thy misfortunes."
Now she takes the hapless hero,
Lifts him from his bed of sorrow,
In her boat she safely seats him,
And begins at once her rowing,
Rows with steady hand and mighty
To her home upon the sea-shore,
To the dwellings of Pohyola.
There she feeds the starving hero,
Rests the ancient Wainamoinen,
Gives him warmth, and food, and shelter,
And the hero soon recovers.
Then the hostess of Pohyola
Questioned thus the ancient singer:
"Wherefore didst thou, Wainamoinen,
Friend and fellow of the waters,
Weep in sad and bitter accents,
On the border of the ocean,
Mid the aspens and the willows?"
This is Wainamoinen's answer:
Had good reason for my weeping,
Cause enough for all my sorrow;
Long indeed had I been swimming,
Had been buffeting the billows,
In the far outstretching waters.
This the reason for my weeping;
I have lived in toil and torture,
Since I left my home and country,
Left my native land and kindred,
Came to this the land of strangers,
To these unfamiliar portals.
All thy trees have thorns to wound me,
All thy branches, spines to pierce me,
Even birches give me trouble,
And the alders bring discomfort,

My companions, winds and waters,
Only does the Sun seem friendly,
In this cold and cruel country,
Near these unfamiliar portals."
Louhi thereupon made answer,
Weep no longer, Wainamoinen,
Grieve no more, thou friend of waters,
Good for thee, that thou shouldst linger
At our friendly homes and firesides;
Thou shalt live with us and welcome,
Thou shalt sit at all our tables,
Eat the salmon from our platters,
Eat the sweetest of our bacon,
Eat the whiting from our waters."
Answers thus old Wainamoinen,
Grateful for the invitation:
"Never do I court strange tables,
Though the food be rare and toothsome;
One's own country is the dearest,
One's own table is the sweetest,
One's own home, the most attractive.
Grant, kind Ukko, God above me,
Thou Creator, full of mercy,
Grant that I again may visit
My beloved home and country.
Better dwell in one's own country,
There to drink Its healthful waters
From the simple cups of birch-wood,
Than in foreign lands to wander,
There to drink the rarest liquors
From the golden bowls of strangers."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Thus replied to the magician:
"What reward wilt thou award me,
Should I take thee where thou wilt,
To thy native land and kindred,
To thy much-loved home and fireside,
To the meadows of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala?"
These the words of Wainamoinen:
"What would be reward sufficient,
Shouldst thou take me to my people,
To my home and distant country,
To the borders of the Northland,
There to hear the cuckoo singing,
Hear the sacred cuckoo calling?
Shall I give thee golden treasures,
Fill thy cups with finest silver?"
This is Louhi's simple answer:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Only true and wise magician,
Never will I ask for riches,
Never ask for gold nor silver;
Gold is for the children's flowers,
Silver for the stallion's jewels.

Canst thou forge for me the Sampo,
Hammer me the lid in colors,
From the tips of white-swan feathers
From the milk of greatest virtue,
From a single grain of barley,
From the finest wool of lambkins?
"I will give thee too my daughter,
Will reward thee through the maiden,
Take thee to thy much-loved home-land,
To the borders of Wainola,
There to hear the cuckoo singing,
Hear the sacred cuckoo calling."
Wainamoinen, much regretting,
Gave this answer to her question:
"Cannot forge for thee the Sampo,
Cannot make the lid in colors.
Take me to my distant country,
I will send thee Ilmarinen,
He will forge for thee the Sampo,
Hammer thee the lid in colors,
He may win thy lovely maiden;
Worthy smith is Ilmarinen,
In this art is first and master;
He, the one that forged the heavens.
Forged the air a hollow cover;
Nowhere see we hammer-traces,
Nowhere find a single tongs-mark."
Thus replied the hostess, Louhi:
"Him alone I'll give my daughter,
Promise him my child in marriage,
Who for me will forge the Sampo,
Hammer me the lid in colors,
From the tips of white-swan feathers,
From the milk of greatest virtue,
From a single grain of barley,
From the finest wool of lambkins."
Thereupon the hostess Louhi,
Harnessed quick a dappled courser,
Hitched him to her sledge of birch-wood,
Placed within it Wainamoinen,
Placed the hero on the cross-bench,
Made him ready for his journey;
Then addressed the ancient minstrel,
These the words that Louhi uttered:
"Do not raise thine eyes to heaven,
Look not upward on thy journey,
While thy steed is fresh and frisky,
While the day-star lights thy pathway,
Ere the evening star has risen;
If thine eyes be lifted upward,
While the day-star lights thy pathway,
Dire misfortune will befall thee,
Some sad fate will overtake thee."
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Fleetly drove upon his journey,

Merrily he hastened homeward,
Hastened homeward, happy-hearted
From the ever-darksome Northland
From the dismal Sariola.

RUNE VIII. MAIDEN OF THE RAINBOW.

Pohyola's fair and winsome daughter,
Glory of the land and water,
Sat upon the bow of heaven,
On its highest arch resplendent,
In a gown of richest fabric,
In a gold and silver air-gown,
Weaving webs of golden texture,
Interlacing threads of silver;
Weaving with a golden shuttle,
With a weaving-comb of silver;
Merrily flies the golden shuttle,
From the maiden's nimble fingers,
Briskly swings the lathe in weaving,
Swiftly flies the comb of silver,
From the sky-born maiden's fingers,
Weaving webs of wondrous beauty.
Came the ancient Wainamoinen,
Driving down the highway homeward,
From the ever sunless Northland,
From the dismal Sariola;
Few the furlongs he had driven,
Driven but a little distance,
When he heard the sky-loom buzzing,
As the maiden plied the shuttle.
Quick the thoughtless Wainamoinen
Lifts his eyes aloft in wonder,
Looks upon the vault of heaven,
There beholds the bow of beauty,
On the bow the maiden sitting,
Beauteous Maiden of the Rainbow,
Glory of the earth and ocean,
Weaving there a golden fabric,
Working with the rustling silver.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Quickly checks his fleet-foot racer,
Looks upon the charming maiden,
Then addresses her as follows:
"Come, fair maiden, to my snow-sledge,
By my side I wish thee seated."
Thus the Maid of Beauty answers:
"Tell me what thou wishest of me,
Should I join thee in the snow-sledge."
Speaks the ancient Wainamoinen,
Answers thus the Maid of Beauty:
"This the reason for thy coming:
Thou shalt bake me honey-biscuit,
Shalt prepare me barley-water,
Thou shalt fill my foaming beer-cups,

Thou shalt sing beside my table,
Shalt rejoice within my portals,
Walk a queen within my dwelling,
In the Wainola halls and chambers,
In the courts of Kalevala.”
Thus the Maid of Beauty answered
From her throne amid the heavens:
”Yesterday at hour of twilight,
Went I to the flowery meadows,
There to rock upon the common,
Where the Sun retires to slumber;
There I heard a song-bird singing,
Heard the thrush simple measures,
Singing sweetly thoughts of maidens,
And the minds of anxious mothers.
“Then I asked the pretty songster,
Asked the thrush this simple question:
'Sing to me, thou pretty song-bird,
Sing that I may understand thee,
Sing to me in truthful accents,
How to live in greatest pleasure,
And in happiness the sweetest,
As a maiden with her father,
Or as wife beside her husband.'
”Thus the song-bird gave me answer,
Sang the thrush this information:
'Bright and warm are days of summer,
Warmer still is maiden-freedom;
Cold is iron in the winter,
Thus the lives of married women;
Maidens living with their mothers
Are like ripe and ruddy berries;
Married women, far too many,
Are like dogs enchained in kennel,
Rarely do they ask for favors,
Not to wives are favors given.”
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Answers thus the Maid of Beauty:
”Foolish is the thrush thus singing,
Nonsense is the song-bird's twitter;
Like to babes are maidens treated,
Wives are queens and highly honored.
Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge,
I am not despised as hero,
Not the meanest of magicians;
Come with me and I will make thee
Wife and queen in Kalevala.”
Thus the Maid of Beauty answered—
”Would consider thee a hero,
Mighty hero, I would call thee,
When a golden hair thou splittest,
Using knives that have no edges;
When thou snarest me a bird's egg
With a snare that I can see not.”
Wainamoinen, skilled and ancient,

Split a golden hair exactly,
Using knives that had no edges;
And he snared an egg as nicely
With a snare the maiden saw not.
"Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge,
I have done what thou desirest."
Thus the maiden wisely answered:
"Never enter I thy snow-sledge,
Till thou peekest me the sandstone,
Till thou cuttest me a whip-stick
From the ice, and make no splinters,
Losing not the smallest fragment."
Wainamoinen, true magician,
Nothing daunted, not discouraged,
Deftly peeled the rounded sandstone,
Deftly cut from ice a whip-stick,
Cutting not the finest splinter,
Losing not the smallest fragment.
Then again he called the maiden,
To a seat within his snow-sledge.
But the Maid or Beauty answered,
Answered thus the great magician:
I will go with that one only
That will make me ship or shallop,
From the splinters of my spindle,
From the fragments of my distaff,
In the waters launch the vessel,
Set the little ship a-floating,
Using not the knee to push it,
Using not the arm to move it,
Using not the hand to touch it,
Using not the foot to turn it,
Using nothing to propel it."
Spake the skilful Wainamoinen,
These the words the hero uttered:
"There is no one in the Northland,
No one under vault of heaven,
Who like me can build a vessel,
From the fragments of the distaff,
From the splinters of the spindle."
Then he took the distaff-fragments,
Took the splinters of the spindle,
Hastened off the boat to fashion,
Hastened to an iron mountain,
There to join the many fragments.
Full of zeal he plies the hammer,
Swings the hammer and the hatchet;
Nothing daunted, builds the vessel,
Works one day and then a second,
Works with steady hand the third day;
On the evening of the third day,
Evil Hisi grasps the hatchet,
Lempo takes the crooked handle,
Turns aside the axe in falling,
Strikes the rocks and breaks to pieces;

From the rocks rebound the fragments,
Pierce the flesh of the magician,
Cut the knee of Wainamoinen.
Lempo guides the sharpened hatchet,
And the veins fell Hisi severs.
Quickly gushes forth a blood-stream,
And the stream is crimson-colored.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
The renowned and wise enchanter,
Thus outspeaks in measured accents:
“O thou keen and cruel hatchet,
O thou axe of sharpened metal,
Thou shouldst cut the trees to fragments,
Cut the pine-tree and the willow,
Cut the alder and the birch-tree,
Cut the juniper and aspen,
Shouldst not cut my knee to pieces,
Shouldst not tear my veins asunder.”
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Thus begins his incantations,
Thus begins his magic singing,
Of the origin of evil;
Every word in perfect order,
Makes no effort to remember,
Sings the origin of iron,
That a bolt he well may fashion,
Thus prepare a look for surety,
For the wounds the axe has given,
That the hatchet has torn open.
But the stream flows like a brooklet,
Rushing like a maddened torrent,
Stains the herbs upon the meadows,
Scarcely is a bit of verdure
That the blood-stream does not cover
As it flows and rushes onward
From the knee of the magician,
From the veins of Wainamoinen.
Now the wise and ancient minstrel
Gathers lichens from the sandstone,
Picks them from the trunks of birches,
Gathers moss within the marshes,
Pulls the grasses from the meadows,
Thus to stop the crimson streamlet,
Thus to close the wounds laid open;
But his work is unsuccessful,
And the crimson stream flows onward.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Feeling pain and fearing languor,
Falls to weeping, heavy-hearted;
Quickly now his steed he hitches,
Hitches to the sledge of birch-wood,
Climbs with pain upon the cross-bench,
Strikes his steed in quick succession,
Snaps his whip above the racer,
And the steed flies onward swiftly;

Like the winds he sweeps the highway,
Till he nears a Northland village,
Where the way is triple-parted.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Takes the lowest of the highways,
Quickly nears a spacious cottage,
Quickly asks before the doorway:
“Is there any one here dwelling,
That can know the pain I suffer,
That can heal this wound of hatchet.
That can check this crimson streamlet?”
Sat a boy within a corner,
On a bench beside a baby,
And he answered thus the hero:
“There is no one in this dwelling
That can know the pain thou feelest,
That can heal the wounds of hatchet,
That can check the crimson streamlet;
Some one lives in yonder cottage,
That perchance can do thee service.”
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Whips his courser to a gallop,
Dashes on along the highway;
Only drives a little distance,
On the middle of the highways,
To a cabin on the road-side,
Asks one standing on the threshold,
Questions all through open windows,
These the words the hero uses:
“Is there no one in this cabin,
That can know the pain I suffer,
That can heal this wound of hatchet,
That can check this crimson streamlet?”
On the floor a witch was lying,
Near the fire-place lay the beldame,
Thus she spake to Wainamoinen,
Through her rattling teeth she answered.
“There is no one in this cabin
That can know the pain thou feelest,
That can heal the wounds of hatchets,
That can check the crimson streamlet;
Some one lives in yonder cottage,
That perchance can do thee service.”
Wainamoinen, nothing daunted,
Whips his racer to a gallop,
Dashes on along the highway;
Only drives a little distance,
On the upper of the highways,
Gallops to a humble cottage,
Asks one standing near the penthouse,
Sitting on the penthouse-doorsill:
“Is there no one in this cottage,
That can know the pain I suffer,
That can heal this wound of hatchet,
That can check this crimson streamlet?”

Near the fireplace sat an old man,
On the hearthstone sat the gray-beard,
Thus he answered Wainamoinen:
“Greater things have been accomplished,
Much more wondrous things effected,
Through but three words of the master;
Through the telling of the causes,
Streams and oceans have been tempered,
River cataracts been lessened,
Bays been made of promontories,
Islands raised from deep sea-bottoms.”

RUNE IX. ORIGIN OF IRON.

Wainamoinen, thus encouraged,
Quickly rises in his snow-sledge,
Asking no one for assistance,
Straightway hastens to the cottage,
Takes a seat within the dwelling.
Come two maids with silver pitchers,
Bringing also golden goblets;
Dip they up a very little,
But the very smallest measure
Of the blood of the magician,
From the wounds of Wainamoinen.
From the fire-place calls the old man,
Thus the gray-beard asks the minstrel:
“Tell me who thou art of heroes,
Who of all the great magicians?
Lo! thy blood fills seven sea-boats,
Eight of largest birchen vessels,
Flowing from some hero’s veinlets,
From the wounds of some magician.
Other matters I would ask thee;
Sing the cause of this thy trouble,
Sing to me the source of metals,
Sing the origin of iron,
How at first it was created.”
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Made this answer to the gray-beard:
“Know I well the source of metals,
Know the origin of iron;
I can tell how steel is fashioned.
Of the mother’s air is oldest,
Water is the oldest brother,
And the fire is second brother,
And the youngest brother, iron;
Ukko is the first creator.
Ukko, maker of the heavens,
Cut apart the air and water,
Ere was born the metal, iron.
Ukko, maker of the heavens,
Firmly rubbed his hands together,
Firmly pressed them on his knee-cap,
Then arose three lovely maidens,

Three most beautiful of daughters;
These were mothers of the iron,
And of steel of bright-blue color.
Tremblingly they walked the heavens,
Walked the clouds with silver linings,
With their bosoms overflowing
With the milk of future iron,
Flowing on and flowing ever,
From the bright rims of the cloudlets
To the earth, the valleys filling,
To the slumber-calling waters.
"Ukko's eldest daughter sprinkled
Black milk over river channels
And the second daughter sprinkled
White milk over hills and mountains,
While the youngest daughter sprinkled
Red milk over seas and oceans.
Where the black milk had been sprinkled,
Grew the dark and ductile iron;
Where the white milk had been sprinkled,
Grew the iron, lighter-colored;
Where the red milk had been sprinkled,
Grew the red and brittle iron.
"After Time had gone a distance,
Iron hastened Fire to visit,
His beloved elder brother,
Thus to know his brother better.
Straightway Fire began his roarings,
Labored to consume his brother,
His beloved younger brother.
Straightway Iron sees his danger,
Saves himself by fleetly fleeing,
From the fiery flame's advances,
Fleeing hither, fleeing thither,
Fleeing still and taking shelter
In the swamps and in the valleys,
In the springs that loudly bubble,
By the rivers winding seaward,
On the broad backs of the marshes,
Where the swans their nests have builded,
Where the wild geese hatch their goslings.
"Thus is iron in the swamp-lands,
Stretching by the water-courses,
Hidden well for many ages,
Hidden in the birchen forests,
But he could not hide forever
From the searchings of his brother;
Here and there the fire has caught him,
Caught and brought him to his furnace,
That the spears, and swords, and axes,
Might be forged and duly hammered.
In the swamps ran blackened waters,
From the heath the bears came ambling,
And the wolves ran through the marshes.
Iron then made his appearance,

Where the feet of wolves had trodden,
Where the paws of bears had trampled.
“Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Came to earth to work the metal;
He was born upon the Coal-mount,
Skilled and nurtured in the coal-fields;
In one hand, a copper hammer,
In the other, tongs of iron;
In the night was born the blacksmith,
In the morn he built his smithy,
Sought with care a favored hillock,
Where the winds might fill his bellows;
Found a hillock in the swamp-lands,
Where the iron hid abundant;
There he built his smelting furnace,
There he laid his leathern bellows,
Hastened where the wolves had travelled,
Followed where the bears had trampled,
Found the iron’s young formations,
In the wolf-tracks of the marshes,
In the foot-prints of the gray-bear.
”Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
’Thus addressed the sleeping iron:
Thou most useful of the metals,
Thou art sleeping in the marshes,
Thou art hid in low conditions,
Where the wolf treads in the swamp-lands,
Where the bear sleeps in the thickets.
Hast thou thought and well considered,
What would be thy future station,
Should I place thee in the furnace,
Thus to make thee free and useful?’
“Then was Iron sorely frightened,
Much distressed and filled with horror,
When of Fire he heard the mention,
Mention of his fell destroyer.
”Then again speaks Ilmarinen,
Thus the smith addresses Iron:
’Be not frightened, useful metal,
Surely Fire will not consume thee,
Will not burn his youngest brother,
Will not harm his nearest kindred.
Come thou to my room and furnace,
Where the fire is freely burning,
Thou wilt live, and grow, and prosper,
Wilt become the swords of heroes,
Buckles for the belts of women.’
“Ere arose the star of evening,
Iron ore had left the marshes,
From the water-beds had risen,
Had been carried to the furnace,
In the fire the smith had laid it,
Laid it in his smelting furnace.
Ilmarinen starts the bellows,
Gives three motions of the handle,

And the iron flows in streamlets
From the forge of the magician,
Soon becomes like baker's leaven,
Soft as dough for bread of barley.
Then out-screamed the metal, Iron:
'Wondrous blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Take, O take me from thy furnace,
From this fire and cruel torture.'
"Ilmarinen thus made answer:
'I will take thee from my furnace,
'Thou art but a little frightened,
Thou shalt be a mighty power,
Thou shalt slay the best of heroes,
Thou shalt wound thy dearest brother.'
"Straightway Iron made this promise,
Vowed and swore in strongest accents,
By the furnace, by the anvil,
By the tongs, and by the hammer,
These the words he vowed and uttered:
'Many trees that I shall injure,
Shall devour the hearts of mountains,
Shall not slay my nearest kindred,
Shall not kill the best of heroes,
Shall not wound my dearest brother;
Better live in civil freedom,
Happier would be my life-time,
Should I serve my fellow-beings,
Serve as tools for their convenience,
Than as implements of warfare,
Slay my friends and nearest kindred,
Wound the children of my mother.'
"Now the master, Ilmarinen,
The renowned and skilful blacksmith,
From the fire removes the iron,
Places it upon the anvil,
Hammers well until it softens,
Hammers many fine utensils,
Hammers spears, and swords, and axes,
Hammers knives, and forks, and hatchets,
Hammers tools of all descriptions.
"Many things the blacksmith needed,
Many things he could not fashion,
Could not make the tongue of iron,
Could not hammer steel from iron,
Could not make the iron harden.
Well considered Ilmarinen,
Deeply thought and long reflected.
Then he gathered birchen ashes,
Steeped the ashes in the water,
Made a lye to harden iron,
Thus to form the steel most needful.
With his tongue he tests the mixture,
Weighs it long and well considers,
And the blacksmith speaks as follows:
'All this labor is for nothing,

Will not fashion steel from iron,
Will not make the soft ore harden.'
"Now a bee flies from the meadow,
Blue-wing coming from the flowers,
Flies about, then safely settles
Near the furnace of the smithy.
"Thus the smith the bee addresses,
These the words of Ilmarinen:
'Little bee, thou tiny birdling,
Bring me honey on thy winglets,
On thy tongue, I pray thee, bring me
Sweetness from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
That we thus may aid the water
To produce the steel from iron.'
"Evil Hisi's bird, the hornet,
Heard these words of Ilmarinen,
Looking from the cottage gable,
Flying to the bark of birch-trees,
While the iron bars were heating
While the steel was being tempered;
Swiftly flew the stinging hornet,
Scattered all the Hisi horrors,
Brought the blessing of the serpent,
Brought the venom of the adder,
Brought the poison of the spider,
Brought the stings of all the insects,
Mixed them with the ore and water,
While the steel was being, tempered.
"Ilmarinen, skilful blacksmith,
First of all the iron-workers,
Thought the bee had surely brought him
Honey from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
And he spake the words that follow:
'Welcome, welcome, is thy coming,
Honeyed sweetness from the flowers
Thou hast brought to aid the water,
Thus to form the steel from iron!'
"Ilmarinen, ancient blacksmith,
Dipped the iron into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
Thought it but the wild bee's honey;
Thus he formed the steel from iron.
When he plunged it into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
When he placed it in the furnace,
Angry grew the hardened iron,
Broke the vow that he had taken,
Ate his words like dogs and devils,
Mercilessly cut his brother,
Madly raged against his kindred,
Caused the blood to flow in streamlets

From the wounds of man and hero.
This, the origin of iron,
And of steel of light blue color."
From the hearth arose the gray-beard,
Shook his heavy looks and answered:
"Now I know the source of iron,
Whence the steel and whence its evils;
Curses on thee, cruel iron,
Curses on the steel thou givest,
Curses on thee, tongue of evil,
Cursed be thy life forever!
Once thou wert of little value,
Having neither form nor beauty,
Neither strength nor great importance,
When in form of milk thou rested,
When for ages thou wert hidden
In the breasts of God's three daughters,
Hidden in their heaving bosoms,
On the borders of the cloudlets,
In the blue vault of the heavens.
"Thou wert once of little value,
Having neither form nor beauty,
Neither strength nor great importance,
When like water thou wert resting
On the broad back of the marshes,
On the steep declines of mountains,
When thou wert but formless matter,
Only dust of rusty color.
"Surely thou wert void of greatness,
Having neither strength nor beauty,
When the moose was trampling on thee,
When the roebuck trod upon thee,
When the tracks of wolves were in thee,
And the bear-paws scratched thy body.
Surely thou hadst little value
When the skilful Ilmarinen,
First of all the iron-workers,
Brought thee from the blackened swamp-lands,
Took thee to his ancient smithy,
Placed thee in his fiery furnace.
Truly thou hadst little vigor,
Little strength, and little danger,
When thou in the fire wert hissing,
Rolling forth like seething water,
From the furnace of the smithy,
When thou gavest oath the strongest,
By the furnace, by the anvil,
By the tongs, and by the hammer,
By the dwelling of the blacksmith,
By the fire within the furnace.
"Now forsooth thou hast grown mighty,
Thou canst rage in wildest fury;
Thou hast broken all thy pledges,
All thy solemn vows hast broken,
Like the dogs thou shamest honor,

Shamest both thyself and kindred,
Tainted all with breath of evil.
Tell who drove thee to this mischief,
Tell who taught thee all thy malice,
Tell who gavest thee thine evil!
Did thy father, or thy mother,
Did the eldest of thy brothers,
Did the youngest of thy sisters,
Did the worst of all thy kindred
Give to thee thine evil nature?
Not thy father, nor thy mother,
Not the eldest of thy brothers,
Not the youngest of thy sisters,
Not the worst of all thy kindred,
But thyself hast done this mischief,
Thou the cause of all our trouble.
Come and view thine evil doings,
And amend this flood of damage,
Ere I tell thy gray-haired mother,
Ere I tell thine aged father.
Great indeed a mother's anguish,
Great indeed a father's sorrow,
When a son does something evil,
When a child runs wild and lawless.
"Crimson streamlet, cease thy flowing
From the wounds of Wainamoinen;
Blood of ages, stop thy coursing
From the veins of the magician;
Stand like heaven's crystal pillars,
Stand like columns in the ocean,
Stand like birch-trees in the forest,
Like the tall reeds in the marshes,
Like the high-rocks on the sea-coast,
Stand by power of mighty magic!
"Should perforce thy will impel thee,
Flow thou on thine endless circuit,
Through the veins of Wainamoinen,
Through the bones, and through the muscles,
Through the lungs, and heart, and liver,
Of the mighty sage and singer;
Better be the food of heroes,
Than to waste thy strength and virtue
On the meadows and the woodlands,
And be lost in dust and ashes.
Flow forever in thy circle;
Thou must cease this crimson out-flow;
Stain no more the grass and flowers,
Stain no more these golden hill-tops,
Pride and beauty of our heroes.
In the veins of the magician,
In the heart of Wainamoinen,
Is thy rightful home and storehouse.
Thither now withdraw thy forces,
Thither hasten, swiftly flowing;
Flow no more as crimson currents,

Fill no longer crimson lakelets,
Must not rush like brooks in spring-tide,
Nor meander like the rivers.
"Cease thy flow, by word of magic,
Cease as did the falls of Tyrya,
As the rivers of Tuoni,
When the sky withheld her rain-drops,
When the sea gave up her waters,
In the famine of the seasons,
In the years of fire and torture.
If thou heedest not this order,
I shall offer other measures,
Know I well of other forces;
I shall call the Hisi irons,
In them I shall boil and roast thee,
Thus to check thy crimson flowing,
Thus to save the wounded hero.
"If these means be inefficient,
Should these measures prove unworthy,
I shall call omniscient Ukko,
Mightiest of the creators,
Stronger than all ancient heroes,
Wiser than the world-magicians;
He will check the crimson out-flow,
He will heal this wound of hatchet.
"Ukko, God of love and mercy,
God and Master Of the heavens,
Come thou hither, thou art needed,
Come thou quickly I beseech thee,
Lend thy hand to aid thy children,
Touch this wound with healing fingers,
Stop this hero's streaming life-blood,
Bind this wound with tender leaflets,
Mingle with them healing flowers,
Thus to check this crimson current,
Thus to save this great magician,
Save the life of Wainamoinen."
Thus at last the blood-stream ended,
As the magic words were spoken.
Then the gray-beard, much rejoicing,
Sent his young son to the smithy,
There to make a healing balsam,
From the herbs of tender fibre,
From the healing plants and flowers,
From the stalks secreting honey,
From the roots, and leaves, and blossoms.
On the way he meets an oak-tree,
And the oak the son addresses:
"Hast thou honey in thy branches,
Does thy sap run full of sweetness?"
Thus the oak-tree wisely answers:
"Yea, but last night dripped the honey
Down upon my spreading branches,
And the clouds their fragrance sifted,
Sifted honey on my leaflets,

From their home within the heavens.“
Then the son takes oak-wood splinters,
Takes the youngest oak-tree branches,
Gathers many healing grasses,
Gathers many herbs and flowers,
Rarest herbs that grow in Northland,
Places them within the furnace
In a kettle made of copper;
Lets them steep and boil together,
Bits of bark chipped from the oak-tree,
Many herbs of healing virtues;
Steeps them one day, then a second,
Three long days of summer weather,
Days and nights in quick succession;
Then he tries his magic balsam,
Looks to see if it is ready,
If his remedy is finished;
But the balsam is unworthy.
Then he added other grasses,
Herbs of every healing virtue,
That were brought from distant nations,
Many hundred leagues from Northland,
Gathered by the wisest minstrels,
Thither brought by nine enchanters.
Three days more be steeped the balsam,
Three nights more the fire be tended,
Nine the days and nights be watched it,
Then again be tried the ointment,
Viewed it carefully and tested,
Found at last that it was ready,
Found the magic balm was finished.
Near by stood a branching birch-tree.
On the border of the meadow,
Wickedly it had been broken,
Broken down by evil Hisi;
Quick he takes his balm of healing,
And anoints the broken branches,
Rubs the balsam in the fractures,
Thus addresses then the birch-tree:
”With this balsam I anoint thee,
With this salve thy wounds I cover,
Cover well thine injured places;
Now the birch-tree shall recover,
Grow more beautiful than ever.“
True, the birch-tree soon recovered,
Grew more beautiful than ever,
Grew more uniform its branches,
And its bole more strong and stately.
Thus it was be tried the balsam,
Thus the magic salve he tested,
Touched with it the splintered sandstone,
Touched the broken blocks of granite,
Touched the fissures in the mountains,
And the broken parts united,
All the fragments grew together.

Then the young boy quick returning
With the balsam he had finished,
To the gray-beard gave the ointment,
And the boy these measures uttered
"Here I bring the balm of healing,
Wonderful the salve I bring thee;
It will join the broken granite,
Make the fragments grow together,
Heat the fissures in the mountains,
And restore the injured birch-tree."
With his tongue the old man tested,
Tested thus the magic balsam,
Found the remedy effective,
Found the balm had magic virtues;
Then anointed he the minstrel,
Touched the wounds of Wainamoinen,
Touched them with his magic balsam,
With the balm of many virtues;
Speaking words of ancient wisdom,
These the words the gray-beard uttered:
"Do not walk in thine own virtue,
Do not work in thine own power,
Walk in strength of thy Creator;
Do not speak in thine own wisdom,
Speak with tongue of mighty Ukko.
In my mouth, if there be sweetness,
It has come from my Creator;
If my bands are filled with beauty,
All the beauty comes from Ukko."
When the wounds had been anointed,
When the magic salve had touched them,
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Suffered fearful pain and anguish,
Sank upon the floor in torment,
Turning one way, then another,
Sought for rest and found it nowhere,
Till his pain the gray-beard banished,
Banished by the aid of magic,
Drove away his killing torment
To the court of all our trouble,
To the highest hill of torture,
To the distant rocks and ledges,
To the evil-bearing mountains,
To the realm of wicked Hisi.
Then he took some silken fabric,
Quick he tore the silk asunder,
Making equal strips for wrapping,
Tied the ends with silken ribbons,
Making thus a healing bandage;
Then he wrapped with skilful fingers
Wainamoinen's knee and ankle,
Wrapped the wounds of the magician,
And this prayer the gray-beard uttered
"Ukko's fabric is the bandage,
Ukko's science is the surgeon,

These have served the wounded hero,
 Wrapped the wounds of the magician.
 Look upon us, God of mercy,
 Come and guard us, kind Creator,
 And protect us from all evil!
 Guide our feet lest they may stumble,
 Guard our lives from every danger,
 From the wicked wilds of Hisi.“
 Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
 Felt the mighty aid of magic,
 Felt the help of gracious Ukko,
 Straightway stronger grew in body,
 Straightway were the wounds united,
 Quick the fearful pain departed.
 Strong and hardy grew the hero,
 Straightway walked in perfect freedom,
 Turned his knee in all directions,
 Knowing neither pain nor trouble.
 Then the ancient Wainamoinen
 Raised his eyes to high Jumala,
 Looked with gratitude to heaven,
 Looked on high, in joy and gladness,
 Then addressed omniscient Ukko,
 This the prayer the minstrel uttered:
 ”O be praised, thou God of mercy,
 Let me praise thee, my Creator,
 Since thou gavest me assistance,
 And vouchsafed me thy protection,
 Healed my wounds and stilled mine anguish,
 Banished all my pain and trouble,
 Caused by Iron and by Hisi.
 O, ye people of Wainola,
 People of this generation,
 And the folk of future ages,
 Fashion not in emulation,
 River boat, nor ocean shallop,
 Boasting of its fine appearance,
 God alone can work completion,
 Give to cause its perfect ending,
 Never hand of man can find it,
 Never can the hero give it,
 Ukko is the only Master.“

RUNE X. ILMARINEN FORGES THE SAMPO.

Wainamoinen, the magician,
 Takes his steed of copper color,
 Hitches quick his fleet-foot courser,
 Puts his racer to the snow-sledge,
 Straightway springs upon the cross-seat,
 Snaps his whip adorned with jewels.
 Like the winds the steed flies onward,
 Like a lightning flash, the racer
 Makes the snow-sledge creak and rattle,
 Makes the highway quickly vanish,

Dashes on through fen and forest,
Over hills and through the valleys,
Over marshes, over mountains,
Over fertile plains and meadows;
Journeys one day, then a second,
So a third from morn till evening,
Till the third day evening brings him
To the endless bridge of Osmo,
To the Osmo-fields and pastures,
To the plains of Kalevala;
When the hero spake as follows:
"May the wolves devour the dreamer,
Eat the Laplander for dinner,
May disease destroy the braggart,
Him who said that I should never
See again my much-loved home-land,
Nevermore behold my kindred,
Never during all my life-time,
Never while the sunshine brightens,
Never while the moonlight glimmers
On the meadows of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala."
Then began old Wainamoinen,
Ancient bard and famous singer,
To renew his incantations;
Sang aloft a wondrous pine-tree,
Till it pierced the clouds in growing
With its golden top and branches,
Till it touched the very heavens,
Spread its branches in the ether,
In the ever-shining sunlight.
Now he sings again enchanting,
Sings the Moon to shine forever
In the fir-tree's emerald branches;
In its top he sings the Great Bear.
Then he quickly journeys homeward,
Hastens to his golden portals,
Head awry and visage wrinkled,
Crooked cap upon his forehead,
Since as ransom he had promised
Ilmarinen, magic artist,
Thus to save his life from torture
On the distant fields of Northland
In the dismal Sariola.
When his stallion he had halted
On the Osmo-field and meadow,
Quickly rising in his snow-sledge,
The magician heard one knocking,
Breaking coal within the smithy,
Beating with a heavy hammer.
Wainamoinen, famous minstrel,
Entering the smithy straightway,
Found the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Knocking with his copper hammer.
Ilmarinen spake as follows:

"Welcome, brother Wainamoinen,
Old and worthy Wainamoinen!
Why so long hast thou been absent,
Where hast thou so long been hiding?"
Wainamoinen then made answer,
These the words of the magician:
"Long indeed have I been living,
Many dreary days have wandered,
Many cheerless nights have lingered,
Floating on the cruel ocean,
Weeping in the fens and woodlands
Of the never-pleasant Northland,
In the dismal Sariola;
With the Laplanders I've wandered,
With the people filled with witchcraft."
Promptly answers Ilmarinen,
These the words the blacksmith uses:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Famous and eternal singer,
Tell me of thy journey northward,
Of thy wanderings in Lapland,
Of thy dismal journey homeward."
Spake the minstrel, Wainamoinen:
"I have much to tell thee, brother,
Listen to my wondrous story:
In the Northland lives a virgin,
In a village there, a maiden,
That will not accept a lover,
That a hero's hand refuses,
That a wizard's heart disdaineth;
All of Northland sings her praises,
Sings her worth and magic beauty,
Fairest maiden of Pohyola,
Daughter of the earth and ocean.
From her temples beams the moonlight,
From her breast, the gleam of sunshine,
From her forehead shines the rainbow,
On her neck, the seven starlets,
And the Great Bear from her shoulder.
"Ilmarinen, worthy brother,
Thou the only skilful blacksmith,
Go and see her wondrous beauty,
See her gold and silver garments,
See her robed in finest raiment,
See her sitting on the rainbow,
Walking on the clouds of purple.
Forge for her the magic Sampo,
Forge the lid in many colors,
Thy reward shall be the virgin,
Thou shalt win this bride of beauty;
Go and bring the lovely maiden
To thy home in Kalevala."
Spake the brother, Ilmarinen:
O thou cunning Wainamoinen,
Thou hast promised me already

To the ever-darksome Northland,
Thy devoted head to ransom,
Thus to rescue thee from trouble.
I shall never visit Northland,
Shall not go to see thy maiden,
Do not love the Bride of Beauty;
Never while the moonlight glimmers,
Shall I go to dreary Pohya,
To the plains of Sariola,
Where the people eat each other,
Sink their heroes in the ocean,
Not for all the maids of Lapland.“
Spake the brother, Wainamoinen:
”I can tell thee greater wonders,
Listen to my wondrous story:
I have seen the fir-tree blossom,
Seen its flowers with emerald branches,
On the Osmo-fields and woodlands;
In its top, there shines the moonlight,
And the Bear lives in its branches.“
Ilmarinen thus made answer:
”I cannot believe thy story,
Cannot trust thy tale of wonder,
Till I see the blooming fir-tree,
With its many emerald branches,
With its Bear and golden moonlight.“
This is Wainamoinen’s answer:
”Wilt thou not believe my story?
Come with me and I will show thee
If my lips speak fact or fiction.“
Quick they journey to discover,
Haste to view the wondrous fir-tree;
Wainamoinen leads the journey,
Ilmarinen closely follows.
As they near the Osmo-borders,
Ilmarinen hastens forward
That he may behold the wonder,
Spies the Bear Within the fir-top,
Sitting on its emerald branches,
Spies the gleam of golden moonlight.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen,
These the words the singer uttered:
Climb this tree, dear Ilmarinen,
And bring down the golden moonbeams,
Bring the Moon and Bear down with thee
From the fir-tree’s lofty branches.”
Ilmarinen, full consenting,
Straightway climbed the golden fir-tree,
High upon the bow of heaven,
Thence to bring the golden moonbeams,
Thence to bring the Bear of heaven,
From the fir-tree’s topmost branches.
Thereupon the blooming fir-tree
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
“O thou senseless, thoughtless hero,

Thou hast neither wit nor instinct;
 Thou dost climb my golden branches,
 Like a thing of little judgment,
 Thus to get my pictured moonbeams,
 Take away my silver starlight,
 Steal my Bear and blooming branches.”
 Quick as thought old Wainamoinen
 Sang again in magic accents,
 Sang a storm-wind in the heavens,
 Sang the wild winds into fury,
 And the singer spake as follows:
 “Take, O storm-wind, take the forgerman,
 Carry him within thy vessel,
 Quickly hence, and land the hero
 On the ever-darksome Northland,
 On the dismal Sariola.”
 Now the storm-wind quickly darkens,
 Quickly piles the air together,
 Makes of air a sailing vessel,
 Takes the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
 Fleetly from the fir-tree branches,
 Toward the never-pleasant Northland,
 Toward the dismal Sariola.
 Through the air sailed Ilmarinen,
 Fast and far the hero travelled,
 Sweeping onward, sailing northward,
 Riding in the track of storm-winds,
 O’er the Moon, beneath the sunshine,
 On the broad back of the Great Bear,
 Till he neared Pohyola’s woodlands,
 Neared the homes of Sariola,
 And alighted undiscovered,
 Was Dot noticed by the hunters,
 Was not scented by the watch-dogs.
 Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
 Ancient, toothless dame of Northland,
 Standing in the open court-yard,
 Thus addresses Ilmarinen,
 As she spies the hero-stranger:
 ”Who art thou of ancient heroes,
 Who of all the host of heroes,
 Coming here upon the storm-wind,
 O’er the sledge-path of the ether,
 Scented not by Pohya’s watch-dogs?
 This is Ilmarinen’s answer:
 “I have surely not come hither
 To be barked at by the watch-dogs,
 At these unfamiliar portals,
 At the gates of Sariola.”
 Thereupon the Northland hostess
 Asks again the hero-stranger:
 “Hast thou ever been acquainted
 With the blacksmith of Wainola,
 With the hero, Ilmarinen,
 With the skilful smith and artist?

Long I've waited for his coming,
Long this one has been expected,
On the borders of the Northland,
Here to forge for me the Sampo."
Spake the hero, Ilmarinen:
"Well indeed am I acquainted
With the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
I myself am Ilmarinen,
I, the skilful smith and artist."
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Toothless dame of Sariola,
Straightway rushes to her dwelling,
These the words that Louhi utters:
"Come, thou youngest of my daughters,
Come, thou fairest of my maidens,
Dress thyself in finest raiment,
Deck thy hair with rarest jewels,
Pearls upon thy swelling bosom,
On thy neck, a golden necklace,
Bind thy head with silken ribbons,
Make thy cheeks look fresh and ruddy,
And thy visage fair and winsome,
Since the artist, Ilmarinen,
Hither comes from Kalevala,
Here to forge for us the Sampo,
Hammer us the lid in colors."
Now the daughter of the Northland,
Honored by the land and water,
Straightway takes her choicest raiment,
Takes her dresses rich in beauty,
Finest of her silken wardrobe,
Now adjusts her silken fillet,
On her brow a band of copper,
Round her waist a golden girdle,
Round her neck a pearly necklace,
Shining gold upon her bosom,
In her hair the threads of silver.
From her dressing-room she hastens,
To the hall she bastes and listens,
Full of beauty, full of joyance,
Ears erect and eyes bright-beaming,
Ruddy cheeks and charming visage,
Waiting for the hero-stranger.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Leads the hero, Ilmarinen,
To her dwelling-rooms in Northland,
To her home in Sariola,
Seats him at her well-filled table,
Gives to him the finest viands,
Gives him every needed comfort,
Then addresses him as follows:
"O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Master of the forge and smithy,
Canst thou forge for me the Sampo,
Hammer me the lid in colors,

From the tips of white-swan feathers,
From the milk of greatest virtue,
From a single grain of barley,
From the finest wool of lambkins?
Thou shalt have my fairest daughter,
Recompense for this thy service.”
These the words of Ilmarinen:
“I will forge for thee the Sampo,
Hammer thee the lid in colors,
From the tips of white-swan feathers,
From the milk of greatest virtue,
From a single grain of barley,
From the finest wool of lambkins?
Since I forged the arch of heaven,
Forged the air a concave cover,
Ere the earth had a beginning.”
Thereupon the magic blacksmith
Went to forge the wondrous Sampo,
Went to find a blacksmith’s workshop,
Went to find the tools to work with;
But he found no place for forging,
Found no smithy, found no bellows,
Found no chimney, found no anvil,
Found no tongs, and found no hammer.
Then the-artist, Ilmarinen.
Spake these words, soliloquizing:
“Only women grow discouraged,
Only knaves leave work unfinished,
Not the devils, nor the heroes,
Nor the Gods of greater knowledge.”
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Sought a place to build a smithy,
Sought a place to plant a bellows,
On the borders of the Northland,
On the Pohya-hills and meadows;
Searched one day, and then a second;
Ere the evening of the third day,
Came a rock within his vision,
Came a stone with rainbow-colors.
There the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Set at work to build his smithy,
Built a fire and raised a chimney;
On the next day laid his bellows,
On the third day built his furnace,
And began to forge the Sampo.
The eternal magic artist,
Ancient blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
First of all the iron-workers,
Mixed together certain metals,
Put the mixture in the caldron,
Laid it deep within the furnace,
Called the hirelings to the forging.
Skilfully they work the bellows,
Tend the fire and add the fuel,
Three most lovely days of summer,

Three short nights of bright midsummer,
Till the rocks begin to blossom,
In the foot-prints of the workmen,
From the magic heat and furnace.
On the first day, Ilmarinen
Downward bent and well examined,
On the bottom of his furnace,
Thus to see what might be forming
From the magic fire and metals.
From the fire arose a cross-bow,
“With the brightness of the moonbeams,
Golden bow with tips of silver;
On the shaft was shining copper,
And the bow was strong and wondrous,
But alas! it was ill-natured,
Asking for a hero daily,
Two the heads it asked on feast-days.
Ilmarinen, skilful artist,
Was not pleased with this creation,
Broke the bow in many pieces,
Threw them back within the furnace,
Kept the workmen at the bellows,
Tried to forge the magic Sampo.
On the second day, the blacksmith
Downward bent and well examined,
On the bottom of the furnace;
From the fire, a skiff of metals,
Came a boat of purple color,
All the ribs were colored golden,
And the oars were forged from copper;
Thus the skiff was full of beauty,
But alas! a thing of evil;
Forth it rushes into trouble,
Hastens into every quarrel,
Hastes without a provocation
Into every evil combat.
Ilmarinen, metal artist,
Is not pleased with this creation,
Breaks the skiff in many fragments,
Throws them back within the furnace,
Keeps the workmen at the bellows,
Thus to forge the magic Sampo.
On the third day, Ilmarinen,
First of all the metal-workers,
Downward bent and well examined,
On the bottom of the furnace;
There he saw a heifer rising,
Golden were the horns of Kimmo,
On her head the Bear of heaven,
On her brow a disc of sunshine,
Beautiful the cow of magic;
But alas! she is ill-tempered,
Rushes headlong through the forest,
Rushes through the swamps and meadows,
Wasting all her milk in running.

Ilmarinen, the magician.
Is not pleased with this creation,
Cuts the magic cow in pieces,
Throws them in the fiery furnace,
Sets the workmen at the bellows,
Thus to forge the magic Sampo.
On the fourth day, Ilmarinen
Downward bent and well examined,
To the bottom of the furnace;
There beheld a plow in beauty
Rising from the fire of metals,
Golden was the point and plowshare,
And the beam was forged from copper,
And the handles, molten silver,
Beautiful the plow and wondrous;
But alas! it is ill-mannered,
Plows up fields of corn and barley,
Furrows through the richest meadows.
Ilmarinen, metal artist,
Is not pleased with this creation,
Quickly breaks the plow in pieces,
Throws them back within the furnace,
Lets the winds attend the bellows,
Lets the storm-winds fire the metals.
Fiercely vie the winds of heaven,
East-wind rushing, West-wind roaring,
South-wind crying, North-wind howling,
Blow one day and then a second,
Blow the third from morn till even,
When the fire leaps through the windows,
Through the door the sparks fly upward,
Clouds of smoke arise to heaven;
With the clouds the black smoke mingles,
As the storm-winds ply the bellows.
On the third night Ilmarinen,
Bending low to view his metals,
On the bottom of the furnace,
Sees the magic Sampo rising,
Sees the lid in many colors.
Quick the artist of Wainola
Forges with the tongs and anvil,
Knocking with a heavy hammer,
Forges skilfully the Sampo;
On one side the flour is grinding,
On another salt is making,
On a third is money forging,
And the lid is many-colored.
Well the Sampo grinds when finished,
To and fro the lid in rocking,
Grinds one measure at the day-break,
Grinds a measure fit for eating,
Grinds a second for the market,
Grinds a third one for the store-house.
Joyfully the dame of Northland,
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,

Takes away the magic Sampo,
To the hills of Sariola,
To the copper-bearing mountains,
Puts nine locks upon the wonder,
Makes three strong roots creep around it;
In the earth they grow nine fathoms,
One large root beneath the mountain,
One beneath the sandy sea-bed,
One beneath the mountain-dwelling.
Modestly pleads Ilmarinen
For the maiden's willing answer,
These the words of the magician:
"Wilt thou come with me, fair maiden,
Be my wife and queen forever?
I have forged for thee the Sampo,
Forged the lid in many colors."
Northland's fair and lovely daughter
Answers thus the metal-worker:
"Who will in the coming spring-time,
Who will in the second summer,
Guide the cuckoo's song and echo?
Who will listen to his calling,
Who will sing with him in autumn,
Should I go to distant regions,
Should this cheery maiden vanish
From the fields of Sariola,
From Pohyola's fens and forests,
Where the cuckoo sings and echoes?
Should I leave my father's dwelling,
Should my mother's berry vanish,
Should these mountains lose their cherry,
Then the cuckoo too would vanish,
All the birds would leave the forest,
Leave the summit of the mountain,
Leave my native fields and woodlands,
Never shall I, in my life-time,
Say farewell to maiden freedom,
Nor to summer cares and labors,
Lest the harvest be ungarnered,
Lest the berries be ungathered,
Lest the song-birds leave the forest,
Lest the mermaids leave the waters,
Lest I sing with them no longer."
Ilmarinen, the magician,
The eternal metal-forger,
Cap awry and head dejected,
Disappointed, heavy-hearted,
Empty-handed, well considers,
How to reach his distant country,
Reach his much-loved home and kindred,
Gain the meadows of Wainola,
From the never-pleasant Northland,
From the darksome Sariola.
Louhi thus addressed the suitor:
"O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,

Why art thou so heavy-hearted,
 Why thy visage so dejected?
 Hast thou in thy mind to journey
 From the vales and hills of Pohya,
 To the meadows of Wainola,
 To thy home in Kalevala?
 This is Ilmarinen's answer:
 "Thitherward my mind is tending,
 To my home-land let me journey,
 With my kindred let me linger,
 Be at rest in mine own country."
 Straightway Louhi, dame of Northland,
 Gave the hero every comfort,
 Gave him food and rarest viands,
 Placed him in a boat of copper,
 In a copper-banded vessel,
 Called the winds to his assistance,
 Made the North-wind guide him homeward.
 Thus the skilful Ilmarinen
 Travels toward his native country,
 On the blue back of the waters,
 Travels one day, then a second,
 Till the third day evening brings him
 To Wainola's peaceful meadows,
 To his home in Kalevala.
 Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
 Thus addresses Ilmarinen:
 "O my brother, metal-artist,
 Thou eternal wonder-worker,
 Didst thou forge the magic Sampo,
 Forge the lid in many colors?"
 Spake the brother, Ilmarinen,
 These the words the master uttered:
 "Yea, I forged the magic Sampo,
 Forged the lid in many colors;
 To and fro the lid in rocking
 Grinds one measure at the day-dawn,
 Grinds a measure fit for eating,
 Grinds a second for the market,
 Grinds a third one for the store-house.
 Louhi has the wondrous Sampo,
 I have not the Bride of Beauty."

RUNE XI. LEMMINKAINEN'S LAMENT.

This the time to sing of Ahti,
 Son of Lempo, Kaukomieli,
 Also known as Lemminkainen.
 Ahti was the king of islands,
 Grew amid the island-dwellings,
 At the site of his dear mother,
 On the borders of the ocean,
 On the points of promontories.
 Ahti fed upon the salmon,
 Fed upon the ocean whiting,

Thus became a mighty hero,
In his veins the blood of ages,
Read erect and form commanding,
Growth of mind and body perfect
But alas! he had his failings,
Bad indeed his heart and morals,
Roaming in unworthy places,
Staying days and nights in sequences
At the homes of merry maidens,
At the dances of the virgins,
With the maids of braided tresses.
Up in Sahri lived a maiden,
Lived the fair and winsome Kulli,
Lovely as a summer-flower,
From a kingly house descended,
Grew to perfect form and beauty,
Living in her father's cottage,
Home of many ancient heroes,
Beautiful was she and queenly,
Praised throughout the whole of Ehtland;
From afar men came to woo her,
To the birthplace of the virgin,
To the household of her mother.
For his son the Day-star woos her,
But she will not go to Sun-land,
Will not shine beside the Day-star,
In his haste to bring the summer.
For her son, the bright Moon woos her,
But she will not go to Moon-land,
By the bright Moon will not glimmer,
Will not run through boundless ether.
For his son the Night-star woos her,
But she will not go to Star-land,
Will not twinkle in the starlight,
Through the dreary nights in winter.
Lovers come from distant Ehtlaud,
Others come from far-off Ingern,
But they cannot win the maiden,
This the answer that she gives them
"Vainly are your praises lavished
Vainly is your silver offered,
Wealth and praise are no temptation;
Never shall I go to Ehtland,
Never shall I go a-rowing
On the waters of the Ingern,
Shall not cross the Sahri-waters,
Never eat the fish of Ehtland,
Never taste the Ehtland viands.
Ingerland shall never see me,
Will not row upon her rivers,
Will not step within her borders;
Hunger there, and fell starvation,
Wood is absent, fuel wanting,
Neither water, wheat, nor barley,
Even rye is not abundant."

Lemminkainen of the islands,
Warlike hero, Kaukomieli,
Undertakes to win the maiden,
Woo and win the Sahri-flower,
Win a bride so highly honored,
Win the maid with golden tresses,
Win the Sahri maid of beauty;
But his mother gives him warning:
“Nay,” replies his gray-haired mother,
“Do not woo, my son beloved,
Maiden of a higher station;
She will never make thee happy
With her lineage of Sahri.”
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen,
These the words of Kaukomieli:
“Should I come from lowly station,
Though my tribe is not the highest,
I shall woo to please my fancy,
Woo the maiden fair and lovely,
Choose a wife for worth and beauty.”
This the anxious mother’s answer:
“Lemminkainen, son beloved,
Listen to advice maternal:
Do not go to distant Sahri,
To her tribe of many branches;
All the maidens there will taunt thee,
All the women will deride thee.”
Lemminkainen, little hearing,
Answers thus his mother’s pleading:
“I will still the sneers of women,
Silence all the taunts of maidens,
I will crush their haughty bosoms,
Smite the hands and cheeks of infants;
Surely this will check their insults,
Fitting ending to derision!”
This the answer of the mother:
“Woe is me, my son beloved!
Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Shouldst thou taunt the Sahri daughters.
Or insult the maids of virtue,
Shouldst thou laugh them to derision,
There will rise a great contention,
Fierce the battle that will follow.
All the hosts of Sahri-suitors,
Armed in thousands will attack thee,
And will slay thee for thy folly.”
Nothing listing, Lemminkainen,
Heeding not his mother’s warning,
Led his war-horse from the stables,
Quickly hitched the fiery charger,
Fleetly drove upon his journey,
To the distant Sahri-village,
There to woo the Sahri-flower,
There to win the Bride of Beauty.
All the aged Sahri-women,

All the young and lovely maidens
Laughed to scorn the coming stranger
Driving careless through the alleys,
Wildly driving through the court-yard,
Now upsetting in the gate-way,
Breaking shaft, and hame, and runner.
Then the fearless Lemminkainen,
Mouth awry and visage wrinkled,
Shook his sable locks and answered:
“Never in my recollection
Have I heard or seen such treatment,
Never have I been derided,
Never suffered sneers of women,
Never suffered scorn of virgins,
Not in my immortal life-time.
Is there any place befitting
On the Sahri-plains and pastures,
Where to join in songs and dances?
Is there here a hall for pleasure,
Where the Sahri-maidens linger,
Merry maids with braided tresses?”
Thereupon the Sahri-maidens
Answered from their promontory.,
“Room enough is there in Sahri,
Room upon the Sahri-pastures,
Room for pleasure-halls and dances;
Sing and dance upon our meadows,
Be a shepherd on the mountains,
Shepherd-boys have room for dancing;
Indolent the Sahri-children,
But the colts are fat and frisky.”
Little caring, Lemminkainen
Entered service there as shepherd,
In the daytime on the pastures,
In the evening, making merry
At the games of lively maidens,
At the dances with the virgins,
With the maids with braided tresses.
Thus it was that Lemminkainen,
Thus the shepherd, Kaukomieli,
Quickly hushed the women’s laughter,
Quickly quenched the taunts of maidens,
Quickly silenced their derision.
All the dames and Sahri-daughters
Soon were feasting Lemminkainen,
At his side they danced and lingered.
Only was there one among them,
One among the Sahri-virgins,
Harbored neither love nor wooers,
Favored neither gods nor heroes,
This the lovely maid Kyllikki,
This the Sahri’s fairest flower.
Lemminkainen, full of pleasure,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Rowed a hundred boats in pieces,

Pulled a thousand oars to fragments,
While he wooed the Maid of Beauty,
Tried to win the fair Kyllikki.
Finally the lovely maiden,
Fairest daughter of the Northland,
Thus addresses Lemminkainen:
“Why dost linger here, thou weak one,
Why dost murmur on these borders,
Why come wooing at my fireside,
Wooing me in belt of copper?
Have no time to waste upon thee,
Rather give this stone its polish,
Rather would I turn the pestle
In the heavy sandstone mortar;
Rather sit beside my mother
In the dwellings of my father.
Never shall I heed thy wooing,
Neither wights nor whisks I care for,
Sooner have a slender husband
Since I have a slender body;
Wish to have him fine of figure,
Since perchance I am well-shapen;
Wish to have him tall and stately,
Since my form perchance is queenly;
Never waste thy time in wooing
Saliri’s maid and favored flower.”
Time had gone but little distance,
Scarcely had a month passed over,
When upon a merry evening,
Where the maidens meet for dancing,
In the glen beyond the meadow,
On a level patch of verdure,
Came too soon the maid Kyllikki,
Sahri’s pride, the Maid of Beauty;
Quickly followed Lemminkainen,
With his stallion proudly prancing,
Fleetest racer of the Northland,
Fleetly drives beyond the meadow,
Where the maidens meet for dancing,
Snatches quick the maid Kyllikki,
On the settle seats the maiden,
Quickly draws the leathern cover,
And adjusts the brichen cross-bar,
Whips his courser to a gallop.
With a rush, and roar, and rattle,
Speeds he homeward like the storm-wind,
Speaks these words to those that listen:
“Never, never, anxious maidens,
Must ye give the information,
That I carried off Kyllikki
To my distant home and kindred.
If ye do not heed this order,
Ye shall badly fare as maidens;
I shall sing to war your suitors,
Sing them under spear and broadsword,

That for months, and years, and ages,
Never ye will see their faces,
Never hear their merry voices,
Never will they tread these uplands,
Never will they join these dances,
Never will they drive these highways.”
Sad the wailing of Kyllikki,
Sad the weeping flower of Sahri!
Listen to her tearful pleading:
“Give, O give me back my freedom,
Free me from the throes of thralldom,
Let this maiden wander homeward,
By some foot-path let me wander
To my father who is grieving,
To my mother who is weeping;
Let me go or I will curse thee!
If thou wilt not give me freedom,
Wilt not let me wander homeward,
Where my loved ones wait my coming,
I have seven stalwart brothers,
Seven sons of father’s brother,
Seven sons of mother’s sister,
Who pursue the tracks of red-deer,
Hunt the hare upon the heather;
They will follow thee and slay thee,
Thus I’ll gain my wished-for freedom.”
Lemminkainen, little heeding,
Would not grant the maiden’s wishes,
Would not heed her plea for mercy.
Spake again the waiting virgin,
Pride and beauty of the Northland:
“Joyful was I with my kindred,
Joyful born and softly nurtured
Merrily I spent my childhood,
Happy I, in virgin-freedom,
In the dwelling of my father,
By the bedside of my mother,
With my lineage in Sahri;
But alas! all joy has vanished,
All my happiness departed,
All my maiden beauty waneth
Since I met thine evil spirit,
Shameless hero of dishonor,
Cruel fighter of the islands,
Merciless in civil combat.”
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen,
These the words of Kaukomieli:
“Dearest maiden, fair Kyllikki,
My sweet strawberry of Pohya,
Still thine anguish, cease thy weeping,
Be thou free from care and sorrow,
Never shall I do thee evil,
Never will my hands maltreat thee,
Never will mine arms abuse thee,
Never will my tongue revile thee,

Never will my heart deceive thee.
 "Tell me why thou hast this anguish,
 Why thou hast this bitter sorrow,
 Why this sighing and lamenting,
 Tell me why this wail of sadness?
 Banish all thy cares and sorrows,
 Dry thy tears and still thine anguish,
 I have cattle, food, and shelter,
 I have home, and friends, and kindred,
 Kine upon the plains and uplands,
 In the marshes berries plenty,
 Strawberries upon the mountains
 I have kine that need no milking,
 Handsome kine that need no feeding,
 Beautiful if not well-tended;
 Need not tie them up at evening,
 Need not free them in the morning,
 Need not hunt them, need not feed them,
 Need not give them salt nor water.
 "Thinkest thou my race is lowly,
 Dost thou think me born ignoble,
 Does my lineage agrieve thee?
 Was not born in lofty station,
 From a tribe of noble heroes,
 From a worthy race descended;
 But I have a sword of fervor,
 And a spear yet filled with courage,
 Surely these are well descended,
 These were born from hero-races,
 Sharpened by the mighty Hisi,
 By the gods were forged and burnished;
 Therefore will I give thee greatness,
 Greatness of my race and nation,
 With my broadsword filled with fervor,
 With my spear still filled with courage."
 Anxiously the sighing maiden
 Thus addresses Lemminkainen:
 "O thou Ahti, son of Lempo,
 Wilt thou take this trusting virgin,
 As thy faithful life-companion,
 Take me under thy protection,
 Be to me a faithful husband,
 Swear to me an oath of honor,
 That thou wilt not go to battle,
 When for gold thou hast a longing,
 When thou wishest gold and silver?"
 This is Lemminkainen's answer:
 I will swear an oath of honor,
 That I'll never go to battle,
 When for gold I feel a longing,
 When I wish for gold and silver.
 Swear thou also on thine honor,
 Thou wilt go not to the village,
 When desire for dance impels thee,
 Wilt not visit village-dances."

Thus the two made oath together,
Registered their vows in heaven,
Vowed before omniscient Ukko,
Ne'er to go to war vowed Ahti,
Never to the dance, Kyllikki.
Lemminkainen, full of joyance,
Snapped his whip above his courser,
Whipped his racer to a gallop,
And these words the hero uttered:
"Fare ye well, ye Sahri-meadows,
Roots of firs, and stumps of birch-trees.
That I wandered through in summer,
That I travelled o'er in winter,
Where ofttimes in rainy seasons,
At the evening hour I lingered,
When I sought to win the virgin,
Sought to win the Maid of Beauty,
Fairest of the Sahri-flowers.
Fare ye well, ye Sahri-woodlands,
Seas and oceans, lakes and rivers,
Vales and mountains, isles and inlets,
Once the home of fair Kyllikki!"
Quick the racer galloped homeward,
Galloped on along the highway,
Toward the meadows of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala.
As they neared the Ahti-dwellings,
Thus Kyllikki spake in sorrow:
"Cold and drear is thy cottage,
Seeming like a place deserted;
Who may own this dismal cabin,
Who the one so little honored?"
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen,
These the words that Ahti uttered:
"Do not grieve about my cottage,
Have no care about my chambers;
I shall build thee other dwellings,
I shall fashion them much better,
Beams, and posts, and sills, and rafters,
Fashioned from the sacred birch-wood."
Now they reach the home of Ahti,
Lemminkainen's home and birthplace,
Enter they his mother's cottage;
There they meet his aged mother,
These the words the mother uses:
"Long indeed hast thou been absent,
Long in foreign lands hast wandered,
Long in Sahri thou hast lingered!"
This is Lemminkainen's answer:
"All the host of Sahri-women,
All the chaste and lovely maidens,
All the maids with braided tresses,
Well have paid for their derision,
For their scorn and for their laughter,
That they basely heaped upon me.

I have brought the best among them
 In my sledge to this thy cottage;
 Well I wrapped her in my fur-robcs,
 Kept her warm enwrapped in bear-skin,
 Brought her to my mother's dwelling,
 As my faithful life-companion;
 Thus I paid the scornful maidens,
 Paid them well for their derision.
 "Cherished mother of my being,
 I have found the long-sought jewel,
 I have won the Maid of Beauty.
 Spread our couch with finest linen,
 For our heads the softest pillows,
 On our table rarest viands,
 So that I may dwell in pleasure
 With my spouse, the bride of honor,
 With the pride of distant Sahri."
 This the answer of the mother:
 "Be thou praised, O gracious Ukko,
 Loudly praised, O thou Creator,
 Since thou givest me a daughter,
 Ahti's bride, my second daughter,
 Who can stir the fire at evening,
 Who can weave me finest fabrics,
 Who can twirl the useful spindle,
 Who can rinse my silken ribbons,
 Who can full the richest garments.
 "Son beloved, praise thy Maker,
 For the winning of this virgin,
 Pride and joy of distant Sahri
 Kind indeed is thy Creator,
 Wise the ever-knowing Ukko!
 Pure the snow upon the mountains,
 Purer still thy Bride of Beauty;
 White the foam upon the ocean,
 Whiter still her virgin-spirit;
 Graceful on the lakes, the white-swan,
 Still more graceful, thy companion:
 Beautiful the stars in heaven,
 Still more beautiful, Kyllikki.
 Larger make our humble cottage,
 Wider build the doors and windows,
 Fashion thou the ceilings higher,
 Decorate the walls in beauty,
 Now that thou a bride hast taken
 From a tribe of higher station,
 Purest maiden of creation,
 From the meadow-lands of Sahri,
 From the upper shores of Northland."

RUNE XII. KYLLIKKI'S BROKEN VOW.

Lemminkainen, artful husband,
 Reckless hero, Kaukomieli,
 Constantly beside his young wife.,

Passed his life in sweet contentment,
And the years rolled swiftly onward;
Ahti thought not of the battles,
Nor Kyllikki of the dances.
Once upon a time it happened
That the hero, Lemminkainen,
Went upon the lake a-fishing,
Was not home at early evening,
As the cruel night descended;
To the village went Kyllikki,
To the dance of merry maidens.
Who will tell the evil story,
Who will bear the information
To the husband, Lemminkainen?
Ahti's sister tells the story,
And the sister's name, Ainikki.
Soon she spreads the cruel tidings,
Straightway gives the information,
Of Kyllikki's perjured honor,
These the words Ainikki utters:
"Ahti, my beloved brother,
To the village went Kyllikki,
To the hall of many strangers,
To the plays and village dances,
With the young men and the maidens,
With the maids of braided tresses,
To the halls of joy and pleasure."
Lemminkainen, much dejected,
Broken-hearted, flushed with anger,
Spake these words in measured accents:
"Mother dear, my gray-haired mother,
Wilt thou straightway wash my linen
In the blood of poison-serpents,
In the black blood of the adder?
I must hasten to the combat,
To the camp-fires of the Northland,
To the battle-fields of Lapland;
To the village went Kyllikki,
To the play of merry maidens,
To the games and village dances,
With the maids of braided tresses."
Straightway speaks the wife, Kyllikki:
"My beloved husband, Ahti,
Do not go to war, I pray thee.
In the evening I lay sleeping,
Slumbering I saw in dream-land
Fire upshooting from the chimney,
Flames arising, mounting skyward,
From the windows of this dwelling,
From the summits of these rafters,
Piercing through our upper chambers,
Roaring like the fall of waters,
Leaping from the floor and ceiling,
Darting from the halls and doorways."
But the doubting Lemminkainen

Makes this answer to Kyllikki:
"I discredit dreams or women,
Have no faith in vows of maidens!
Faithful mother of my being,
Hither bring my mail of copper;
Strong desire is stirring in me
For the cup of deadly combat,
For the mead of martial conquest."
This the pleading mother's answer:
"Lemminkainen, son beloved,
Do not go to war I pray thee;
We have foaming beer abundant,
In our vessels beer of barley,
Held in casks by oaken spigots;
Drink this beer of peace and pleasure,
Let us drink of it together."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"I shall taste no more the viands,
In the home of false Kyllikki;
Rather would I drink the water
From the painted tips of birch-oars;
Sweeter far to me the water,
Than the beverage of dishonor,
At my mother's home and fireside!
"Hither bring my martial doublet,
Bring me now the sword of battle,
Bring my father's sword of honor;
I must go to upper Northland,
To the battle-fields of Lapland,
There to win me gold and silver."
This the anxious mother's answer:
"My beloved Kaukomie,li,
We have gold in great abundance,
Gold and silver in the store-room;
Recently upon the uplands,
In the early hours of morning,
Toiled the workmen in the corn-fields,
Plowed the meadows filled with serpents,
When the plowshare raised the cover
From a chest of gold and silver,
Countless was the gold uncovered,
Hid beneath the grassy meadow;
This the treasure I have brought thee,
Take the countless gold in welcome."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"Do not wish thy household silver,
From the wars I'll earn my silver;
Gold and silver from the combat
Are to me of greater value
Than the wealth thou hast discovered.
Bring me now my heavy armor,
Bring me too my spear and broadsword;
To the Northland I must hasten,
To the bloody wars of Lapland,
Thither does my pride impel me,

Thitherward my heart is turning.
"I have heard a tale of Lapland,
Some believe the wondrous story,
That a maid in Pimentola
Lives that does not care for suitors,
Does not care for bearded heroes."
This the aged mother's answer:
"Warlike Athi, son beloved,
In thy home thou hast Kyllikki,
Fairest wife of all the islands;
Strange to see two wives abiding
In the home of but one husband."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"To the village runs Kyllikki;
Let her run to village dances,
Let her sleep in other dwellings,
With the village youth find pleasure,
With the maids of braided tresses."
Seeks the mother to detain him,
Thus the anxious mother answers:
"Do not go, my son beloved,
Ignorant of Pohya-witchcraft,
To the distant homes of Northland
Till thou hast the art of magic,
Till thou hast some little wisdom
Do not go to fields of battle,
To the fires of Northland's children,
To the slaughter-fields of Lapland,
Till of magic thou art master.
There the Lapland maids will charm thee,
Turyalanders will bewitch thee,
Sing thy visage into charcoal,
Head and shoulders to the furnace,
Into ashes sing thy fore-arm,
Into fire direct thy footsteps."
Spake the warlike Lemminkainen:
Wizards often have bewitched me,
And the fascinating serpents;
Lapland wizards, three in number,
On an eve in time of summer,
Sitting on a rock at twilight,
Not a garment to protect them,
Once bewitched me with their magic;
This much they have taken from me,
This the sum of all my losses:
What the hatchet gains from flint-stone,
What the auger bores from granite,
What the heel chips from the iceberg,
And what death purloins from tomb-stones.
"Horribly the wizards threatened,
Tried to sink me with their magic,
In the water of the marshes,
In the mud and treacherous quicksand,
To my chin in mire and water;
But I too was born a hero,

Born a hero and magician,
Was not troubled by their magic.
“Straightway I began my singing,
Sang the archers with their arrows,
Sang the spearmen with their weapons,
Sang the swordsmen with their poniards,
Sang the singers with their singing,
The enchanter with their magic,
To the rapids of the rivers,
To the highest fall of waters,
To the all-devouring whirlpool,
To the deepest depths of ocean,
Where the wizards still are sleeping,
Sleeping till the grass shoots upward
Through the beards and wrinkled faces,
Through the locks of the enchanters,
As they sleep beneath the billows.”
Still entreats the anxious mother,
Still beseeches Lemminkainen,
Trying to restrain the hero,
While Kyllikki begs forgiveness;
This the language of the mother:
“Do not go, my son beloved,
To the villages of Northland,
Nor to Lapland’s frigid borders;
Dire misfortune will befall thee,
Star of evil settle o’er thee,
Lemminkainen’s end, destruction.
”Couldst thou speak in tongues a hundred,
I could not believe thee able,
Through the magic of thy singing,
To enchant the sons of Lapland
To the bottom of the ocean,
Dost not know the Tury-language,
Canst but speak the tongue of Suomi,
Canst not win by witless magic.”
Lemminkainen, reckless hero,
Also known as Kaukomieli,
Stood beside his mother, combing
Out his sable locks and musing,
Brushing down his beard, debating,
Steadfast still in his decision,
Quickly hurls his brush in anger,
Hurls it to the wall opposing,
Gives his mother final answer,
These the words that Ahti uses:
”Dire misfortune will befall me,
Some sad fate will overtake me,
Evil come to Lemminkainen,
When the blood flows from that hair-brush,
When blood oozes from those bristles.”
Thus the warlike Lemminkainen
Goes to never-pleasant Lapland,
Heeding not his mother’s warning,
Heeding not her prohibition.

Thus the hero, Kaukomiel,
Quick equips himself for warfare,
On his head a copper helmet,
On his shoulders caps of copper,
On his body iron armor,
Steel, the belt around his body;
As he girds himself for battle,
Ahti thus soliloquizing:
"Strong the hero in his armor,
Strong indeed in copper helmet,
Powerful in mail of iron,
Stronger far than any hero
On the dismal shores of Lapland,
Need not fear their wise enchanters,
Need not fear their strongest foemen,
Need not fear a war with wizards."
Grasped he then the sword of battle,
Firmly grasped the heavy broadsword
That Tuoni had been grinding,
That the gods had brightly burnished,
Thrust it in the leathern scabbard,
Tied the scabbard to his armor.
How do heroes guard from danger,
Where protect themselves from evil?
Heroes guard their homes and firesides,
Guard their doors, and roofs, and windows,
Guard the posts that bold the torch-lights,
Guard the highways to the court-yard,
Guard the ends of all the gate-ways.
Heroes guard themselves from women,
Carefully from merry maidens;
If in this their strength be wanting,
Easy fall the heroes, victims
To the snares of the enchanters.
Furthermore are heroes watchful
Of the tribes of warlike giants,
Where the highway doubly branches,
On the borders of the blue-rock,
On the marshes filled with evil,
Near the mighty fall of waters,
Near the circling of the whirlpool,
Near the fiery springs and rapids.
Spake the stout-heart, Lemminkainen:
"Rise ye heroes of the broadsword,
Ye, the earth's eternal heroes,
From the deeps, ye sickle-bearers,
From the brooks, ye crossbow-shooters,
Come, thou forest, with thine archers,
Come, ye thickets, with your armies,
Mountain spirits, with your powers,
Come, fell Hisi, with thy horrors,
Water-mother, with thy dangers,
Come, Wellamo, with thy mermaids,
Come, ye maidens from the valleys,
Come, ye nymphs from winding rivers,

Be protection to this hero,
Be his day-and-night companions,
Body-guard to Lemminkainen,
Thus to blunt the spears of wizards,
Thus to dull their pointed arrows,
That the spears of the enchanters,
That the arrows of the archers,
That the weapons of the foemen,
May not harm this bearded hero.
“Should this force be insufficient,
I can call on other powers,
I can call the gods above me,
Call the great god of the heavens,
Him who gives the clouds their courses,
Him who rules through boundless ether,
Who directs the march of storm-winds.
”Ukko, thou O God above me,
Thou the father of creation,
Thou that speakest through the thunder,
Thou whose weapon is the lightning,
Thou whose voice is borne by ether,
Grant me now thy mighty fire-sword,
Give me here thy burning arrows,
Lightning arrows for my quiver,
Thus protect me from all danger,
Guard me from the wiles of witches,
Guide my feet from every evil,
Help me conquer the enchanters,
Help me drive them from the Northland;
Those that stand in front of battle,
Those that fill the ranks behind me,
Those around me, those above me,
Those beneath me, help me banish,.
With their knives, and swords, and cross-bows,
With their spears of keenest temper,
With their tongues of evil magic;
Help me drive these Lapland wizards
To the deepest depths of ocean,
There to wrestle with Wellamo.“
Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Whistled loudly for his stallion,
Called the racer from the hurdles,
Called his brown steed from the pasture,
Threw the harness on the courser,
Hitched the fleet-foot to the snow-sledge,
Leaped upon the highest cross-bench,
Cracked his whip above the racer,
And the steed flies onward swiftly,
Bounds the sleigh upon its journey,
And the golden plain re-echoes;
Travels one day, then a second,
Travels all the next day northward,
Till the third day evening brings him
To a sorry Northland village,
On the dismal shores of Lapland.

Here the hero, Lemminkainen,
Drove along the lowest highway,
Through the streets along the border,
To a court-yard in the hamlet,
Asked one standing in the doorway:
"Is there one within this dwelling,
That can loose my stallion's breastplate,
That can lift his heavy collar,
That these shafts can rightly lower?"
On the floor a babe was playing,
And the young child gave this answer:
"There is no one in this dwelling
That can loose thy stallion's breastplate,
That can lift his heavy collar,
That the shafts can rightly lower."
Lemminkainen, not discouraged,
Whips his racer to a gallop,
Rushes forward through the village,
On the middle of the highways,
To the court-yard in the centre,
Asks one standing in the threshold,
Leaning on the penthouse door-posts:
"Is there any one here dwelling
That can slip my stallion's bridle,
That can loose his leathern breast-straps,
That can tend my royal racer?"
From the fire-place spake a wizard,
From her bench the witch made answer:
"Thou canst find one in this dwelling,
That can slip thy courser's bridle,
That can loose his heavy breastplate,
That can tend thy royal racer.
There are here a thousand heroes
That can make thee hasten homeward,
That can give thee fleet-foot stallions,
That can chase thee to thy country,
Reckless rascal and magician,
To thy home and fellow minstrels,
To the uplands of thy father,
To the cabins of thy mother,
To the work-bench of thy brother,
To the dairy or thy sister,
Ere the evening star has risen,
Ere the sun retires to slumber."
Lemminkainen, little fearing,
Gives this answer to the wizard:
"I should slay thee for thy pertness,
That thy clatter might be silenced."
Then he whipped his fiery charger,
And the steed flew onward swiftly,
On the upper of the highways,
To the court-yard on the summit.
When the reckless Lemminkainen
Had approached the upper court-yard,
Uttered he the words that follow:

"O thou Hisi, stuff this watch-dog,
Lempo, stuff his throat and nostrils,
Close the mouth of this wild barker,
Bridle well the vicious canine,
That the watcher may be silent
While the hero passes by him."
Then he stepped within the court-room,
With his whip he struck the flooring,
From the floor arose a vapor,
In the fog appeared a pigmy,
Who unhitched the royal racer,
From his back removed the harness,
Gave the weary steed attention.
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Carefully advanced and listened.
No one saw the strange magician,
No one heard his cautious footsteps;
Heard he songs within the dwelling,
Through the moss-stuffed chinks heard voices.
Through the walls he heard them singing,
Through the doors the peals of laughter.
Then he spied within the court-rooms,
Lurking slyly in the hall-ways,
Found the court-rooms filled with singers,
By the walls were players seated,
Near the doors the wise men hovered,
Skilful ones upon the benches,
Near the fires the wicked wizards;
All were singing songs of Lapland,
Singing songs of evil Hisi.
Now the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Changes both his form and stature,
Passes through the inner door-ways,
Enters he the spacious court-hall,
And these words the hero utters:
"Fine the singing quickly ending,
Good the song that quickly ceases;
Better far to keep thy wisdom
Than to sing it on the house-tops."
Comes the hostess of Pohyola,
Fleetly rushing through the door-way,
To the centre of the court-room,
And addresses thus the stranger:
Formerly a dog lay watching,
Was a cur of iron-color,
Fond of flesh, a bone-devourer,
Loved to lick the blood of strangers.
Who then art thou of the heroes,
Who of all the host of heroes,
That thou art within my court-rooms,
That thou comest to my dwelling,
Was not seen without my portals,
Was not scented by my watch-dogs?
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Do not think that I come hither

Having neither wit nor wisdom,
Having neither art nor power,
Wanting in ancestral knowledge,
Lacking prudence of the fathers,
That thy watch-dogs may devour me.
“My devoted mother washed me,
When a frail and tender baby,
Three times in the nights of summer,
Nine times in the nights of autumn,
That upon my journeys northward
I might sing the ancient wisdom,
Thus protect myself from danger;
When at home I sing as wisely
As the minstrels of thy hamlet.”
Then the singer, Lemminkainen,
Ancient hero, Kaukomieli,
Quick began his incantations,
Straightway sang the songs of witchcraft,
From his fur-robe darts the lightning,
Flames outshooting from his eye-balls,
From the magic of his singing
From his wonderful enchantment.
Sang the very best of singers
To the very worst of minstrels,
Filled their mouths with dust and ashes,
Piled the rocks upon their shoulders,
Stilled the best of Lapland witches,
Stilled the sorcerers and wizards.
Then he banished all their heroes,
Banished all their proudest minstrels,
This one hither, that one thither,
To the lowlands poor in verdure,
To the unproductive uplands,
To the oceans wanting whiting,
To the waterfalls of Rutya,
To the whirlpool hot and flaming,
To the waters decked with sea-foam,
Into fires and boiling waters,
Into everlasting torment.
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Sang the foemen with their broadswords?
Sang the heroes with their weapons,
Sang the eldest, sang the youngest,
Sang the middle-aged, enchanted;
Only one he left his senses,
He a poor, defenseless shepherd,
Old and sightless, halt and wretched,
And the old man’s name was Nasshut.
Spake the miserable shepherd:
“Thou hast old and young enchanted,
Thou hast banished all our heroes,
Why hast spared this wretched shepherd?”
This is Lemminkainen’s answer:
“Therefore have I not bewitched thee:
Thou art old, and blind, and wretched

Feeble-minded thou, and harmless,
 Loathsome now without my magic.
 Thou didst, in thy better life-time,
 When a shepherd filled with malice,
 Ruin all thy mother's berries,
 Make thy sister, too unworthy,
 Ruin all thy brother's cattle,
 Drive to death thy father's stallions,
 Through the marshes, o'er the meadows,
 Through the lowlands, o'er the mountains,
 Heeding not thy mother's counsel."
 Thereupon the wretched Nasshut,
 Angry grew and swore for vengeance,
 Straightway limping through the door-way,
 Hobbled on beyond the court-yard,
 O'er the meadow-lands and pastures,
 To the river of the death-land,
 To the holy stream and whirlpool,
 To the kingdom of Tuoni,
 To the islands of Manala;
 Waited there for Kaukomieli,
 Listened long for Lemminkainen,
 Thinking he must pass this river
 On his journey to his country,
 On the highway to the islands,
 From the upper shores of Pohya,
 From the dreary Sariola.

RUNE XIII. LEMMINIKAINEN'S SECOND WOOING.

Spake the ancient Lemminkainen
 To the hostess of Pohyola:
 "Give to me thy lovely daughter,
 Bring me now thy winsome maiden,
 Bring the best of Lapland virgins,
 Fairest virgin of the Northland."
 Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
 Answered thus the wild magician:
 "I shall never give my daughter,
 Never give my fairest maiden,
 Not the best one, nor the worst one,
 Not the largest, nor the smallest;
 Thou hast now one wife-companion,
 Thou has taken hence one hostess,
 Carried off the fair Kyllikki."
 This is Lemminkainen's answer:
 To my home I took Kyllikki,
 To my cottage on the island,
 To my entry-gates and kindred;
 Now I wish a better hostess,
 Straightway bring thy fairest daughter,
 Worthiest of all thy virgins,
 Fairest maid with sable tresses."
 Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
 "Never will I give my daughter

To a hero false and worthless,
To a minstrel vain and evil;
Therefore, pray thou for my maiden,
Therefore, woo the sweet-faced flower,
When thou bringest me the wild-moose
From the Hisi fields and forests.“
Then the artful Lemminkainen
Deftly whittled out his javelins,
Quickly made his leathern bow-string,
And prepared his bow and arrows,
And soliloquized as follows:
”Now my javelins are made ready,
All my arrows too are ready,
And my oaken cross-bow bended,
But my snow-shoes are not builded,
Who will make me worthy snow-shoes?“
Lemminkainen, grave and thoughtful,
Long reflected, well considered,
Where the snow-shoes could be fashioned,
Who the artist that could make them;
Hastened to the Kauppi-smithy,
To the smithy of Lylikki,
Thus addressed the snow-shoe artist:
”O thou skilful Woyalander,
Kauppi, ablest smith of Lapland,
Make me quick two worthy snow-shoes,
Smooth them well and make them hardy,
That in Tapio the wild-moose,
Roaming through the Hisi-forests,
I may catch and bring to Louhi,
As a dowry for her daughter.“
Then Lylikki thus made answer,
Kauppi gave this prompt decision:
”Lemminkainen, reckless minstrel,
Thou wilt hunt in vain the wild-moose,
Thou wilt catch but pain and torture,
In the Hisi fens and forests.“
Little heeding, Lemminkainen
Spake these measures to Lylikki
”Make for me the worthy snow-shoes,
Quickly work and make them ready;
Go I will and catch the blue-moose
Where in Tapio it browses,
In the Hisi woods and snow-fields.“
Then Lylikki, snow-shoe-maker,
Ancient Kauppi, master artist,
Whittled in the fall his snow-shoes,
Smoothed them in the winter evenings,
One day working on the runners,
All the next day making stick-rings,
Till at last the shoes were finished,
And the workmanship was perfect.
Then he fastened well the shoe-straps,
Smooth as adder’s skin the woodwork,
Soft as fox-fur were the stick-rings;

Oiled he well his wondrous snow-shoes
With the tallow of the reindeer;
When he thus soliloquizes,
These the accents of Lylikki:
"Is there any youth in Lapland,
Any in this generation,
That can travel in these snow-shoes,
That can move the lower sections?"
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
Full of hope, and life, and vigor:
Surely there is one in Lapland.
In this rising generation,
That can travel in these snow-shoes,
That the right and left can manage."
To his back he tied the quiver,
Placed the bow upon his shoulder,
With both hands he grasped his snow-cane,
Speaking meanwhile words as follow:
"There is nothing in the woodlands,
Nothing in the world of Ukko,
Nothing underneath the heavens,
In the uplands, in the lowlands,
Nothing in the snow-fields running,
Not a fleet deer of the forest,
That could not be overtaken
With the snow-shoes of Lylikki,
With the strides of Lemminkainen."
Wicked Hisi heard these measures,
Juntas listened to their echoes;
Straightway Hisi called the wild-moose,
Juutas fashioned soon a reindeer,
And the head was made of punk-wood,
Horns of naked willow branches,
Feet were furnished by the rushes,
And the legs, by reeds aquatic,
Veins were made of withered grasses,
Eyes, from daisies of the meadows,
Ears were formed of water-flowers,
And the skin of tawny fir-bark,
Out of sappy wood, the muscles,
Fair and fleet, the magic reindeer.
Juutas thus instructs the wild-moose,
These the words of wicked Hisi:
Flee away, thou moose of Juutas,
Flee away, thou Hisi-reindeer,
Like the winds, thou rapid courser,
To the snow-homes of the ranger,
To the ridges of the mountains,
To the snow-capped hills of Lapland,
That thy hunter may be worn out,
Thy pursuer be tormented,
Lemminkainen be exhausted."
Thereupon the Hisi-reindeer,
Juutas-moose with branching antlers,
Fleetly ran through fen and forest,

Over Lapland's hills and valleys,
Through the open fields and court-yards,
Through the penthouse doors and gate-ways,
Turning over tubs of water,
Threw the kettles from the fire-pole,
And upset the dishes cooking.
Then arose a fearful uproar,
In the court-yards of Pohyola,
Lapland-dogs began their barking,
Lapland-children cried in terror,
Lapland-women roared with laughter,
And the Lapland-heroes shouted.
Fleetly followed Lemminkainen,
Followed fast, and followed faster,
Hastened on behind the wild-moose,
Over swamps and through the woodlands,
Over snow-fields vast and pathless,
Over high uprising mountains,
Fire out-shooting from his runners,
Smoke arising from his snow-cane:
Could not hear the wild-moose bounding,
Could not sight the flying fleet-foot;
Glided on through field and forest,
Glided over lakes and rivers,
Over lands beyond the smooth-sea,
Through the desert plains of Hisi,
Glided o'er the plains of Kalma,
Through the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the end of Kalma's empire,
Where the jaws of Death stand open,
Where the head of Kalma lowers,
Ready to devour the stranger,
To devour wild Lemminkainen;
But Tuoni cannot reach him,
Kalma cannot overtake him.
Distant woods are yet untraveled,
Far away a woodland corner
Stands unsearched by Kaukomieli,
In the North's extensive, borders,
In the realm of dreary Lapland.
Now the hero, on his snow-shoes,
Hastens to the distant woodlands,
There to hunt the moose of Piru.
As he nears the woodland corner,
There he bears a frightful uproar,
From the Northland's distant borders,
From the dreary fields of Lapland,
Hears the dogs as they are barking,
Hears the children loudly screaming,
Hears the laughter or the women,
Hears the shouting of the heroes.
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Hastens forward on his snow-shoes,
To the place where dogs are barking,
To the distant woods of Lapland.

When the reckless Kaukomieli
Had approached this Hisi corner,
Straightway he began to question:
"Why this laughter or the women,
Why the screaming of the children,
Why the shouting of the heroes,
Why this barking of the watch-dogs?
This reply was promptly given:
"This the reason for this uproar,
Women laughing, children screaming,
Heroes shouting, watch-dogs barking
Hisi's moose came running hither,
Hither came the Piru-Reindeer,
Hither came with hoofs of silver,
Through the open fields and court-yards,
Through the penthouse doors and gate-ways,
Turning over tubs or water,
Threw the kettles from the fire-pole,
And upset the dishes cooking."
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Straightway summoned all his courage,
Pushed ahead his mighty snow-shoes,
Swift as adders in the stubble,
Levelled bushes in the marshes,
Like the swift and fiery serpents,
Spake these words of magic import,
Keeping balance with his snow-staff:
Come thou might of Lapland heroes,
Bring to me the moose of Juutas;
Come thou strength of Lapland-women,
And prepare the boiling caldron;
Come, thou might of Lapland children,
Bring together fire and fuel;
Come, thou strength of Lapland-kettles,
Help to boil the Hisi wild-moose."
Then with mighty force and courage,
Lemminkainen hastened onward,
Striking backward, shooting forward;
With a long sweep of his snow-shoe,
Disappeared from view the hero;
With the second, shooting further,
Was the hunter out of hearing,
With the third the hero glided
On the shoulders of the wild-moose;
Took a pole of stoutest oak-wood,
Took some bark-strings from the willow,
Wherewithal to bind the moose-deer,
Bind him to his oaken hurdle.
To the moose he spake as follows:
"Here remain, thou moose of Juutas
Skip about, my bounding courser,
In my hurdle jump and frolic,
Captive from the fields of Piru,
From the Hisi glens and mountains."
Then he stroked the captured wild-moose,

Patted him upon his forehead,
Spake again in measured accents:
"I would like awhile to linger,
I would love to rest a moment
In the cottage of my maiden,
With my virgin, young and lovely."
Then the Hisi-moose grew angry,
Stamped his feet and shook his antlers,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:
"Surely Lempo soon will got thee,
Shouldst thou sit beside the maiden,
Shouldst thou linger by the virgin."
Now the wild-moose stamps and rushes,
Tears in two the bands of willow,
Breaks the oak-wood pole in pieces,
And upturns the hunter's hurdle,
Quickly leaping from his captor,
Bounds away with strength of freedom,
Over hills and over lowlands,
Over swamps and over snow-fields,
Over mountains clothed in heather,
That the eye may not behold him,
Nor the hero's ear detect him.
Thereupon the mighty hunter
Angry grows, and much disheartened,
Starts again the moose to capture,
Gliding off behind the courser.
With his might he plunges forward;
At the instep breaks his snow-shoe,
Breaks the runners into fragments,
On the mountings breaks his javelins,
In the centre breaks his snow-staff,
And the moose bounds on before him,
Through the Hisi-woods and snow-fields,
Out of reach of Lemminkainen.
Then the reckless Kaukomieli
Looked with bended head, ill-humored,
One by one upon the fragments,
Speaking words of ancient wisdom:
"Northland hunters, never, never,
Go defiant to thy forests,
In the Hisi vales and mountains,
There to hunt the moose of Juutas,
Like this senseless, reckless hero;
I have wrecked my magic snow-shoes,
Ruined too my useful snow-staff,
And my javelins I have broken,
While the wild-moose runs in safety
Through the Hisi fields and forests."

RUNE XIV. DEATH OF LEMMINKAINEN.

Lemminkainen, much disheartened,
Deeply thought and long considered,
What to do, what course to follow,

Whether best to leave the wild-moose
In the fastnesses of Hisi,
And return to Kalevala,
Or a third time hunt the ranger,
Hoping thus to bring him captive,
Thus return at last a victor
To the forest home of Louhi,
To the joy of all her daughters,
To the wood-nymph's happy fireside.
Taking courage Lemminkainen
Spake these words in supplication:
"Ukko, thou O God above me,
Thou Creator of the heavens,
Put my snow-shoes well in order,
And endow them both with swiftness,
That I rapidly may journey
Over marshes, over snow-fields,
Over lowlands, over highlands,
Through the realms of wicked Hisi,
Through the distant plains of Lapland,
Through the paths of Lempo's wild-moose,
To the forest hills of Juutas.
To the snow-fields shall I journey,
Leave the heroes to the woodlands,
On the way to Tapiola,
Into Tapio's wild dwellings.
"Greeting bring I to the mountains,
Greeting to the vales and uplands,
Greet ye, heights with forests covered,
Greet ye, ever-verdant fir-trees,
Greet ye, groves of whitened aspen,
Greetings bring to those that greet you,
Fields, and streams, and woods of Lapland.
Bring me favor, mountain-woodlands,
Lapland-deserts, show me kindness,
Mighty Tapio, be gracious,
Let me wander through thy forests,
Let me glide along thy rivers,
Let this hunter search thy snow-fields,
Where the wild-moose herds in numbers
Where the bounding reindeer lingers.
"O Nyrikki, mountain hero,
Son of Tapio of forests,
Hero with the scarlet head-gear,
Notches make along the pathway,
Landmarks upward to the mountains,
That this hunter may not wander,
May not fall, and falling perish
In the snow-fields of thy kingdom,
Hunting for the moose of Hisi,
Dowry for the pride of Northland.
"Mistress of the woods, Mielikki,
Forest-mother, formed in beauty,
Let thy gold flow out abundant,
Let thy silver onward wander,

For the hero that is seeking
For the wild-moose of thy kingdom;
Bring me here thy keys of silver,
From the golden girdle round thee;
Open Tapio's rich chambers,
And unlock the forest fortress,
While I here await the booty,
While I hunt the moose of Lempo.
"Should this service be too menial
Give the order to thy servants,
Send at once thy servant-maidens,
And command it to thy people.
Thou wilt never seem a hostess,
If thou hast not in thy service,
Maidens ready by the hundreds,
Thousands that await thy bidding,
Who thy herds may watch and nurture,
Tend the game of thy dominions.
"Tall and slender forest-virgin,
Tapio's beloved daughter,
Blow thou now thy honey flute-notes,
Play upon thy forest-whistle,
For the hearing of thy mistress,
For thy charming woodland-mistress,
Make her hear thy sweet-toned playing,
That she may arise from slumber.
Should thy mistress not awaken
At the calling of thy flute-notes,
Play again, and play unceasing,
Make the golden tongue re-echo."
Wild and daring Lemminkainen
Steadfast prays upon his journey,
Calling on the gods for succor,
Hastens off through fields and moorlands,
Passes on through cruel brush-wood,
To the colliery of Hisi,
To the burning fields of Lempo;
Glided one day, then a second,
Glided all the next day onward,
Till he came to Big-stone mountain,
Climbed upon its rocky summit,
Turned his glances to the north-west,
Toward the Northland moors and marshes;
There appeared the Tapio-mansion.
All the doors were golden-colored,
Shining in the gleam of sunlight
Through the thickets on the mountains,
Through the distant fields of Northland.
Lemminkainen, much encouraged,
Hastens onward from his station
Through the lowlands, o'er the uplands,
Over snow-fields vast and vacant,
Under snow-robed firs and aspens,
Hastens forward, happy-hearted,
Quickly reaches Tapio's court-yards,

Halts without at Tapio's windows,
Slyly looks into her mansion,
Spies within some kindly women,
Forest-dames outstretched before him,
All are clad in scanty raiment,
Dressed in soiled and ragged linens.
Spake the stranger Lemminkainen:
"Wherefore sit ye, forest-mothers,
In your old and simple garments,
In your soiled and ragged linen?
Ye, forsooth! are too untidy,
Too unsightly your appearance
In your tattered gowns appareled.
When I lived within the forest,
There were then three mountain castles,
One of horn and one of ivory,
And the third of wood constructed;
In their walls were golden windows,
Six the windows in each castle,
Through these windows I discovered
All the host of Tapio's mansion,
Saw its fair and stately hostess;
Saw great Tapio's lovely daughter,
Saw Tellervo in her beauty,
With her train of charming maidens;
All were dressed in golden raiment,
Rustled all in gold and silver.
Then the forest's queenly hostess,
Still the hostess of these woodlands,
On her arms wore golden bracelets,
Golden rings upon her fingers,
In her hair were sparkling, jewels,
On her head were golden fillets,
In her ears were golden ear-rings,
On her neck a pearly necklace,
And her braidlets, silver-tinselled.
"Lovely hostess of the forest,
Metsola's enchanting mistress,
Fling aside thine ugly straw-shoes,
Cast away the shoes of birch-bark,
Doff thy soiled and ragged linen,
Doff thy gown of shabby fabric,
Don the bright and festive raiment,
Don the gown of merry-making,
While I stay within thy borders,
While I seek my forest-booty,
Hunt the moose of evil Hisi.
Here my visit will be irksome,
Here thy guest will be ill-humored,
Waiting in thy fields and woodlands,
Hunting here the moose of Lempo,
Finding not the Hisi-ranger,
Shouldst thou give me no enjoyment,
Should I find no joy, nor respite.
Long the eve that gives no pleasure,

Long the day that brings no guerdon!
"Sable-bearded god of forests,
In thy hat and coat of ermine,
Robe thy trees in finest fibers,
Deck thy groves in richest fabrics,
Give the fir-trees shining silver,
Deck with gold the slender balsams,
Give the spruces copper belting,
And the pine-trees silver girdles,
Give the birches golden flowers,
Deck their stems with silver fret-work,
This their garb in former ages,
When the days and nights were brighter,
When the fir-trees shone like sunlight,
And the birches like the moonbeams;
Honey breathed throughout the forest,
Settled in the glens and highlands
Spices in the meadow-borders,
Oil out-pouring from the lowlands.
"Forest daughter, lovely virgin,
Golden maiden, fair Tulikki,
Second of the Tapio-daughters,
Drive the game within these borders,
To these far-extending snow-fields.
Should the reindeer be too sluggish,
Should the moose-deer move too slowly
Cut a birch-rod from the thicket,
Whip them hither in their beauty,
Drive the wild-moose to my hurdle,
Hither drive the long-sought booty
To the hunter who is watching,
Waiting in the Hisi-forests.
"When the game has started hither,
Keep them in the proper highway,
Hold thy magic hands before them,
Guard them well on either road-side,
That the elk may not escape thee,
May not dart adown some by-path.
Should, perchance, the moose-deer wander
Through some by-way of the forest,
Take him by the ears and antlers,
Hither lead the pride of Lempo.
"If the path be filled with brush-wood
Cast the brush-wood to the road-side;
If the branches cross his pathway,
Break the branches into fragments;
Should a fence of fir or alder
Cross the way that leads him hither.
Make an opening within it,
Open nine obstructing fences;
If the way be crossed by streamlets,
If the path be stopped by rivers,
Make a bridge of silken fabric,
Weaving webs of scarlet color,
Drive the deer-herd gently over,

Lead them gently o'er the waters,
O'er the rivers of thy forests,
O'er the streams of thy dominions.
"Thou, the host of Tapio's mansion,
Gracious host of Tapiola,
Sable-bearded god of woodlands,
Golden lord of Northland forests,
Thou, O Tapio's worthy hostess,
Queen of snowy woods, Mimerkki,
Ancient dame in sky-blue vesture,
Fenland-queen in scarlet ribbons,
Come I to exchange my silver,
To exchange my gold and silver;
Gold I have, as old as moonlight,
Silver of the age of sunshine,
In the first of years was gathered,
In the heat and pain of battle;
It will rust within my pouches,
Soon will wear away and perish,
If it be not used in trading."
Long the hunter, Lemminkainen,
Glided through the fen and forest,
Sang his songs throughout the woodlands,
Through three mountain glens he sang them,
Sang the forest hostess friendly,
Sang he, also, Tapio friendly,
Friendly, all the forest virgins,
All of Metsola's fair daughters.
Now they start the herds of Lempo,
Start the wild-moose from his shelter,
In the realms of evil Hisi,
Tapio's highest mountain-region;
Now they drive the ranger homeward,
To the open courts of Piru,
To the hero that is waiting,
Hunting for the moose of Juutas.
When the herd had reached the castle,
Lemminkainen threw his lasso
O'er the antlers of the blue-moose,
Settled on the neck and shoulders
Of the mighty moose of Hisi.
Then the hunter, Kaukomielä,
Stroked his captive's neck in safety,
For the moose was well-imprisoned.
Thereupon gay Lemminkainen
Filled with joyance spake as follows:
"Pride of forests, queen of woodlands,
Metsola's enchanted hostess,
Lovely forest dame, Mielikki,
Mother-donor of the mountains,
Take the gold that I have promised,
Come and take away the silver;
Spread thy kerchief well before me,
Spread out here thy silken neck-wrap,
Underneath the golden treasure,

Underneath the shining silver,
that to earth it may not settle,
Scattered on the snows of winter.”
Then the hero went a victor
To the dwellings of Pohyola,
And addressed these words to Louhi:
“I have caught the moose of Hisi,
In the Metsola-dominions,
Give, O hostess, give thy daughter,
Give to me thy fairest virgin,
Bride of mine to be hereafter.”
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Gave this answer to the suitor:
“I will give to thee my daughter,
For thy wife my fairest maiden,
When for me thou’lt put a bridle
On the flaming horse of Hisi,
Rapid messenger of Lempo,
On the Hisi-plains and pastures.”
Nothing daunted, Lemminkainen
Hastened forward to accomplish
Louhi’s second test of heroes,
On the cultivated lowlands,
On the sacred fields and forests.
Everywhere he sought the racer,
Sought the fire-expiring stallion,
Fire out-shooting from his nostrils.
Lemminkainen, fearless hunter,
Bearing in his belt his bridle,
On his shoulders, reins and halter,
Sought one day, and then a second,
Finally, upon the third day,
Went he to the Hisi-mountain,
Climbed, and struggled to the summit;
To the east he turned his glances,
Cast his eyes upon the sunrise,
There beheld the flaming courser,
On the heath among the far-trees.
Lempo’s fire-expiring stallion
Fire and mingled smoke, out-shooting
From his mouth, and eyes, and nostrils.
Spake the daring Lemminkainen,
This the hero’s supplication:
“Ukko, thou O God above me,
Thou that rulest all the storm-clouds,
Open thou the vault of heaven,
Open windows through the ether,
Let the icy rain come falling,
Let the heavy hailstones shower
On the flaming horse of Hisi,
On the fire-expiring stallion.”
Ukko, the benign Creator,
Heard the prayer of Lemminkainen,
Broke apart the dome of heaven,
Rent the heights of heaven asunder,

Sent the iron-hail in showers,
Smaller than the heads of horses,
Larger than the heads of heroes,
On the flaming steed of Lempo,
On the fire-expiring stallion,
On the terror of the Northland.
Lemminkainen, drawing nearer,
Looked with care upon the courser,
Then he spake the words that follow:
“Wonder-steed of mighty Hisi,
Flaming horse of Lempo’s mountain,
Bring thy mouth of gold, assenting,
Gently place thy head of silver
In this bright and golden halter,
In this silver-mounted bridle.
I shall never harshly treat thee,
Never make thee fly too fleetly,
On the way to Sariola,
On the tracks of long duration,
To the hostess of Pohyola,
To her magic courts and stables,
Will not lash thee on thy journey;
I shall lead thee gently forward,
Drive thee with the reins of kindness,
Cover thee with silken blankets.”
Then the fire-haired steed of Juutas,
Flaming horse of mighty Hisi,
Put his bead of shining silver,
In the bright and golden bead-stall,
In the silver-mounted bridle.
Thus the hero, Lemminkainen,
Easy bridles Lempo’s stallion,
Flaming horse of evil Piru;
Lays the bits within his fire-mouth,
On his silver head, the halter,
Mounts the fire-expiring courser,
Brandishes his whip of willow,
Hastens forward on his journey,
Bounding o’er the hills and mountains,
Dashing through the valleys northward,
O’er the snow-capped hills of Lapland,
To the courts of Sariola.
Then the hero, quick dismounting,
Stepped within the court of Louhi,
Thus addressed the Northland hostess:
“I have bridled Lempo’s fire-horse,
I have caught the Hisi-racer,
Caught the fire-expiring stallion,
In the Piru plains and pastures,
Ridden him within thy borders;
I have caught the moose of Lempo,
I have done what thou demandest;
Give, I pray thee, now thy daughter,
Give to me thy fairest maiden,
Bride of mine to be forever.”

Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Made this answer to the suitor:
“I will only give my daughter,
Give to thee my fairest virgin,
Bride of thine to be forever,
When for me the swan thou killest
In the river of Tuoni,
Swimming in the black death-river,
In the sacred stream and whirlpool;
Thou canst try one cross-bow only,
But one arrow from thy quiver.”
Then the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Braved the third test of the hero,
Started out to hunt the wild-swan,
Hunt the long-necked, graceful swimmer,
In Tuoni’s coal-black river,
In Manala’s lower regions.
Quick the daring hunter journeyed,
Hastened off with fearless footsteps,
To the river of Tuoni,
To the sacred stream and whirlpool,
With his bow upon his shoulder,
With his quiver and one arrow.
Nasshut, blind and crippled shepherd,
Wretched shepherd of Pohyola,
Stood beside the death-land river,
Near the sacred stream and whirlpool,
Guarding Tuonela’s waters,
Waiting there for Lemminkainen,
Listening there for Kaukomieli,
Waiting long the hero’s coming.
Finally he hears the footsteps
Of the hero on his journey,
Hears the tread of Lemminkainen,
As he journeys nearer, nearer,
To the river of Tuoni,
To the cataract of death-land,
To the sacred stream and whirlpool.
Quick the wretched shepherd, Nasshut,
From the death-stream sends a serpent,
Like an arrow from a cross-bow,
To the heart of Lemminkainen,
Through the vitals of the hero.
Lemminkainen, little conscious,
Hardly knew that he was injured,
Spake these measures as he perished.
“Ah! unworthy is my conduct,
Ah! unwisely have I acted,
That I did not heed my mother,
Did not take her goodly counsel,
Did not learn her words of magic.
Oh I for three words with my mother,
How to live, and bow to suffer,
In this time of dire misfortune,

How to bear the stings of serpents,
 Tortures of the reed of waters,
 From the stream of Tuonela!
 "Ancient mother who hast borne me,
 Who hast trained me from my childhood,
 Learn, I pray thee, where I linger,
 Where alas! thy son is lying,
 Where thy reckless hero suffers.
 Come, I pray thee, faithful mother,
 Come thou quickly, thou art needed,
 Come deliver me from torture,
 From the death-jaws of Tuoni,
 From the sacred stream and whirlpool."
 Northland's old and wretched shepherd,
 Nasshut, the despised protector
 Of the flocks of Sariola,
 Throws the dying Lemminkainen,
 Throws the hero of the islands,
 Into Tuonela's river,
 To the blackest stream of death-land,
 To the worst of fatal whirlpools.
 Lemminkainen, wild and daring,
 Helpless falls upon the waters,
 Floating down the coal-black current,
 Through the cataract and rapids
 To the tombs of Tuonela.
 There the blood-stained son of death-land,
 There Tuoni's son and hero,
 Cuts in pieces Lemminkainen,
 Chops him with his mighty hatchet,
 Till the sharpened axe strikes flint-sparks
 From the rocks within his chamber,
 Chops the hero into fragments,
 Into five unequal portions,
 Throws each portion to Tuoni,
 In Manala's lowest kingdom,
 Speaks these words when he has ended:
 "Swim thou there, wild Lemminkainen,
 Flow thou onward in this river,
 Hunt forever in these waters,
 With thy cross-bow and thine arrow,
 Shoot the swan within this empire,
 Shoot our water-birds in welcome!"
 Thus the hero, Lemminkainen,
 Thus the handsome Kaukomeli,
 The untiring suitor, dieth
 In the river of Tuoni,
 In the death-realm of Manala.

RUNE XV. LEMMINKAINEN'S RESTORATION.

Lemminkainen's aged mother
 Anxious roams about the islands,
 Anxious wonders in her chambers,
 What the fate of Lemminkainen,

Why her son so long has tarried;
Thinks that something ill has happened
To her hero in Pohyola.
Sad, indeed, the mother's anguish,
As in vain she waits his coming,
As in vain she asks the question,
Where her daring son is roaming,
Whether to the fir-tree mountain,
Whether to the distant heath-land,
Or upon the broad-sea's ridges,
On the floods and rolling waters,
To the war's contending armies,
To the heat and din of battle,
Steeped in blood of valiant heroes,
Evidence of fatal warfare.
Daily does the wife Kyllikki
Look about her vacant chamber,
In the home of Lemminkainen,
At the court of Kaukomiel;
Looks at evening, looks at morning,
Looks, perchance, upon his hair-brush,
Sees alas! the blood-drops oozing,
Oozing from the golden bristles,
And the blood-drops, scarlet-colored.
Then the beauteous wife, Kyllikki,
Spake these words in deeps of anguish:
"Dead or wounded is my husband,
Or at best is filled with trouble,
Lost perhaps in Northland forests,
In some glen unknown to heroes,
Since alas! the blood is flowing
From the brush of Lemminkainen,
Red drops oozing from the bristles."
Thereupon the anxious mother
Looks upon the bleeding hair-brush
And begins this wail of anguish:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
Woe is me, all joy departed!
For alas! my son and hero,
Valiant hero of the islands,
Son of trouble and misfortune!
Some sad fate has overtaken
My ill-fated Lemminkainen!
Blood is flowing from his hair-brush,
Oozing from its golden bristles,
And the drops are scarlet-colored."
Quick her garment's hem she clutches,
On her arm she throws her long-robcs,
Fleetly flies upon her journey;
With her might she hastens northward,
Mountains tremble from her footsteps,
Valleys rise and heights are lowered,
Highlands soon become as lowlands,
All the hills and valleys levelled.
Soon she gains the Northland village,

Quickly asks about her hero,
These the words the mother utters:
"O thou hostess of Pohyola,
Where hast thou my Lemminkainen?
Tell me of my son and hero!"
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Gives this answer to the mother:
"Nothing know I of thy hero,
Of the hero of the islands;
Where thy son may be I know not,
Cannot lend the information;
Once I gave thy son a courser,
Hitched the racer to his snow-sledge,
This the last of Lemminkainen;
May perchance be drowned in Wuhne,
Frozen In the icy ocean,
Fallen prey to wolves in hunger,
In a bear's den may have perished."
Lemminkainen's mother answers:
"Thou art only speaking falsehoods,
Northland wolves cannot devour us,
Nor the bears kill Kaukomiel;
He can slay the wolves of Pohya
With the fingers of his left hand;
Bears of Northland he would silence
With the magic of his singing.
"Hostess of Pohyola, tell me
Whither thou hast sent my hero;
I shall burst thy many garners,
Shall destroy the magic Sampo,
If thou dost not tell me truly
Where to find my Lemminkainen."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"I have well thy hero treated,
Well my court has entertained him,
Gave him of my rarest viands,
Fed him at my well-filled tables,
Placed him in a boat of copper,
Thus to float adown the current,
This the last of Lemminkainen;
Cannot tell where he has wandered.
Whether in the foam of waters,
Whether in the boiling torrent,
Whether in the drowning whirlpool."
Lemminkainen's mother answers:
Thou again art speaking falsely;
Tell me now the truth I pray thee,
Make an end of thy deception,
Where is now my Lemminkainen,
Whither hast thou sent my hero,
Young and daring son of Kalew?
If a third time thou deceivest,
I will send thee plagues, unnumbered,
I will send thee fell destruction,
Certain death will overtake thee."

Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"This the third time that I answer,
This the truth that I shall tell thee:
I have sent the Kalew-hero
To the Hisi-fields and forests,
There to hunt the moose of Lempo;
Sent him then to catch the fire-horse,
Catch the fire-expiring stallion,
On the distant plains of Juutas,
In the realm of cruel Hisi.
Then I sent him to the Death-stream,
In the kingdom of Tuoni,
With his bow and but one arrow,
There to shoot the swan as dowry
For my best and fairest daughter;
Have not heard about thy hero
Since he left for Tuonela;
May in misery have fallen,
May have perished in Manala;
Has not come to ask my daughter,
Has not come to woo the maiden,
Since he left to hunt the death-swan."
Now the mother seeks her lost one,
For her son she weeps and trembles,
Like the wolf she bounds through fenlands,
Like the bear, through forest thickets,
Like the wild-boar, through the marshes,
Like the hare, along the sea-coast,
To the sea-point, like the hedgehog
Like the wild-duck swims the waters,
Casts the rubbish from her pathway,
Tramples down opposing brush-wood,
Stops at nothing in her journey
Seeks a long time for her hero,
Seeks, and seeks, and does not find him.
Now she asks the trees the question,
And the forest gives this answer:
"We have care enough already,
Cannot think about thy matters;
Cruel fates have we to battle,
Pitiful our own misfortunes!
We are felled and chopped in pieces,
Cut in blocks for hero-fancy,
We are burned to death as fuel,
No one cares how much we suffer."
Now again the mother wanders,
Seeks again her long-lost hero,
Seeks, and seeks, and does not find him.
Paths arise and come to meet her,
And she questions thus the pathways:
"Paths of hope that God has fashioned,
Have ye seen my Lemminkainen,
Has my son and golden hero
Travelled through thy many kingdoms?"
Sad, the many pathways answer:

"We ourselves have cares sufficient,
Cannot watch thy son and hero,
Wretched are the lives of pathways,
Deep indeed our own misfortunes;
We are trodden by, the red-deer,
By the wolves, and bears, and roebucks,
Driven o'er by heavy cart-wheels,
By the feet of dogs are trodden,
Trodden under foot of heroes,
Foot-paths for contending armies."
Seeks again the frantic mother,
Seeks her long-lost son and hero,
Seeks, and seeks, and does not find him;
Finds the Moon within her orbit,
Asks the Moon in pleading measures:
"Golden Moon, whom God has stationed
In the heavens, the Sun's companion,
Hast thou seen my Kaukomieli,
Hast thou seen my silver apple,
Anywhere in thy dominions?"
Thus the golden Moon makes answer:
"I have trouble all-sufficient,
Cannot watch thy daring hero;
Long the journey I must travel,
Sad the fate to me befallen,
Pitiful mine own misfortunes,
All alone the nights to wander,
Shine alone without a respite,
In the winter ever watching,
In the summer sink and perish."
Still the mother seeks, and wanders,
Seeks, and does not find her hero,
Sees the Sun in the horizon,
And the mother thus entreats him:
Silver Sun, whom God has fashioned,
Thou that giveth warmth and comfort,
Hast thou lately seen my hero,
Hast thou seen my Lemminkainen,
Wandering in thy dominions?"
Thus the Sun in kindness answers:
"Surely has thy hero perished,
To ingratitude a victim;
Lemminkainen died and vanished
In Tuoni's fatal river,
In the waters of Manala,
In the sacred stream and whirlpool,
In the cataract and rapids,
Sank within the drowning current
To the realm of Tuonela,
To Manala's lower regions."
Lemminkainen's mother weeping,
Wailing in the deeps of anguish,
Mourns the fate of Kaukomieli,
Hastens to the Northland smithy,
To the forge of Ilmarinen,

These the words the mother utters:
"Ilmarinen, metal-artist,
Thou that long ago wert forging,
Forging earth a concave cover,
Yesterday wert forging wonders,
Forge thou now, immortal blacksmith,
Forge a rake with shaft of copper,
Forge the teeth of strongest metal,
Teeth in length a hundred fathoms,
And five hundred long the handle."
Ilmarinen does as bidden,
Makes the rake in full perfection.
Lemminkainen's anxious mother
Takes the magic rake and hastens
To the river of Tuoni,
Praying to the Sun as follows:
"Thou, O Sun, by God created,
Thou that shinest on thy Maker,
Shine for me in heat of magic,
Give me warmth, and strength, and courage,
Shine a third time full of power,
Lull to sleep the wicked people,
Still the people of Manala,
Quiet all Tuoni's empire."
Thereupon the sun of Ukko,
Dearest child of the Creator,
Flying through the groves of Northland,
Sitting on a curving birch-tree,
Shines a little while in ardor,
Shines again in greater fervor,
Shines a third time full of power,
Lulls to sleep the wicked people
In the Manala home and kingdom,
Still the heroes with their broadswords,
Makes the lancers halt and totter,
Stills the stoutest of the spearmen,
Quiets Tuoni's ghastly empire.
Now the Sun retires in magic,
Hovers here and there a moment
Over Tuoni's hapless sleepers,
Hastens upward to his station,
To his Jumala home and kingdom.
Lemminkainen's faithful mother
Takes the rake of magic metals,
Rakes the Tuoni river bottoms,
Rakes the cataract and whirlpool,
Rakes the swift and boiling current
Of the sacred stream of death-land,
In the Manala home and kingdom.
Searching for her long-lost hero,
Rakes a long time, finding nothing;
Now she wades the river deeper,
To her belt in mud and water,
Deeper, deeper, rakes the death-stream,
Rakes the river's deepest caverns,

Raking up and down the current,
Till at last she finds his tunic,
Heavy-hearted, finds his jacket;
Rakes again and rakes unceasing,
Finds the hero's shoes and stockings,
Sorely troubled, finds these relies;
Now she wades the river deeper,
Rakes the Manala shoals and shallows,
Rakes the deeps at every angle;
As she draws the rake the third time
From the Tuoni shores and waters,
In the rake she finds the body
Of her long-lost Lemminkainen,
In the metal teeth entangled,
In the rake with copper handle.
Thus the reckless Lemminkainen,
Thus the son of Kalevala,
Was recovered from the bottom
Of the Manala lake and river.
There were wanting many fragments,
Half the head, a hand, a fore-arm,
Many other smaller portions,
Life, above all else, was missing.
Then the mother, well reflecting,
Spake these words in bitter weeping:
"From these fragments, with my magic,
I will bring to life my hero."
Hearing this, the raven answered,
Spake these measures to the mother:
"There is not in these a hero,
Thou canst not revive these fragments;
Eels have fed upon his body,
On his eyes have fed the whiting;
Cast the dead upon the waters,
On the streams of Tuonela,
Let him there become a walrus,
Or a seal, or whale, or porpoise."
Lemminkainen's mother does not
Cast the dead upon the waters,
On the streams of Tuonela,
She again with hope and courage,
Rakes the river lengthwise, crosswise,
Through the Manala pools and caverns,
Rakes up half the head, a fore-arm,
Finds a hand and half the back-bone,
Many other smaller portions;
Shapes her son from all the fragments,
Shapes anew her Lemminkainen,
Flesh to flesh with skill she places,
Gives the bones their proper stations,
Binds one member to the other,
Joins the ends of severed vessels,
Counts the threads of all the venules,
Knits the parts in apposition;
Then this prayer the mother offers:

“Suonetar, thou slender virgin,
Goddess of the veins of heroes,
Skilful spinner of the vessels,
With thy slender, silver spindle,
With thy spinning-wheel of copper,
Set in frame of molten silver,
Come thou hither, thou art needed;
Bring the instruments for mending,
Firmly knit the veins together,
At the end join well the venules,
In the wounds that still are open,
In the members that are injured.
”Should this aid be inefficient;
There is living in the ether,
In a boat enriched with silver,
In a copper boat, a maiden,
That can bring to thee assistance.
Come, O maiden, from the ether,
Virgin from the belt of heaven,
Row throughout these veins, O maiden,
Row through all these lifeless members,
Through the channels of the long-bones,
Row through every form of tissue.
Set the vessels in their places,
Lay the heart in right position,
Make the pulses beat together,
Join the smallest of the veinlets,
And unite with skill the sinews.
Take thou now a slender needle,
Silken thread within its eyelet,
Ply the silver needle gently,
Sew with care the wounds together.
“Should this aid be inefficient,
Thou, O God, that knowest all things,
Come and give us thine assistance,
Harness thou thy fleetest racer
Call to aid thy strongest courser,
In thy scarlet sledge come swiftly,
Drive through all the bones and channels,
Drive throughout these lifeless tissues,
Drive thy courser through each vessel,
Bind the flesh and bones securely,
In the joints put finest silver,
Purest gold in all the fissures.
”Where the skin is broken open,
Where the veins are torn asunder,
Mend these injuries with magic;
Where the blood has left the body,
There make new blood flow abundant;
Where the bones are rudely broken,
Set the parts in full perfection;
Where the flesh is bruised and loosened,
Touch the wounds with magic balsam,
Do not leave a part imperfect;
Bone, and vein, and nerve, and sinew,

Heart, and brain, and gland, and vessel,
Heal as Thou alone canst heal them.“
These the means the mother uses,
Thus she joins the lifeless members,
Thus she heals the death-like tissues,
Thus restores her son and hero
To his former life and likeness;
All his veins are knit together,
All their ends are firmly fastened,
All the parts in apposition,
Life returns, but speech is wanting,
Deaf and dumb, and blind, and senseless.
Now the mother speaks as follows:
”Where may I procure the balsam,
Where the drops of magic honey,
To anoint my son and hero,
Thus to heal my Lemminkainen,
That again his mouth may open,
May again begin his singing,
Speak again in words of wonder,
Sing again his incantations?
“Tiny bee, thou honey-birdling,
Lord of all the forest flowers,
Fly away and gather honey,
Bring to me the forest-sweetness,
Found in Metsola’s rich gardens,
And in Tapio’s fragrant meadows,
From the petals of the flowers,
From the blooming herbs and grasses,
Thus to heal my hero’s anguish,
Thus to heal his wounds of evil.”
Thereupon the honey-birdling
Flies away on wings of swiftiness,
Into Metsola’s rich gardens,
Into Tapio’s flowery meadows,
Gathers sweetness from the meadows,
With the tongue distills the honey
From the cups of seven flowers,
From the bloom of countless grasses;
Quick from Metsola returning,
Flying, humming darting onward,
With his winglets honey-laden,
With the store of sweetest odors,
To the mother brings the balsam.
Lemminkainen’s anxious mother
Takes the balm of magic virtues,
And anoints the injured hero,
Heals his wounds and stills his anguish;
But the balm is inefficient,
For her son is deaf and speechless.
Then again out-speaks the mother:
Lemminkainen’s Restoration.
“Little bee, my honey-birdling,
Fly away in one direction,
Fly across the seven oceans,

In the eighth, a magic island,
Where the honey is enchanted,
To the distant Turi-castles,
To the chambers of Palwoinen;
There the honey is effective,
There, the wonder-working balsam,
This may heal the wounded hero;
Bring me of this magic ointment,
That I may anoint his eyelids,
May restore his injured senses.”
Thereupon the honey-birdling
Flew away o’er seven oceans,
To the old enchanted island;
Flies one day, and then a second,
On the verdure does not settle,
Does not rest upon the flowers;
Flies a third day, fleetly onward,
Till a third day evening brings him
To the island in the ocean,
To the meadows rich in honey,
To the cataract and fire-flow,
To the sacred stream and whirlpool.
There the honey was preparing,
There the magic balm distilling
In the tiny earthen vessels,
In the burnished copper kettles,
Smaller than a maiden’s thimble,
Smaller than the tips of fingers.
Faithfully the busy insect
Gathers the enchanted honey
From the magic Turi-cuplets
In the chambers of Palwoinen.
Time had gone but little distance,
Ere the bee came loudly humming
Flying fleetly, honey-laden;
In his arms were seven vessels,
Seven, the vessels on each shoulder;
All were filled with honey-balsam,
With the balm of magic virtues.
Lemminkainen’s tireless mother
Quick anoints her speechless hero,
With the magic Turi-balsam,
With the balm of seven virtues;
Nine the times that she anoints him
With the honey of Palwoinen,
With the wonder-working balsam;
But the balm is inefficient,
For the hero still is speechless.
Then again out-speaks the mother:
“Honey-bee, thou ether birdling,
Fly a third time on thy journey,
Fly away to high Jumala,
Fly thou to the seventh heaven,
Honey there thou’lt find abundant,
Balsam of the highest virtue,

Only used by the Creator,
Only made from the breath of Ukko.
God anoints his faithful children,
With the honey of his wisdom,
When they feel the pangs of sorrow,
When they meet the powers of evil.
Dip thy winglets in this honey,
Steep thy plumage in His sweetness,
Hither bring the all-sufficient
Balsam of the great Creator;
This will still my hero's anguish,
This will heal his wounded tissues,
This restore his long-lost vision,
Make the Northland hills re-echo
With the magic of his singing,
With his wonderful enchantment."
Thus the honey-bee made answer:
"I can never fly to heaven,
To the seventh of the heavens,
To the distant home of Ukko,
With these wings of little virtue."
Lemminkäinen's mother answered:
"Thou canst surely fly to heaven,
To the seventh of the heavens,
O'er the Moon, beneath the sunshine,
Through the dim and distant starlight.
On the first day, flying upward,
Thou wilt near the Moon in heaven,
Fan the brow of Kootamoinen;
On the second thou canst rest thee
On the shoulders of Otava;
On the third day, flying higher,
Rest upon the seven starlets,
On the heads of Hetewanè;
Short the journey that is left thee,
Inconsiderable the distance
To the home of mighty Ukko,
To the dwellings of the blessed."
Thereupon the bee arising,
From the earth flies swiftly upward,
Hastens on with graceful motion,
By his tiny wings borne heavenward,
In the paths of golden moonbeams,
Touches on the Moon's bright borders,
Fans the brow of Kootamoinen,
Rests upon Otava's shoulders,
Hastens to the seven starlets.,
To the heads of Hetewanè,
Flies to the Creator's castle,
To the home of generous Ukko,
Finds the remedy preparing,
Finds the balm of life distilling,
In the silver-tinted caldrons,
In the purest golden kettles;
On one side, heart-easing honey,

On a second, balm of joyance,
On the third, life-giving balsam.
Here the magic bee, selecting,
Culls the sweet, life-giving balsam,
Gathers too, heart-easing honey,
Heavy-laden hastens homeward.
Time had traveled little distance,
Ere the busy bee came humming
To the anxious mother waiting,
In his arms a hundred cuplets,
And a thousand other vessels,
Filled with honey, filled with balsam,
Filled with the balm of the Creator.
Lemminkainen's mother quickly
Takes them on her, tongue and tests them,
Finds a balsam all-sufficient.
Then the mother spake as follows:
"I have found the long-sought balsam,
Found the remedy of Ukko,
Where-with God anoints his people,
Gives them life, and faith, and wisdom,
Heals their wounds and stills their anguish,
Makes them strong against temptation,
Guards them from the evil-doers."
Now the mother well anointing,
Heals her son, the magic singer,
Eyes, and ears, and tongue, and temples,
Breaks, and cuts, and seams, anointing,
Touching well the life-blood centres,
Speaks these words of magic import
To the sleeping Lemminkainen:
"Wake, arise from out thy slumber,
From the worst of low conditions,
From thy state of dire misfortune!"
Slowly wakes the son and hero,
Rises from the depths of slumber,
Speaks again in magic accents,
These the first words of the singer:
"Long, indeed, have I been sleeping,
Long unconscious of existence,
But my sleep was full of sweetness,
Sweet the sleep in Tuonela,
Knowing neither joy nor sorrow!"
This the answer of his mother:
"Longer still thou wouldst have slumbered,
Were it not for me, thy, mother;
Tell me now, my son beloved,
Tell me that I well may hear thee,
Who enticed thee to Manala,
To the river of Tuoni,
To the fatal stream and whirlpool?"
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Gave this answer to his mother:
"Nasshut, the decrepit shepherd
Of the flocks of Sariola,

Blind, and halt, and poor, and wretched,
And to whom I did a favor;
From the slumber-land of envy
Nasshut sent me to Manala,
To the river of Tuoni;
Sent a serpent from the waters,
Sent an adder from the death-stream,
Through the heart of Lemminkainen;
Did not recognize the serpent,
Could not speak the serpent-language,
Did not know the sting of adders.”
Spake again the ancient mother:
“O thou son of little insight,
Senseless hero, fool-magician,
Thou didst boast betimes thy magic
To enchant the wise enchanters,
On the dismal shores of Lapland,
Thou didst think to banish heroes,
From the borders of Pohyola;
Didst not know the sting of serpents,
Didst not know the reed of waters,
Nor the magic word-protector!
Learn the origin of serpents,
Whence the poison of the adder.
”In the floods was born the serpent,
From the marrow of the gray-duck,
From the brain of ocean-swallows;
Suoyatar had made saliva,
Cast it on the waves of ocean,
Currents drove it outward, onward,
Softly shone the sun upon it,
By the winds ’twas gently cradled,
Gently nursed by winds and waters,
By the waves was driven shoreward,
Landed by the surging billows.
Thus the serpent, thing of evil,
Filling all the world with trouble,
Was created in the waters
Born from Suoyatar, its maker.“
Then the mother of the hero
Rocked her son to rest and comfort,
Rocked him to his former being,
To his former life and spirit,
Into greater magic powers;
Wiser, handsomer than ever
Grew the hero of the islands;
But his heart was full of trouble,
And his mother, ever watchful,
Asked the cause of his dejection.
This is Lemminkainen’s answer:
”This the cause of all my sorrow;
Far away my heart is roaming,
All my thoughts forever wander
To the Northland’s blooming virgins,
To the maids of braided tresses.

Northland's ugly hostess, Louhi,
 Will not give to me her daughter,
 Fairest maiden of Pohyola,
 Till I kill the swan of Mana,
 With my bow and but one arrow,
 In the river of Tuoni.
 Lemminkainen's mother answers,
 In the sacred stream and whirlpool.
 "Let the swan swim on in safety,
 Give the water-bird his freedom,
 In the river of Manala,
 In the whirlpool of Tuoni;
 Leave the maiden in the Northland.,
 With her charms and fading beauty;
 With thy fond and faithful mother,
 Go at once to Kalevala,
 To thy native fields and fallows.
 Praise thy fortune, all sufficient,
 Praise, above all else, thy Maker.
 Ukko gave thee aid when needed,
 Thou wert saved by thy Creator,
 From thy long and hopeless slumber,
 In the waters of Tuoni,
 In the chambers of Manala.
 I unaided could not save thee,
 Could not give the least assistance;
 God alone, omniscient Ukko,
 First and last of the creators,
 Can revive the dead and dying,
 Can protect his worthy people
 From the waters of Manala, .
 From the fatal stream and whirlpool,
 In the kingdom of Tuoni."
 Lemminkainen, filled with wisdom,
 With his fond and faithful mother,
 Hastened straightway on his journey
 To his distant home and kindred,
 To the Wainola fields and meadows,
 To the plains of Kalevala.

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Here I leave my Kaukomieli,
 Leave my hero Lemminkainen,
 Long I leave him from my singing,
 Turn my song to other heroes,
 Send it forth on other pathways,
 Sing some other golden legend.

RUNE XVI. WAINAMOINEN'S BOAT-BUILDING.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
 The eternal wisdom-singer,
 For his boat was working lumber,
 Working long upon his vessel,
 On a fog-point jutting seaward,
 On an island, forest-covered;

But the lumber failed the master,
Beams were wanting for his vessel,
Beams and scantling, ribs and flooring.
Who will find for him the lumber,
Who procure the timber needed
For the boat of Wainamoinen,
For the bottom of his vessel?
Pellerwoinen of the prairies,
Sampsas, slender-grown and ancient,
He will seek the needful timber,
He procure the beams of oak-wood
For the boat of Wainamoinen,
For the bottom of his vessel.
Soon he starts upon his journey
To the eastern fields and forests,
Hunts throughout the Northland mountain
To a second mountain wanders,
To a third he hastens, searching,
Golden axe upon his shoulder,
In his hand a copper hatchet.
Comes an aspen-tree to meet him
Of the height of seven fathoms.
Sampsas takes his axe of copper,
Starts to fell the stately aspen,
But the aspen quickly halting,
Speaks these words to Pellerwoinen:
“Tell me, hero, what thou wishest,
What the service thou art needing?”
Sampsas Pellerwoinen answers:
“This indeed, the needed service
That I ask of thee, O aspen:
Need thy lumber for a vessel,
For the boat of Wainamoinen,
Wise of the wisdom-singers.”
Quick and wisely speaks the aspen,
Thus its hundred branches answer:
“All the boats that have been fashioned
From my wood have proved but failures;
Such a vessel floats a distance,
Then it sinks upon the bottom
Of the waters it should travel.
All my trunk is filled with hollows,
Three times in the summer seasons
Worms devour my stem and branches,
Feed upon my heart and tissues.”
Pellerwoinen leaves the aspen,
Hunts again through all the forest,
Wanders through the woods of Northland,
Where a pine-tree comes to meet him,
Of the height of fourteen fathoms.
With his axe he chops the pine-tree,
Strikes it with his axe of copper,
As he asks the pine this question:
“Will thy trunk give worthy timber
For the boat of Wainamoinen,

Wisest of the wisdom-singers?"
Loudly does the pine-tree answer:
"All the ships that have been fashioned
From my body are unworthy;
I am full of imperfections,
Cannot give thee needed timber
Wherewithal to build thy vessel;
Ravens live within ray branches,
Build their nests and hatch their younglings
Three times in my trunk in summer."
Sampsä leaves the lofty pine-tree,
Wanders onward, onward, onward,
To the woods of gladsome summer,
Where an oak-tree comes to meet him,
In circumference, three fathoms,
And the oak he thus addresses:
"Ancient oak-tree, will thy body
Furnish wood to build a vessel,
Build a boat for Wainamoinen,
Master-boat for the magician,
Wisest of the wisdom-singers?"
Thus the oak replies to Sampsä:
"I for thee will gladly furnish
Wood to build the hero's vessel;
I am tall, and sound, and hardy,
Have no flaws within my body;
Three times in the months of summer,
In the warmest of the seasons,
Does the sun dwell in my tree-top,
On my trunk the moonlight glimmers,
In my branches sings the cuckoo,
In my top her nestlings slumber."
Now the ancient Pellerwoinen
Takes the hatchet from his shoulder,
Takes his axe with copper handle,
Chops the body of the oak-tree;
Well he knows the art of chopping.
Soon he fells the tree majestic,
Fells the mighty forest-monarch,
With his magic axe and power.
From the stems he lops the branches,
Splits the trunk in many pieces,
Fashions lumber for the bottom,
Countless boards, and ribs, and braces,
For the singer's magic vessel,
For the boat of the magician.
Wainamoinen, old and skilful,
The eternal wonder-worker,
Builds his vessel with enchantment,
Builds his boat by art of magic,
From the timber of the oak-tree,
From its posts, and planks, and flooring.
Sings a song, and joins the frame-work;
Sings a second, sets the siding;
Sings a third time, sets the row-locks;

Fashions oars, and ribs, and rudder,
Joins the sides and ribs together.
When the ribs were firmly fastened,
When the sides were tightly jointed,
Then alas! three words were wanting,
Lost the words of master-magic,
How to fasten in the ledges,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the boat's forecastle.
Then the ancient Wainamoinen,
Wise and wonderful enchanter,
Heavy-hearted spake as follows:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Never will this magic vessel
Pass in safety o'er the water,
Never ride the rough sea-billows."
Then he thought and long considered,
Where to find these words of magic,
Find the lost-words of the Master:
"From the brains of countless swallows,
From the heads of swans in dying,
From the plumage of the gray-duck?"
For these words the hero searches,
Kills of swans a goodly number,
Kills a flock of fattened gray-duck,
Kills of swallows countless numbers,
Cannot find the words of magic,
Not the lost-words of the Master.
Wainamoinen, wisdom-singer,
Still reflected and debated:
"I perchance may find the lost-words
On the tongue of summer-reindeer,
In the mouth of the white squirrel."
Now again he hunts the lost-words,
Hastes to find the magic sayings,
Kills a countless host of reindeer,
Kills a rafterful of squirrels,
Finds of words a goodly number,
But they are of little value,
Cannot find the magic lost-word.
Long he thought and well considered:
"I can find of words a hundred
In the dwellings of Tuoni,
In the Manala fields and castles."
Wainamoinen quickly journeys
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
There to find the ancient wisdom,
There to learn the secret doctrine;
Hastens on through fen and forest,
Over meads and over marshes,
Through the ever-rising woodlands,
Journeys one week through the brambles,
And a second through the hazels,
Through the junipers the third week,
When appear Tuoni's islands,

And the Manala fields and castles.
Wainamoinen, brave and ancient,
Calls aloud in tones of thunder,
To the Tuonela deeps and dungeons,
And to Manala's magic castle:
"Bring a boat, Tuoni's daughter,
Bring a ferry-boat, O maiden,
That may bear me o'er this channel,
O'er this black and fatal river."
Quick the daughter of Tuoni,
Magic maid of little stature,
Tiny virgin of Manala,
Tiny washer of the linen,
Tiny cleaner of the dresses,
At the river of Tuoni,
In Manala's ancient castles,
Speaks these words to Wainamoinen,
Gives this answer to his calling:
"Straightway will I bring the row-boat,
When the reasons thou hast given
Why thou comest to Manala
In a hale and active body."
Wainamoinen, old and artful.,
Gives this answer to the maiden:
"I was brought here by Tuoni,
Mana raised me from the coffin."
Speaks the maiden of Manala:
"This a tale of wretched liars;
Had Tuoni brought thee hither,
Mana raised thee from the coffin,
Then Tuoni would be with thee,
Manalainen too would lead thee,
With Tuoni's hat upon thee,
On thy hands, the gloves of Mana;
Tell the truth now, Wainamoinen,
What has brought thee to Manala?"
Wainamoinen, artful hero,
Gives this answer, still finessing:
"Iron brought me to Manala,
To the kingdom of Tuoni."
Speaks the virgin of the death-land,
Mana's wise and tiny daughter:
"Well I know that this is falsehood,
Had the iron brought thee hither,
Brought thee to Tuoni's kingdom,
Blood would trickle from thy vesture,
And the blood-drops, scarlet-colored.
Speak the truth now, Wainamoinen,
This the third time that I ask thee."
Wainamoinen, little heeding,
Still finesses to the daughter:
"Water brought me to Manala,
To the kingdom of Tuoni."
This the tiny maiden's answer:
"Well I know thou speakest falsely;

If the waters of Manala,
If the cataract and whirlpool,
Or the waves had brought thee hither,
From thy robes the drops would trickle,
Water drip from all thy raiment.
Tell the truth and I will serve thee,
What has brought thee to Manala?"
Then the wilful Wainamoinen
Told this falsehood to the maiden:
"Fire has brought me to Manala,
To the kingdom of Tuoni."
Spake again Tuoni's daughter:
"Well I know the voice of falsehood.
If the fire had brought thee hither,
Brought thee to Tuoni's empire,
Singed would be thy locks and eyebrows,
And thy beard be crisped and tangled.
O, thou foolish Wainamoinen,
If I row thee o'er the ferry,
Thou must speak the truth in answer,
This the last time I will ask thee;
Make an end of thy deception.
What has brought thee to Manala,
Still unharmed by pain or sickness,
Still untouched by Death's dark angel
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"At the first I spake, not truly,
Now I give thee rightful answer:
I a boat with ancient wisdom,
Fashioned with my powers of magic,
Sang one day and then a second,
Sang the third day until evening,
When I broke the magic main-spring,
Broke my magic sledge in pieces,
Of my song the fleetest runners;
Then I come to Mana's kingdom,
Came to borrow here a hatchet,
Thus to mend my sledge of magic,
Thus to join the parts together.
Send the boat now quickly over,
Send me, quick, Tuoni's row-boat,
Help me cross this fatal river,
Cross the channel of Manala."
Spake the daughter of Tuoni,
Mana's maiden thus replying:
"Thou art sure a stupid fellow,
Foresight wanting, judgment lacking,
Having neither wit nor wisdom,
Coming here without a reason,
Coming to Tuoni's empire;
Better far if thou shouldst journey
To thy distant home and kindred;
Man they that visit Mana,
Few return from Maria's kingdom."
Spake the good old Wainamoinen:

"Women old retreat from danger,
Not a man of any courage,
Not the weakest of the heroes.
Bring thy boat, Tuoni's daughter,
Tiny maiden of Manala,
Come and row me o'er the ferry."
Mana's daughter does as bidden,
Brings her boat to Wainamoinen,
Quickly rows him through the channel,
O'er the black and fatal river,
To the kingdom of Manala,
Speaks these words to the magician:
"Woe to thee! O Wainamoinen!
Wonderful indeed, thy magic,
Since thou comest to Manala,
Comest neither dead nor dying."
Tuonetar, the death-land hostess,
Ancient hostess of Tuoni,
Brings him pitchers filled with strong-beer,
Fills her massive golden goblets,
Speaks these measures to the stranger:
"Drink, thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Drink the beer of king Tuoni!"
Wainamoinen, wise and cautious,
Carefully inspects the liquor,
Looks a long time in the pitchers,
Sees the spawning of the black-frogs,
Sees the young of poison-serpents,
Lizards, worms, and writhing adders,
Thus addresses Tuonetar:
"Have not come with this intention,
Have not come to drink thy poisons,
Drink the beer of Tuonela;
Those that drink Tuoni's liquors,
Those that sip the cups of Mana,
Court the Devil and destruction,
End their lives in want and ruin."
Tuonetar makes this answer:
"Ancient minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Tell me what has brought thee hither,
Brought thee to the, realm of Mana,
To the courts of Tuonela,
Ere Tuoni sent his angels
To thy home in Kalevala,
There to cut thy magic life-thread."
Spake the singer, Wainamoinen:
"I was building me a vessel,
At my craft was working, singing,
Needed three words of the Master,
How to fasten in the ledges,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the boat's forecastle.
This the reason of my coming
To the empire of Tuoni,
To the castles of Manala:

Came to learn these magic sayings,
Learn the lost-words of the Master.“
Spake the hostess, Tuonetar:
”Mana never gives these sayings,
Canst not learn them from Tuoni,
Not the lost-words of the Master;
Thou shalt never leave this kingdom,
Never in thy magic life-time,
Never go to Kalevala,
To Wainola’s peaceful meadows.
To thy distant home and country.“
Quick the hostess, Tuonetar,
Waves her magic wand of slumber
O’er the head of Wainamoinen,
Puts to rest the wisdom-hero,
Lays him on the couch of Mana,
In the robes of living heroes,
Deep the sleep that settles o’er him.
In Manala lived a woman,
In the kingdom of Tuoni,
Evil witch and toothless wizard,
Spinner of the threads of iron,
Moulder of the bands of copper,
Weaver of a hundred fish-nets,
Of a thousand nets of copper,
Spinning in the days of summer,
Weaving in the winter evenings,
Seated on a rock in water.
In the kingdom of Tuoni
Lived a man, a wicked wizard,
Three the fingers of the hero,
Spinner he of iron meshes,
Maker too of nets of copper,
Countless were his nets of metal,
Moulded on a rock in water,
Through the many days of summer.
Mana’s son with crooked fingers,
Iron-pointed, copper fingers,
Pulls of nets, at least a thousand,
Through the river of Tuoni,
Sets them lengthwise, sets them crosswise,
In the fatal, darksome river,
That the sleeping Wainamomen,
Friend and brother of the waters,
May not leave the isle of Mana,
Never in the course of ages,
Never leave the death-land castles,
Never while the moonlight glimmers
On the empire of Tuoni.
Wainamoinen, wise and wary,
Rising from his couch of slumber,
Speaks these words as he is waking:
”Is there not some mischief brewing,
Am I not at last in danger,
In the chambers of Tuoni,

In the Manala home and household?"
Quick he changes his complexion,
Changes too his form and feature,
Slips into another body;
Like a serpent in a circle,
Rolls black-dyed upon the waters;
Like a snake among the willows,
Crawls he like a worm of magic,
Like an adder through the grasses,
Through the coal-black stream of death-land,
Through a thousand nets of copper
Interlaced with threads of iron,
From the kingdom of Tuoni,
From the castles of Manala.
Mana's son, the wicked wizard,
With his iron-pointed fingers,
In the early morning hastens
To his thousand nets of copper,
Set within the Tuoni river,
Finds therein a countless number
Of the death-stream fish and serpents;
Does not find old Wainamoinen,
Wainamoinen, wise and wary,
Friend and fellow of the waters.
When the wonder-working hero
Had escaped from Tuonela,
Spake he thus in supplication:
"Gratitude to thee, O Ukko,
Do I bring for thy protection!
Never suffer other heroes,
Of thy heroes not the wisest,
To transgress the laws of nature;
Never let another singer,
While he lives within the body,
Cross the river of Tuoni,
As thou lovest thy creations.
Many heroes cross the channel,
Cross the fatal stream of Mana,
Few return to tell the story,
Few return from Tuonela,
From Manala's courts and castles."
Wainamoinen calls his people,
On the plains of Kalevala,
Speaks these words of ancient wisdom,
To the young men, to the maidens,
To the rising generation:
"Every child of Northland, listen:
If thou wishest joy eternal,
Never disobey thy parents,
Never evil treat the guiltless,
Never wrong the feeble-minded,
Never harm thy weakest fellow,
Never stain thy lips with falsehood,
Never cheat thy trusting neighbor,
Never injure thy companion,

Lest thou surely payest penance
 In the kingdom of Tuoni,
 In the prison of Manala;
 There, the home of all the wicked,
 There the couch of the unworthy,
 There the chambers of the guilty.
 Underneath Manala's fire-rock
 Are their ever-flaming couches,
 For their pillows hissing serpents,
 Vipers green their writhing covers,
 For their drink the blood of adders,
 For their food the pangs of hunger,
 Pain and agony their solace;
 If thou wishest joy eternal,
 Shun the kingdom of Tuoui!"

RUNE XVII. WAINAMOINEN FINDS THE LOST-WORD.

Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
 Did not learn the words of magic
 In Tuoni's gloomy regions,
 In the kingdom of Manala.
 Thereupon he long debated,
 Well considered, long reflected,
 Where to find the magic sayings;
 When a shepherd came to meet him,
 Speaking thus to Wainamoinen:
 "Thou canst find of words a hundred,
 Find a thousand wisdom-sayings,
 In the mouth of wise Wipunen,
 In the body of the hero;
 To the spot I know the foot-path,
 To his tomb the magic highway,
 Trodden by a host of heroes;
 Long the distance thou must travel,
 On the sharpened points of needles;
 Then a long way thou must journey
 On the edges of the broadswords;
 Thirdly thou must travel farther
 On the edges of the hatchets."
 Wainamoinen, old and trustful,
 Well considered all these journeys,
 Travelled to the forge and smithy,
 Thus addressed the metal-worker:
 "Ilmarinen, worthy blacksmith,
 Make a shoe for me of iron,
 Forge me gloves of burnished copper,
 Mold a staff of strongest metal,
 Lay the steel upon the inside,
 Forge within the might of magic;
 I am going on a journey
 To procure the magic sayings,
 Find the lost-words of the Master,
 From the mouth of the magician,
 From the tongue of wise Wipunen."

Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"Long ago died wise Wipunen,
Disappeared these many ages,
Lays no more his snares of copper,
Sets no longer traps of iron,
Cannot learn from him the wisdom,
Cannot find in him the lost-words."
Wainamoinen, old and hopeful,
Little heeding, not discouraged,
In his metal shoes and armor,
Hastens forward on his journey,
Runs the first day fleetly onward,
On the sharpened points of needles;
'Wearily he strides the second,
On the edges of the broadswords
Swings himself the third day forward,
On the edges of the hatchets.
Wise Wipunen, wisdom-singer,
Ancient bard, and great magician,
With his magic songs lay yonder,
Stretched beside him, lay his sayings,
On his shoulder grew the aspen,
On each temple grew the birch-tree,
On his mighty chin the alder,
From his beard grew willow-bushes,
From his mouth the dark green fir-tree,
And the oak-tree from his forehead.
Wainamoinen, coming closer,
Draws his sword, lays bare his hatchet
From his magic leathern scabbard,
Fells the aspen from his shoulder,
Fells the birch-tree from his temples,
From his chin he fells the alder,
From his beard, the branching willows,
From his mouth the dark-green fir-tree,
Fells the oak-tree from his forehead.
Now he thrusts his staff of iron
Through the mouth of wise Wipunen,
Pries his mighty jaws asunder,
Speaks these words of master-magic:
"Rise, thou master of magicians,
From the sleep of Tuonela,
From thine everlasting slumber!"
Wise Wipunen, ancient singer,
Quickly wakens from his sleeping,
Keenly feels the pangs of torture,
From the cruel staff of iron;
Bites with mighty force the metal,
Bites in twain the softer iron,
Cannot bite the steel asunder,
Opens wide his mouth in anguish.
Wainamoinen of Wainola,
In his iron-shoes and armor,
Careless walking, headlong stumbles
In the spacious mouth and fauces

Of the magic bard, Wipunen.
Wise Wipunen, full of song-charms,
Opens wide his mouth and swallows
Wainamoinen and his magic,
Shoes, and staff, and iron armor.
Then outspeaks the wise Wipunen:
"Many things before I've eaten,
Dined on goat, and sheep, and reindeer,
Bear, and ox, and wolf, and wild-boar,
Never in my recollection,
Have I tasted sweeter morsels!"
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Now I see the evil symbols,
See misfortune hanging o'er me,
In the darksome Hisi-hurdles,
In the catacombs of Kalma."
Wainamoinen long considered
How to live and how to prosper,
How to conquer this condition.
In his belt he wore a poniard,
With a handle hewn from birch-wood,
From the handle builds a vessel,
Builds a boat through magic science;
In this vessel rows he swiftly
Through the entrails of the hero,
Rows through every gland and vessel
Of the wisest of magicians.
Old Wipunen, master-singer,
Barely feels the hero's presence,
Gives no heed to Wainamoinen.
Then the artist of Wainola
Straightway sets himself to forging,
Sets at work to hammer metals;
Makes a smithy from his armor,
Of his sleeves he makes the bellows,
Makes the air-valve from his fur-coat,
From his stockings, makes the muzzle,
Uses knees instead of anvil,
Makes a hammer of his fore-arm;
Like the storm-wind roars the bellows,
Like the thunder rings the anvil;
Forges one day, then a second,
Forges till the third day closes,
In the body of Wipunen,
In the sorcerer's abdomen.
Old Wipunen, full of magic,
Speaks these words in wonder, guessing:
"Who art thou of ancient heroes,
Who of all the host of heroes?
Many heroes I have eaten,
And of men a countless number,
Have not eaten such as thou art;
Smoke arises from my nostrils,
From my mouth the fire is streaming,
In my throat are iron-clinkers.

“Go, thou monster, hence to wander,
Flee this place, thou plague of Northland,
Ere I go to seek thy mother,
Tell the ancient dame thy mischief;
She shall bear thine evil conduct,
Great the burden she shall carry;
Great a mother’s pain and anguish,
When her child runs wild and lawless;
Cannot comprehend the meaning,
Nor this mystery unravel,
Why thou camest here, O monster,
Camest here to give me torture.
Art thou Hisi sent from heaven,
Some calamity from Ukko?
Art, perchance, some new creation,
Ordered here to do me evil?
If thou art some evil genius,
Some calamity from Ukko,
Sent to me by my Creator,
Then am I resigned to suffer
God does not forsake the worthy,
Does not ruin those that trust him,
Never are the good forsaken.
If by man thou wert created,
If some hero sent thee hither,
I shall learn thy race of evil,
Shall destroy thy wicked tribe-folk.
”Thence arose the violation,
Thence arose the first destruction,
Thence came all the evil-doings:
From the neighborhood of wizards,
From the homes of the magicians,
From the eaves of vicious spirits,
From the haunts of fortune-tellers,
From the cabins of the witches,
From the castles of Tuoni,
From the bottom of Manala,
From the ground with envy swollen,
From Ingratitude’s dominions,
From the rocky shoals and quicksands,
From the marshes filled with danger,
From the cataract’s commotion,
From the bear-caves in the mountains,
From the wolves within the thickets,
From the roarings of the pine-tree,
From the burrows of the fox-dog,
From the woodlands of the reindeer,
From the eaves and Hisi-hurdles,
From the battles of the giants,
From uncultivated pastures,
From the billows of the oceans,
From the streams of boiling waters,
From the waterfalls of Rutya,
From the limits of the storm-clouds,
From the pathways of the thunders,

From the flashings of the lightnings,
From the distant plains of Pohya,
From the fatal stream and whirlpool,
From the birthplace of Tuoni.
“Art thou coming from these places?
Hast thou, evil, hastened hither,
To the heart of sinless hero,
To devour my guiltless body,
To destroy this wisdom-singer?
Get thee hence, thou dog of Lempo,
Leave, thou monster from Manala,
Flee from mine immortal body,
Leave my liver, thing of evil,
In my body cease thy forging,
Cease this torture of my vitals,
Let me rest in peace and slumber.
”Should I want in means efficient,
Should I lack the magic power
To outroot thine evil genius,
I shall call a better hero,
Call upon a higher power,
To remove this dire misfortune,
To annihilate this monster.
I shall call the will of woman,
From the fields, the old-time heroes?
Mounted heroes from the sand-hills,
Thus to rescue me from danger,
From these pains and ceaseless tortures.
“If this force prove inefficient,
Should not drive thee from my body,
Come, thou forest, with thy heroes,
Come, ye junipers and pine-trees,
With your messengers of power,
Come, ye mountains, with your wood-nymphs,
Come, ye lakes, with all your mermaids,
Come, ye hundred ocean-spearmen,
Come, torment this son of Hisi,
Come and kill this evil monster.
”If this call is inefficient,
Does not drive thee from my vitals,
Rise, thou ancient water-mother,
With thy blue-cap from the ocean,
From the seas, the lakes, the rivers,
Bring protection to thy hero,
Comfort bring and full assistance,
That I guiltless may not suffer,
May not perish prematurely.
“Shouldst thou brave this invocation,
Kapè, daughter of Creation,
Come, thou beauteous, golden maiden,
Oldest of the race of women,
Come and witness my misfortunes,
Come and turn away this evil,
Come, remove this biting torment,
Take away this plague of Piru.

"If this call be disregarded,
If thou wilt not leave me guiltless,
Ukko, on the arch of heaven,
In the thunder-cloud dominions,
Come thou quickly, thou art needed,
Come, protect thy tortured hero,
Drive away this magic demon,
Banish ever his enchantment,
With his sword and flaming furnace,
With his fire-enkindling bellows.
"Go, thou demon, hence to wander,
Flee, thou plague of Northland heroes;
Never come again for shelter,
Nevermore build thou thy dwelling
In the body of Wipunen;
Take at once thy habitation
To the regions of thy kindred,
To thy distant fields and firesides;
When thy journey thou hast ended,
Gained the borders of thy country,
Gained the meads of thy Creator,
Give a signal of thy coming,
Rumble like the peals of thunder,
Glisten like the gleam of lightning,
Knock upon the outer portals,
Enter through the open windows,
Glide about the many chambers,
Seize the host and seize the hostess,
Knock their evil beads together,
Wring their necks and hurl their bodies
To the black-dogs of the forest.
"Should this prove of little value,
Hover like the bird of battle,
O'er the dwellings of the master,
Scare the horses from the mangers,
From the troughs affright the cattle,
Twist their tails, and horns, and forelocks,
Hurl their carcasses to Lempo.
"If some scourge the winds have sent me,
Sent me on the air of spring-tide,
Brought me by the frosts of winter,
Quickly journey whence thou camest,
On the air-path of the heavens,
Perching not upon some aspen,
Resting not upon the birch-tree;
Fly away to copper mountains,
That the copper-winds may nurse thee,
Waves of ether, thy protection.
"Didst those come from high Jumala,
From the hems of ragged snow-clouds,
Quick ascend beyond the cloud-space,
Quickly journey whence thou camest,
To the snow-clouds, crystal-sprinkled,
To the twinkling stars of heaven
There thy fire may burn forever,

There may flash thy forked lightnings,
In the Sun's undying furnace.
"Wert thou sent here by the spring-floods,
Driven here by river-torrents?
Quickly journey whence thou camest,
Quickly hasten to the waters,
To the borders of the rivers,
To the ancient water-mountain,
That the floods again may rock thee,
And thy water-mother nurse thee.
"Didst thou come from Kalma's kingdom,
From the castles of the death-land?
Haste thou back to thine own country,
To the Kalma-halls and castles,
To the fields with envy swollen,
Where contending armies perish.
"Art thou from the Hisi-woodlands,
From ravines in Lempo's forest,
From the thickets of the pine-wood,
From the dwellings of the fir-glen?
Quick retrace thine evil footsteps
To the dwellings of thy master,
To the thickets of thy kindred;
There thou mayest dwell at pleasure,
Till thy house decays about thee,
Till thy walls shall mould and crumble.
Evil genius, thee I banish,
Got thee hence, thou horrid monster,
To the caverns of the white-bear,
To the deep abysm of serpents,
To the vales, and swamps, and fenlands,
To the ever-silent waters,
To the hot-springs of the mountains,
To the dead-seas of the Northland,
To the lifeless lakes and rivers,
To the sacred stream and whirlpool.
"Shouldst thou find no place of resting,
I will banish thee still farther,
To the Northland's distant borders,
To the broad expanse of Lapland,
To the ever-lifeless deserts,
To the unproductive prairies,
Sunless, moonless, starless, lifeless,
In the dark abyss of Northland;
This for thee, a place befitting,
Pitch thy tents and feast forever
On the dead plains of Pohyola.
"Shouldst thou find no means of living,
I will banish thee still farther,
To the cataract of Rutya,
To the fire-emitting whirlpool,
Where the firs are ever falling,
To the windfalls of the forest;
Swim hereafter in the waters
Of the fire-emitting whirlpool,

Whirl thou ever in the current
Of the cataract's commotion,
In its foam and boiling waters.
Should this place be unbefitting,
I will drive thee farther onward,
To Tuoni's coal-black river,
To the endless stream of Mana,
Where thou shalt forever linger;
Thou canst never leave Manala,
Should I not thy head deliver,
Should I never pay thy ransom;
Thou canst never safely journey
Through nine brother-rams abutting,
Through nine brother-bulls opposing
Through nine brother-stallions thwarting,
Thou canst not re-cross Death-river
Thickly set with iron netting,
Interlaced with threads of copper.
"Shouldst thou ask for steeds for saddle,
Shouldst thou need a fleet-foot courser,
I will give thee worthy racers,
I will give thee saddle-horses;
Evil Hisi has a charger,
Crimson mane, and tail, and foretop,
Fire emitting from his nostrils,
As he prances through his pastures;
Hoofs are made of strongest iron,
Legs are made of steel and copper,
Quickly scales the highest mountains,
Darts like lightning through the valleys,
When a skilful master rides him.
"Should this steed be insufficient,
I will give thee Lempo's snow-shoes,
Give thee Hisi's shoes of elm-wood,
Give to thee the staff of Piru,
That with these thou mayest journey
Into Hisi's courts and castles,
To the woods and fields of Juutas;
If the rocks should rise before thee,
Dash the flinty rocks in pieces,
Hurl the fragments to the heavens;
If the branches cross thy pathway,
Make them turn aside in greeting;
If some mighty hero hail thee,
Hurl him headlong to the woodlands.
"Hasten hence, thou thing of evil,
Heinous monster, leave my body,
Ere the breaking of the morning
Ere the Sun awakes from slumber,
Ere the sinning of the cuckoo;
Haste away, thou plague of Northland,
Haste along the track of moonbeams,
Wander hence, forever wander,
To the darksome fields or Pohya.
"If at once thou dost not leave me,

I will send the eagle's talons,
Send to thee the beaks of vultures,
To devour thine evil body,
Hurl thy skeleton to Hisi.
Much more quickly cruel Lempo
Left my vitals when commanded,
When I called the aid of Ukko,
Called the help of my Creator.
Flee, thou motherless offender,
Flee, thou fiend of Sariola,
Flee, thou hound without a master,
Ere the morning sun arises,
Ere the Moon withdraws to slumber!"

Wainamoinen, ancient hero,
Speaks at last to old Wipunen:
"Satisfied am I to linger
In these old and spacious caverns,
Pleasant here my home and dwelling;
For my meat I have thy tissues,
Have thy heart, and spleen, and liver,
For my drink the blood of ages,
Goodly home for Wainamoinen.
"I shall set my forge and bellows
Deeper, deeper in thy vitals;
I shall swing my heavy hammer,
Swing it with a greater power
On thy heart, and lungs, and liver;
I shall never, never leave thee
Till I learn thine incantations,
Learn thy many wisdom-sayings,
Learn the lost-words of the Master;
Never must these words be bidden,
Earth must never lose this wisdom,
Though the wisdom-singers perish."
Old Wipunen, wise magician,
Ancient prophet, filled with power,
Opens fall his store of knowledge,
Lifts the covers from his cases,
Filled with old-time incantations,
Filled with songs of times primeval,
Filled with ancient wit and wisdom;
Sings the very oldest folk-songs,
Sings the origin of witchcraft,
Sings of Earth and its beginning
Sings the first of all creations,
Sings the source of good and evil
Sung alas! by youth no longer,
Only sung in part by heroes
In these days of sin and sorrow.
Evil days our land befallen.
Sings the orders of enchantment.
How, upon the will of Ukko,
By command of the Creator,
How the air was first divided,
How the water came from ether,

How the earth arose from water,
How from earth came vegetation,
Fish, and fowl, and man, and hero.
Sings again the wise Wipunen,
How the Moon was first created,
How the Sun was set in heaven,
Whence the colors of the rainbow,
Whence the ether's crystal pillars,
How the skies with stars were sprinkled.
Then again sings wise Wipunen,
Sings in miracles of concord,
Sings in magic tones of wisdom,
Never was there heard such singing;
Songs he sings in countless numbers,
Swift his notes as tongues of serpents,
All the distant hills re-echo;
Sings one day, and then a second,
Sings a third from dawn till evening,
Sings from evening till the morning;
Listen all the stars of heaven,
And the Moon stands still and listens
Fall the waves upon the deep-sea,
In the bay the tides cease rising,
Stop the rivers in their courses,
Stops the waterfall of Rytä,
Even Jordan ceases flowing,
And the Wuoksen stops and listens.
When the ancient Wainamoinen
Well had learned the magic sayings,
Learned the ancient songs and legends,
Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
Learned the lost-words of the Master,
Well had learned the secret doctrine,
He prepared to leave the body
Of the wisdom-bard, Wipunen,
Leave the bosom of the master,
Leave the wonderful enchanter.
Spake the hero, Wainamoinen:
"O, thou Antero Wipunen,
Open wide thy mouth and fauces,
I have found the magic lost-words,
I will leave thee now forever,
Leave thee and thy wondrous singing,
Will return to Kalevala,
To Wainola's fields and firesides."
Thus Wipunen spake in answer:
"Many are the things I've eaten,
Eaten bear, and elk, and reindeer,
Eaten ox, and wolf, and wild-boar,
Eaten man, and eaten hero,
Never, never have I eaten
Such a thing as Wainamoinen;
Thou hast found what thou desirest,
Found the three words of the Master;
Go in peace, and ne'er returning,

Take my blessing on thy going."
 Thereupon the bard Wipunen
 Opens wide his mouth, and wider;
 And the good, old Wainamoinen
 Straightway leaves the wise enchanter,
 Leaves Wipunen's great abdomen;
 From the mouth he glides and journeys
 O'er the hills and vales of Northland,
 Swift as red-deer or the forest,
 Swift as yellow-breasted marten,
 To the firesides of Wainola,
 To the plains of Kalevala.
 Straightway hastes he to the smithy
 Of his brother, Ilmarinen,
 Thus the iron-artist greets him:
 Hast thou found the long-lost wisdom,
 Hast thou heard the secret doctrine,
 Hast thou learned the master magic,
 How to fasten in the ledges,
 How the stern should be completed,
 How complete the ship's forecastle?
 Wainamoinen thus made answer:
 "I have learned of words a hundred,
 Learned a thousand incantations,
 Hidden deep for many ages,
 Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
 Found the keys of secret doctrine,
 Found the lost-words of the Master."
 Wainamoinen, magic-builder,
 Straightway journeys to his vessel,
 To the spot of magic labor,
 Quickly fastens in the ledges,
 Firmly binds the stern together
 And completes the boat's forecastle.
 Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
 Built the boat with magic only,
 And with magic launched his vessel,
 Using not the hand to touch it,
 Using not the foot to move it,
 Using not the knee to turn it,
 Using nothing to propel it.
 Thus the third task was completed,
 For the hostess of Pohyola,
 Dowry for the Maid of Beauty
 Sitting on the arch of heaven,
 On the bow of many colors.

RUNE XVIII. THE RIVAL SUITORS

Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
 Long considered, long debated,
 How to woo and win the daughter
 Of the hostess of Pohyola,
 How to lead the Bride of Beauty,
 Fairy maiden of the rainbow,

To the meadows of Wainola,
From the dismal Sariola.
Now he decks his magic vessel,
Paints the boat in blue and scarlet,
Trims in gold the ship's forecastle,
Decks the prow in molten silver;
Sings his magic ship down gliding,
On the cylinders of fir-tree:
Now erects the masts of pine-wood,
On each mast the sails of linen,
Sails of blue, and white, and scarlet,
Woven into finest fabric.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Steps aboard his wondrous vessel,
Steers the bark across the waters,
On the blue back of the broad-sea,
Speaks these words in sailing northward,
Sailing to the dark Pohyola:
"Come aboard my ship, O Ukko,
Come with me, thou God of mercy,
To protect thine ancient hero,
To support thy trusting servant,
On the breasts of raging billows,
On the far out-stretching waters.
"Rock, O winds, this wondrous vessel,
Causing not a single ripple;
Rolling waves, bear ye me northward,
That the oar may not be needed
In my journey to Pohyola,
O'er this mighty waste of waters."
Ilmarinen's beauteous sister,
Fair and goodly maid, Annikki,
Of the Night and Dawn, the daughter,
Who awakes each morning early,
Rises long before the daylight,
Stood one morning on the sea-shore,
Washing in the foam her dresses,
Rinsing out her silken ribbons,
On the bridge of scarlet color,
On the border of the highway,
On a headland jutting seaward,
On the forest-covered island.
Here Annikki, looking round her,
Looking through the fog and ether,
Looking through the clouds of heaven,
Gazing far out on the blue-sea,
Sees the morning sun arising,
Glimmering along the billows,
Looks with eyes of distant vision
Toward the sunrise on the waters,
Toward the winding streams of Suomi,
Where the Wina-waves were flowing.
There she sees, on the horizon,
Something darkle in the sunlight,
Something blue upon the billows,

Speaks these words in wonder guessing:
What is this upon the surges,
What this blue upon the waters,
What this darkling in the sunlight?
'Tis perhaps a flock of wild-geese,
Or perchance the blue-duck flying;
Then upon thy wings arising,
Fly away to highest heaven.
"Art thou then a shoal of sea-trout,
Or perchance a school of salmon?
Dive then to the deep sea-bottom,
In the waters swim and frolic.
"Art thou then a cliff of granite,
Or perchance a mighty oak-tree,
Floating on the rough sea-billows?
May the floods then wash and beat thee
Break thee to a thousand fragments."
Wainamoinen, sailing northward,
Steers his wondrous ship of magic
Toward the headland jutting seaward,
Toward the island forest-covered.
Now Annikki, goodly maiden,
Sees it is the magic vessel
Of a wonderful enchanter,
Of a mighty bard and hero,
And she asks this simple question:
"Art thou then my father's vessel,
Or my brother's ship of magic?
Haste away then to thy harbor,
To thy refuge in Wainola.
Hast thou come a goodly distance?
Sail then farther on thy journey,
Point thy prow to other waters."
It was not her father's vessel,
Not a sail-boat from the distance,
'Twas the ship of Wainamoinen,
Bark of the eternal singer;
Sails within a hailing distance,
Swims still nearer o'er the waters,
Brings one word and takes another,
Brings a third of magic import.
Speaks the goodly maid, Annikki,
Of the Night and Dawn, the daughter,
To the sailor of the vessel:
"Whither sailest, Wainamoinen,
Whither bound, thou friend of waters,
Pride and joy of Kalevala?"
From the vessel Wainamomen
Gives this answer to the maiden:
"I have come to catch some sea-trout,
Catch the young and toothsome whiting,
Hiding in these-reeds and rushes."
This the answer of Annikki:
"Do not speak to me in falsehood,
Know I well the times of fishing;

Long ago my honored father
Was a fisherman in Northland,
Came to catch the trout and whiting,
Fished within these seas and rivers.
Very well do I remember
How the fisherman disposes,
How he rigs his fishing vessel,
Lines, and gaffs, and poles, and fish-nets;
Hast not come a-fishing hither.
Whither goest, Wainamoinen,
Whither sailest, friend of waters?
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"I have come to catch some wild-geese,
Catch the hissing birds of Suomi,
In these far-extending borders,
In the Sachsensund dominions."
Good Annikki gives this answer:
"Know I well a truthful speaker,
Easily detect a falsehood;
Formerly my aged father
Often came a-hunting hither,
Came to hunt the hissing wild-geese,
Hunt the red-bill of these waters.
Very well do I remember
How the hunter rigs his vessel,
Bows, and arrows, knives, and quiver,
Dogs enchained within the vessel,
Pointers hunting on the sea-shore,
Setters seeking in the marshes,
Tell the truth now Wainamoinen,
Whither is thy vessel sailing?"
Spake the hero of the Northland:
"To the wars my ship is sailing,
To the bloody fields of battle,
Where the streams run scarlet-colored,
Where the paths are paved with bodies!"
These the words of fair Annikki:
"Know I well the paths to battle.
Formerly my aged father
Often sounded war's alarum,
Often led the hosts to conquest;
In each ship a hundred rowers,
And in arms a thousand heroes,
Oil the prow a thousand cross-bows,
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes;
Know I well the ship of battle.
Speak Do longer fruitless falsehoods,
Whither sailest, Wainamoinen,
Whither steerest, friend of waters?
These the words of Wainamoinen:
"Come, O maiden, to my vessel,
In my magic ship be seated,
Then I'll give thee truthful answer."
Thus Annikki, silver-tinselled,
Answers ancient Wainamoinen:

“With the winds I’ll fill thy vessel,
To thy bark I’ll send the storm-winds
And capsize thy ship of magic,
Break in pieces its forecastle,
If the truth thou dost not tell me,
If thou dost not cease thy falsehoods,
If thou dost not tell me truly
Whither sails thy magic vessel.”
These the words of Wainamoinen:
“Now I make thee truthful answer,
Though at first I spake deception:
I am sailing to the Northland
To the dismal Sariola,
Where the ogres live and flourish,
Where they drown the worthy heroes,
There to woo the Maid of Beauty
Sitting on the bow of heaven,
Woo and win the fairy virgin,
Bring her to my home and kindred,
To the firesides of Walnola.”
Then Aunikki, graceful maiden,
Of the Night and Dawn, the daughter,
As she heard the rightful answer,
Knew the truth was fully spoken,
Straightway left her coats unbeaten,
Left unwashed her linen garments,
Left unrinsed her silks and ribbons
On the highway by the sea-shore,
On the bridge of scarlet color
On her arm she threw her long-robos,
Hastened off with speed of roebuck
To the shops of Ilmarinen,
To the iron-forger’s furnace,
To the blacksmith’s home and smithy,
Here she found the hero-artist,
Forging out a bench of iron,
And adorning it with silver.
Soot lay thick upon his forehead,
Soot and coal upon his shoulders.
On the threshold speaks Annikki,
These the words his sister uses:
“Ilmarinen, dearest brother,
Thou eternal artist-forger,
Forge me now a loom of silver,
Golden rings to grace my fingers,
Forge me gold and silver ear-rings,
Six or seven golden girdles,
Golden crosslets for my bosom,
For my head forge golden trinkets,
And I’ll tell a tale surprising,
Tell a story that concerns thee
Truthfully I’ll tell the story.”
Then the blacksmith Ilmarinen
Spake and these the words he uttered:
“If thou’lt tell the tale sincerely,

I will forge the loom of silver,
Golden rings to grace thy fingers,
Forge thee gold and silver ear-rings,
Six or seven golden girdles,
Golden crosslets for thy bosom,
For thy head forge golden trinkets;
But if thou shouldst tell me falsely,
I shall break thy beauteous jewels,
Break thine ornaments in pieces,
Hurl them to the fire and furnace,
Never forge thee other trinkets.”
This the answer of Annikki:
“Ancient blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Dost thou ever think to marry
Her already thine affianced,
Beauteous Maiden of the Rainbow,
Fairest virgin of the Northland,
Chosen bride of Sariola?
Shouldst thou wish the Maid of Beauty,
Thou must forge, and forge unceasing,
Hammering the days and nights through;
Forge the summer hoofs for horses,
Forge them iron hoofs for winter,
In the long nights forge the snow-sledge,
Gaily trim it in the daytime,
Haste thou then upon thy journey
To thy wooing in the Northland,
To the dismal Sariola;
Thither journeys one more clever,
Sails another now before thee,
There to woo thy bride affianced,
Thence to lead thy chosen virgin,
Woo and win the Maid of Beauty;
Three long years thou hast been wooing.
Wainamoinen now is sailing
On the blue back of the waters,
Sitting at his helm of copper;
On the prow are golden carvings,
Beautiful his boat of magic,
Sailing fleetly o’er the billows,
To the never-pleasant Northland,
To the dismal Sariola.”
Ilmarinen stood in wonder,
Stood a statue at the story;
Silent grief had settled o’er him,
Settled o’er the iron-artist;
From one hand the tongs descended,
From the other fell the hammer,
As the blacksmith made this answer:
“Good Annikki, worthy sister,
I shall forge the loom of silver,
Golden rings to grace thy fingers,
Forge thee gold and silver ear-rings,
Six or seven golden girdles,
Golden crosslets for thy bosom;

Go and heat for me the bath-room,
Fill with heat the honey-chambers,
Lay the faggots on the fire-place,
Lay the smaller woods around them,
Pour some water through the ashes,
Make a soap of magic virtue,
Thus to cleanse my blackened visage,
Thus to cleanse the blacksmith's body,
Thus remove the soot and ashes."
Then Annikki, kindly sister,
Quickly warmed her brother's bath-room,
Warmed it with the knots of fir-trees,
That the thunder-winds had broken;
Gathered pebbles from the fire-stream,
Threw them in the heating waters;
Broke the tassels from the birch-trees,
Steeped the foliage in honey,
Made a lye from milk and ashes,
Made of these a strong decoction,
Mixed it with the fat and marrow
Of the reindeer of the mountains,
Made a soap of magic virtue,
Thus to cleanse the iron-artist,
Thus to beautify the suitor,
Thus to make the hero worthy.
Ilmarinen, ancient blacksmith,
The eternal metal-worker,
Forged the wishes of his sister,
Ornaments for fair Annikki,
Rings, and bracelets, pins and ear-drops,
Forged for her six golden girdles,
Forged a weaving loom of silver,
While the maid prepared the bath-room,
Set his toilet-room in order.
To the maid he gave the trinkets,
Gave the loom of molten silver,
And the sister thus made answer:
"I have heated well thy bath-room,
Have thy toilet-things in order,
Everything as thou desirest;
Go prepare thyself for wooing,
Lave thy bead to flaxen whiteness,
Make thy cheeks look fresh and ruddy,
Lave thyself in Love's aroma,
That thy wooing prove successful."
Ilmarinen, magic artist,
Quick repairing to his bath-room,
Bathed his head to flaxen whiteness,
Made his cheeks look fresh and ruddy,
Laved his eyes until they sparkled
Like the moonlight on the waters;
Wondrous were his form and features,
And his cheeks like ruddy berries.
These the words of Ilmarinen:
"Fair Annikki, lovely sister,

Bring me now my silken raiment,
Bring my best and richest vesture,
Bring me now my softest linen,
That my wooing prove successful.”
Straightway did the helpful sister
Bring the finest of his raiment,
Bring the softest of his linen,
Raiment fashioned by his mother;
Brought to him his silken stockings,
Brought him shoes of marten-leather,
Brought a vest of sky-blue color,
Brought him scarlet-colored trousers,
Brought a coat with scarlet trimming,
Brought a red shawl trimmed in ermine
Fourfold wrapped about his body;
Brought a fur-coat made of seal-skin,
Fastened with a thousand buttons,
And adorned with countless jewels;
Brought for him his magic girdle,
Fastened well with golden buckles,
That his artist-mother fashioned;
Brought him gloves with golden wristlets,
That the Laplanders had woven
For a head of many ringlets;
Brought the finest cap in Northland,
That his ancient father purchased
When he first began his wooing.
Ilmarinen, blacksmith-artist,
Clad himself to look his finest,
When he thus addressed a servant:
“Hitch for me a fleet-foot racer,
Hitch him to my willing snow-sledge,
For I start upon a journey
To the distant shores of Pohya,
To the dismal Sariola.”
Spake the servant thus in answer:
“Thou hast seven fleet-foot racers,
Munching grain within their mangers,
Which of these shall I make ready?”
Spake the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
“Take the fleetest of my coursers,
Put the gray steed in the harness,
Hitch him to my sledge of magic;
Place six cuckoos on the break-board,
Seven bluebirds on the cross-bars,
Thus to charm the Northland maidens,
Thus to make them look and listen,
As the cuckoos call and echo.
Bring me too my largest bear-skin,
Fold it warm about the cross-bench;
Bring me then my marten fur-robos,
As a cover and protection.”
Straightway then the trusty servant
Of the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Put the gray steed in the harness,

Hitched the racer to the snow-sledge,
Placed six cuckoos on the break-board,
Seven bluebirds on the cross-bars,
On the front to sing and twitter;
Then he brought the largest bear-skin,
Folded it upon the cross-bench;
Brought the finest robes of marten,
Warm protection for the master.
Ilmarinen, forger-artist,
The eternal metal-worker,
Earnestly entreated Ukko:
“Send thy snow-flakes, Ukko, father,
Let them gently fall from heaven,
Let them cover all the heather,
Let them hide the berry-bushes,
That my sledge may glide in freedom
O’er the hills to Sariola!”
Ukko sent the snow from heaven,
Gently dropped the crystal snow-flakes,
Lending thus his kind assistance
To the hero, Ilmarinen,
On his journey to the Northland.
Reins in hand, the ancient artist
Seats him in his metal snow-sledge,
And beseeches thus his Master:
“Good luck to my reins and traces,
Good luck to my shafts and runners!
God protect my magic snow-sledge,
Be my safeguard on my journey
To the dismal Sariola!”
Now the ancient Ilmarinen
Draws the reins upon the racer,
Snaps his whip above the courser,
To the gray steed gives this order,
And the charger plunges northward:
“Haste away, my flaxen stallion,
Haste thee onward, noble white-face,
To the never-pleasant Pohya,
To the dreary Sariola!”
Fast and faster flies the fleet-foot,
On the curving snow-capped sea-coast,
On the borders of the lowlands,
O’er the alder-hills and mountains.
Merrily the steed flies onward,
Bluebirds singing, cuckoos calling,
On the sea-shore looking northward,
Through the sand and falling snow-flakes
Blinding winds, and snow, and sea-foam,
Cloud the hero, Ilmarinen,
As he glides upon his journey,
Looking seaward for the vessel
Of the ancient Wainamoinen;
Travels one day, then a second,
Travels all the next day northward,
Till the third day Ilmarinen

Overtakes old Wainamoinen,
Rails him in his magic vessel,
And addresses thus the minstrel:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Let us woo in peace the maiden,
Fairest daughter or the Northland,
Sitting on the bow of heaven,
Let each labor long to win her,
Let her wed the one she chooses,
Him selecting, let her follow."
Wainamoinen thus makes answer:
"I agree to thy proposal,
Let us woo in peace the maiden,
Not by force, nor faithless measures,
Shall we woo the Maid of Beauty,
Let her follow him she chooses;
Let the unsuccessful suitor
Harbor neither wrath nor envy
For the hero that she follows."
Thus agreeing, on they journey,
Each according to his pleasure;
Fleetly does the steed fly onward,
Quickly flies the magic vessel,
Sailing on the broad-sea northward;
Ilmarinen's fleet-foot racer
Makes the hills of Northland tremble,
As he gallops on his journey
To the dismal Sariola.
Wainamoinen calls the South-winds,
And they fly to his assistance;
Swiftly sails his ship of beauty,
Swiftly plows the rough sea-billows
In her pathway to Pohyola.
Time had gone but little distance,
Scarce a moment had passed over,
Ere the dogs began their barking,
In the mansions of the Northland,
In the courts of Sariola,
Watch-dogs of the court of Louhi;
Never had they growled so fiercely,
Never had they barked so loudly,
Never with their tails had beaten
Northland into such an uproar.
Spake the master of Pohyola:
"Go and learn, my worthy daughter,
Why the watch-dogs have been barking,
Why the black-dog signals danger."
Quickly does the daughter answer:
"I am occupied, dear father,
I have work of more importance,
I must tend my flock of lambkins,
I must turn the nether millstone,
Grind to flour the grains of barley,
Run the grindings through the sifter,
Only have I time for grinding."

Lowly growls the faithful watch-dog,
Seldom does he growl so strangely.
Spake the master of Pohyola:
“Go and learn, my trusted consort,
Why the Northland dogs are barking,
Why the black-dog signals danger.”
Thus his aged wife makes answer;
“Have no time, nor inclination,
I must feed my hungry household,
Must prepare a worthy dinner,
I must bake the toothsome biscuit,
Knead the dough till it is ready,
Only have I strength for kneading.”
Spake the master of Pohyola:
“Dames are always in a hurry,
Maidens too are ever busy,
Whether warming at the oven,
Or asleep upon their couches;
Go my son, and learn the danger,
Why the black-dog growls displeasure,”
Quickly does the son give answer:
“Have no time, nor inclination,
Am in haste to grind my hatchet;
I must chop this log to cordwood,
For the fire must cut the faggots,
I must split the wood in fragments,
Large the pile and small the fire-wood,
Only have I strength for chopping.”
Still the watch-dog growls in anger,
Growl the whelps within the mansion,
Growl the dogs chained in the kennel,
Growls the black-dog on the hill-top,
Setting Northland in an uproar.
Spake the master of Pohyola:
“Never, never does my black-dog
Growl like this without a reason;
Never does he bark for nothing,
Does not growl at angry billows,
Nor the sighing of the pine-trees.”
Then the master of Pohyola
Went himself to learn the reason
For the barking of the watch-dogs;
Strode he through the spacious court-yard,
Through the open fields beyond it,
To the summit of the uplands.
Looking toward his black-dog barking,
He beholds the muzzle pointed
To a distant, stormy hill-top,
To a mound with alders covered;
There he learned the rightful reason,
Why his dogs had barked so loudly,
Why had growled the wool-tail bearer,
Why his whelps had signalled danger.
At full sail, he saw a vessel,
And the ship was scarlet-colored,

Entering the bay of Lempo;
Saw a sledge of magic colors,
Gliding up the curving sea-shore,
O'er the snow-fields of Pohyola.
Then the master of the Northland
Hastened straightway to his dwelling,
Hastened forward to his court-room,
These the accents of the master:
"Often strangers journey hither,
On the blue back of the ocean,
Sailing in a scarlet vessel,
Rocking in the bay of Lempo;
Often strangers come in sledges
To the honey-lands of Louhi."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
How shall we obtain a token
Why these strangers journey hither?
My beloved, faithful daughter,
Lay a branch upon the fire-place,
Let it burn with fire of magic
If it trickle drops of scarlet,
War and bloodshed do they bring us;
If it trickle drops of water,
Peace and plenty bring the strangers."
Northland's fair and slender maiden,
Beautiful and modest daughter,
Lays a sorb-branch on the fire-place,
Lights it with the fire of magic;
Does not trickle drops of scarlet,
Trickles neither blood, nor water,
From the wand come drops of honey.
From the corner spake Suowakko,
This the language of the wizard:
"If the wand is dripping honey,
Then the strangers that are coming
Are but worthy friends and suitors."
Then the hostess of the Northland,
With the daughter of the hostess,
Straightway left their work, and hastened
From their dwelling to the court-yard;
Looked about in all directions,
Turned their eyes upon the waters,
Saw a magic-colored vessel
Rocking slowly in the harbor,
Having sailed the bay of Lempo,
Triple sails, and masts, and rigging,
Sable was the nether portion,
And the upper, scarlet-colored,
At the helm an ancient hero
Leaning on his oars of copper;
Saw a fleet-foot racer running,
Saw a red sledge lightly follow,
Saw the magic sledge emblazoned,
Guided toward the courts of Louhi;
Saw and heard six golden cuckoos

Sitting on the break-board, calling,
Seven bluebirds richly colored
Singing from the yoke and cross-bar;
In the sledge a magic hero,
Young, and strong, and proud, and handsome,
Holding reins upon the courser.
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Dearest daughter, winsome maiden,
Dost thou wish a noble suitor?
Should these heroes come to woo thee,
Wouldst thou leave thy home and country,
Be the bride of him that pleases,
Be his faithful life-companion?
"He that comes upon the waters,
Sailing in a magic vessel,
Having sailed the bay of Lempo,
Is the good, old Wainamoinen;
In his ship are countless treasures,
Richest presents from Wainola.
"He that rides here in his snow-sledge
In his sledge of magic beauty,
With the cuckoos and the bluebirds,
Is the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Cometh hither empty-handed,
Only brings some wisdom-sayings.
When they come within the dwelling,
Bring a bowl of honeyed viands,
Bring a pitcher with two handles,
Give to him that thou wouldst follow
Give it to old Wainamoinen,
Him that brings thee countless treasures,
Costly presents in his vessel,
Priceless gems from Kalevala."
Spake the Northland's lovely daughter,
This the language of the maiden
"Good, indeed, advice maternal,
But I will not wed for riches,
Wed no man for countless treasures;
For his worth I'll choose a husband,
For his youth and fine appearance,
For his noble form and features;
In the olden times the maidens
Were not sold by anxious mothers
To the suitors that they loved not.
I shall choose without his treasures
Ilmarinen for his wisdom,
For his worth and good behavior,
Him that forged the wondrous Sampo,
Hammered thee the lid in colors."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Senseless daughter, child of folly,
Thus to choose the ancient blacksmith,
From whose brow drips perspiration,
Evermore to rinse his linen,
Lave his hands, and eyes, and forehead,

Keep his ancient house in order;
Little use his wit and wisdom
When compared with gold and silver."
This the answer of the daughter:
"I will never, never, never,
Wed the ancient Wainamoinen
With his gold and priceless jewels;
Never will I be a helpmate
To a hero in his dotage,
Little thanks my compensation."
Wainamoinen, safely landing
In advance of Ilmarinen,
Pulls his gaily-covered vessel
From the waves upon the sea-beach,
On the cylinders of birch-wood,
On the rollers copper-banded,
Straightway hastens to the guest-room
Of the hostess of Pohyola,
Of the master of the Northland,
Speaks these words upon the threshold
To the famous Maid of Beauty:
"Come with me, thou lovely virgin,
Be my bride and life-companion,
Share with me my joys and sorrows,
Be my honored wife hereafter!"
This the answer of the maiden:
"Hast thou built for me the vessel,
Built for me the ship of magic
From the fragments of the distaff,
From the splinters of the spindle?"
Wainamoinen thus replying:
"I have built the promised vessel,
Built the wondrous ship for sailing,
Firmly joined the parts by magic;
It will weather roughest billows,
Will outlive the winds and waters,
Swiftly glide upon the blue-back
Of the deep and boundless ocean
It will ride the waves in beauty,
Like an airy bubble rising,
Like a cork on lake and river,
Through the angry seas of Northland,
Through Pohyola's peaceful waters."
Northland's fair and slender daughter
Gives this answer to her suitor:
"Will not wed a sea-born hero,
Do not care to rock the billows,
Cannot live with such a husband
Storms would bring us pain and trouble,
Winds would rack our hearts and temples;
Therefore thee I cannot follow,
Cannot keep thy home in order,
Cannot be thy life-companion,
Cannot wed old Wainamoinen."

RUNE XIX. ILMARINEN'S WOOING.

Ilmarinen, hero-blacksmith,
The eternal metal-worker,
Hastens forward to the court-room
Of the hostess of Pohyola,
Of the master of the Northland,
Hastens through the open portals
Into Louhi's home and presence.
Servants come with silver pitchers,
Filled with Northland's richest brewing;
Honey-drink is brought and offered
To the blacksmith of Wainola,
Ilmarinen thus replying:
"I shall not in all my life-time
Taste the drink that thou hast brought me,
Till I see the Maid of Beauty,
Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow;
I will drink with her in gladness,
For whose hand I journey hither."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Trouble does the one selected
Give to him that woos and watches;
Not yet are her feet in sandals,
Thine affianced is not ready.
Only canst thou woo my daughter,
Only canst thou win the maiden,
When thou hast by aid of magic
Plowed the serpent-field of Hisi,
Plowed the field of hissing vipers,
Touching neither beam nor handles.
Once this field was plowed by Piru,
Lempo furrowed it with horses,
With a plowshare made of copper,
With a beam of flaming iron;
Never since has any hero
Brought this field to cultivation."
Ilmarinen of Wainola
Straightway hastens to the chamber
Of the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Speaks these words in hesitation:
"Thou of Night and Dawn the daughter,
Tell me, dost thou not remember
When for thee I forged the Sampo,
Hammered thee the lid in colors?
Thou didst swear by oath the strougest,
By the forge and by the anvil,
By the tongs and by the hammer,
In the ears of the Almighty,
And before omniscient Ukko,
Thou wouldst follow me hereafter,
Be my bride, my life-companion,
Be my honored wife forever.
Now thy mother is exacting,
Will not give to me her daughter,

Till by means of magic only,
I have plowed the field of serpents,
Plowed the hissing soil of Hisi.“
The affianced Bride of Beauty
Gives this answer to the suitor:
”O, thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
The eternal wonder-forger,
Forge thyself a golden plowshare,
Forge the beam of shining silver,
And of copper forge the handles;
Then with ease, by aid of magic,
Thou canst plow the field of serpents,
Plow the hissing soil of Hisi.“
Ilmarinen, welcome suitor,
Straightway builds a forge and smithy,
Places gold within the furnace,
In the forge he lays the silver,
Forges then a golden plowshare,
Forges, too, a beam of silver,
Forges handles out of copper,
Forges boots and gloves of iron,
Forges him a mail of metal,
For his limbs a safe protection,
Safe protection for his body.
Then a horse of fire selecting,
Harnesses the flaming stallion,
Goes to plow the field of serpents,
Plow the viper-lands of Hisi.
In the field were countless vipers,
Serpents there of every species,
Crawling, writhing, hissing, stinging,
Harmless all against the hero,
Thus he stills the snakes of Lempo:
”Vipers, ye by God created,
Neither best nor worst of creatures,
Ye whose wisdom comes from Ukko,
And whose venom comes from Hisi,
Ukko is your greater Master,
By His will your heads are lifted;
Get ye hence before my plowing,
Writ-he ye through the grass and stubble,
Crawl ye to the nearest thicket,
Keep your heads beneath the heather,
Hunt our holes to Mana’s kingdom
If your poison-heads be lifted,
Then will mighty Ukko smite them
’With his iron-pointed arrows,
With the lightning of his anger.“
Thus the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Safely plows the field of serpents,
Lifts the vipers in his plowing,
Buries them beneath the furrow,
Harmless all against his magic.
When the task had been completed,
Ilmarinen, quick returning,

Thus addressed Pohyola's hostess:
"I have plowed the field of Hisi,
Plowed the field of hissing serpents,
Stilled and banished all the vipers;
Give me, ancient dame, thy daughter,
Fairest maiden of the Northland.
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Shall not grant to thee my daughter,
Shall not give my lovely virgin,
Till Tuoni's bear is muzzled,
Till Manala's wolf is conquered,
In the forests of the Death-land,
In the boundaries of Mana.
Hundreds have been sent to hunt him,
So one yet has been successful,
All have perished in Manala."
Thereupon young Ilmarinen
To the maiden's chamber hastens,
Thus addresses his affianced:
"Still another test demanded,
I must go to Tuonela,
Bridle there the bear of Mana,
Bring him from the Death-land forests,
From Tuoni's grove and empire!
This advice the maiden gives him:
"O thou artist, Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-worker,
Forge of steel a magic bridle,
On a rock beneath the water,
In the foaming triple currents;
Make the straps of steel and copper,
Bridle then the bear of Mana,
Lead him from Tuoni's forests."
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Forged of steel a magic bridle,
On a rock beneath the water,
In the foam of triple currents;
Made the straps of steel and copper,
Straightway went the bear to muzzle,
In the forests of the Death-land,
Spake these words in supplication:
"Terhenetar, ether-maiden,
Daughter of the fog and snow-flake,
Sift the fog and let it settle
O'er the bills and lowland thickets,
Where the wild-bear feeds and lingers,
That he may not see my coming,
May not hear my stealthy footsteps!"
Terhenetar hears his praying,
Makes the fog and snow-flake settle
On the coverts of the wild-beasts;
Thus the bear he safely bridles,
Fetters him in chains of magic,
In the forests of Tuoni,
In the blue groves of Manala.

When this task had been completed,
Ilmarinen, quick returning,
Thus addressed the ancient Louhi:
"Give me, worthy dame, thy daughter,
Give me now my bride affianced,
I have brought the bear of Mana
From Tuoni's fields and forests."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
"I will only give my daughter,
Give to thee the Maid of Beauty,
When the monster-pike thou catchest
In the river of Tuoni,
In Manala's fatal waters,
Using neither hooks, nor fish-nets,
Neither boat, nor fishing-tackle;
Hundreds have been sent to catch him,
No one yet has been successful,
All have perished in Manala."
Much disheartened, Ilmarinen
Hastened to the maiden's chamber,
Thus addressed the rainbow-maiden:
"Now a third test is demanded,
Much more difficult than ever;
I must catch the pike of Mana,
In the river of Tuoni,
And without my fishing-tackle,
Hard the third test of the hero!
This advice the maiden gives him:
"O thou hero, Ilmarinen,
Never, never be discouraged:
In thy furnace, forge an eagle,
From the fire of ancient magic;
He will catch the pike of Mana,
Catch the monster-fish in safety,
From the death-stream of Tuoni,
From Manala's fatal waters."
Then the suitor, Ilmarinen,
The eternal artist-forgeman,
In the furnace forged an eagle
From the fire of ancient wisdom;
For this giant bird of magic
Forged he talons out of iron,
And his beak of steel and copper;
Seats himself upon the eagle,
On his back between the wing-bones,
Thus addresses he his creature,
Gives the bird of fire, this order:
"Mighty eagle, bird of beauty,
Fly thou whither I direct thee,
To Tuoni's coal-black river,
To the blue deeps of the Death-stream,
Seize the mighty fish of Mana,
Catch for me this water-monster."
Swiftly flies the magic eagle,

Giant-bird of worth and wonder,
To the river of Tuoni,
There to catch the pike of Mana;
One wing brushes on the waters,
While the other sweeps the heavens;
In the ocean dips his talons,
Whets his beak on mountain-ledges.
Safely landing, Ilmarinen,
The immortal artist-forger,
Hunts the monster of the Death-stream,
While the eagle hunts and fishes
In the waters of Manala.
From the river rose a monster,
Grasped the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Tried to drag him to his sea-cave;
Quick the eagle pounced upon him,
With his metal-beak he seized him,
Wrenched his head, and rent his body,
Hurled him back upon the bottom
Of the deep and fatal river,
Freed his master, Ilmarinen.
Then arose the pike of Mana,
Came the water-dog in silence,
Of the pikes was not the largest,
Nor belonged he to the smallest;
Tongue the length of double hatchets,
Teeth as long as fen-rake handles,
Mouth as broad as triple streamlets,
Back as wide as seven sea-boats,
Tried to snap the magic blacksmith,
Tried to swallow Ilmarinen.
Swiftly swoops the mighty eagle,
Of the birds was not the largest,
Nor belonged he to the smallest;
Mouth as wide as seven streamlets,
Tongue as long as seven javelins,
Like five crooked scythes his talons;
Swoops upon the pike of Mana.
Quick the giant fish endangered,
Darts and flounders in the river,
Dragging down the mighty eagle,
Lashing up the very bottom
To the surface of the river;
When the mighty bird uprising
Leaves the wounded pike in water,
Soars aloft on worsted pinions
To his home in upper ether;
Soars awhile, and sails, and circles,
Circles o'er the reddened waters,
Swoops again on lightning-pinions,
Strikes with mighty force his talons
Into the shoulder of his victim;
Strikes the second of his talons
On the flinty mountain-ledges,
On the rocks with iron hardened;

From the cliffs rebound his talons,
Slip the flinty rocks o'erhanging,
And the monster-pike resisting
Dives again beneath the surface
To the bottom of the river,
From the talons of the eagle;
Deep, the wounds upon the body
Of the monster of Tuoni.
Still a third time soars the eagle,
Soars, and sails, and quickly circles,
Swoops again upon the monster,
Fire out-shooting from his pinions,
Both his eyeballs flashing lightning;
With his beak of steel and copper
Grasps again the pike of Mana
Firmly planted are his talons
In the rocks and in his victim,
Drags the monster from the river,
Lifts the pike above the waters,
From Tuoni's coal-black river,
From the blue-back of Manala.
Thus the third time does the eagle
Bring success from former failures;
Thus at last the eagle catches
Mana's pike, the worst of fishes,
Swiftest swimmer of the waters,
From the river of Tuoni;
None could see Manala's river,
For the myriad of fish-scales;
Hardly could one see through ether,
For the feathers of the eagle,
Relicts of the mighty contest.
Then the bird of copper talons
Took the pike, with scales of silver,
To the pine-tree's topmost branches,
To the fir-tree plumed with needles,
Tore the monster-fish in pieces,
Ate the body of his victim,
Left the head for Ilmarinen.
Spake the blacksmith to the eagle:
"O thou bird of evil nature,
What thy thought and what thy motive?
Thou hast eaten what I needed,
Evidence of my successes;
Thoughtless eagle, witless instinct,
Thus to mar the spoils of conquest!"
But the bird of metal talons
Hastened onward, soaring upward,
Rising higher into ether,
Rising, flying, soaring, sailing,
To the borders of the long-clouds,
Made the vault of ether tremble,
Split apart the dome of heaven,
Broke the colored bow of Ukko,
Tore the Moon-horns from their sockets,

Disappeared beyond the Sun-land,
To the home of the triumphant.
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Took the pike-head to the hostess
Of the ever-dismal Northland,
Thus addressed the ancient Louhi:
"Let this head forever serve thee
As a guest-bench for thy dwelling,
Evidence of hero-triumphs;
I have caught the pike of Mana,
I have done as thou demandest,
Three my victories in Death-land,
Three the tests of magic heroes;
Wilt thou give me now thy daughter,
Give to me the Maid of Beauty?"
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Badly is the test accomplished,
Thou has torn the pike in pieces,
From his neck the head is severed,
Of his body thou hast eaten,
Brought to me this worthless relic!
These the words of Ilmarinen:
"When the victory is greatest,
Do we suffer greatest losses!
From the river of Tuoni,
From the kingdom of Manala,
I have brought to thee this trophy,
Thus the third task is completed.
Tell me is the maiden ready,
Wilt thou give the bride affianced?
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"I will give to thee my daughter,
Will prepare my snow-white virgin,
For the suitor, Ilmarinen;
Thou hast won the Maid of Beauty,
Bride is she of thine hereafter,
Fit companion of thy fireside,
Help and joy of all thy lifetime."
On the floor a child was sitting,
And the babe this tale related.
"There appeared within this dwelling,
Came a bird within the castle,
From the East came flying hither,
From the East, a monstrous eagle,
One wing touched the vault of heaven,
While the other swept the ocean;
With his tail upon the waters,
Reached his beak beyond the cloudlets,
Looked about, and eager watching,
Flew around, and sailing, soaring,
Flew away to hero-castle,
Knocked three times with beak of copper
On the castle-roof of iron;
But the eagle could not enter.
"Then the eagle, looking round him,

Flew again, and sailed, and circled,
Flew then to the mothers' castle,
Loudly rapped with heavy knocking
On the mothers' roof of copper;
But the eagle could not enter.
"Then the eagle, looking round him,
Flew a third time, sailing, soaring,
Flew then to the virgins' castle,
Knocked again with beak of copper,
On the virgins' roof of linen,
Easy for him there to enter;
Flew upon the castle-chimney,
Quick descending to the chamber,
Pulled the clapboards from the studding,
Tore the linen from the rafters,
Perched upon the chamber-window,
Near the walls of many colors,
On the cross-bars gaily-feathered,
Looked upon the curly-beaded,
Looked upon their golden ringlets,
Looked upon the snow-white virgins,
On the purest of the maidens,
On the fairest of the daughters,
On the maid with pearly necklace,
On the maiden wreathed in flowers;
Perched awhile, and looked, admiring,
Swooped upon the Maid of Beauty,
On the purest of the virgins,
On the whitest, on the fairest,
On the stateliest and grandest,
Swooped upon the rainbow-daughter
Of the dismal Sariola;
Grasped her in his mighty talons,
Bore away the Maid of Beauty,
Maid of fairest form and feature,
Maid adorned with pearly necklace,
Decked in feathers iridescent,
Fragrant flowers upon her bosom,
Scarlet band around her forehead,
Golden rings upon her fingers,
Fairest maiden of the Northland."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola,
When the babe his tale had ended:
"Tell me bow, my child beloved,
Thou hast learned about the maiden,
Hast obtained the information,
How her flaxen ringlets nestled,
How the maiden's silver glistened,
How the virgin's gold was lauded.
Shone the silver Sun upon thee,
Did the moonbeams bring this knowledge?"
From the floor the child made answer:
"Thus I gained the information,
Moles of good-luck led me hither,
To the home, of the distinguished,

To the guest-room of the maiden,
Good-name bore her worthy father,
He that sailed the magic vessel;
Better-name enjoyed the mother,
She that baked the bread of barley,
She that kneaded wheaten biscuits,
Fed her many guests in Northland.
"Thus the information reached me,
Thus the distant stranger heard it,
Heard the virgin had arisen:
Once I walked within the court-yard,
Stepping near the virgin's chamber,
At an early hour of morning,
Ere the Sun had broken slumber
Whirling rose the soot in cloudlets,
Blackened wreaths of smoke came rising
From the chamber of the maiden,
From thy daughter's lofty chimney;
There the maid was busy grinding,
Moved the handles of the millstone
Making voices like the cuckoo,
Like the ducks the side-holes sounded,
And the sifter like the goldfinch,
Like the sea-pearls sang the grindstones.
"Then a second time I wandered
To the border of the meadow
In the forest was the maiden
Rocking on a fragrant hillock,
Dyeing red in iron vessels,
And in copper kettles, yellow.
"Then a third time did I wander
To the lovely maiden's window;
There I saw thy daughter weaving,
Heard the flying of her shuttle,
Heard the beating of her loom-lathe,
Heard the rattling of her treddles,
Heard the whirring of her yarn-reel."
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Now alas! beloved daughter,
I have often taught this lesson:
'Do not sing among the pine-trees,
Do not call adown the valleys,
Do not hang thy head in walking,
Do not bare thine arms, nor shoulders,
Keep the secrets of thy bosom,
Hide thy beauty and thy power.'
"This I told thee in the autumn,
Taught thee in the summer season,
Sang thee in the budding spring-time,
Sang thee when the snows were falling:
'Let us build a place for hiding,
Let us build the smallest windows,
Where may weave my fairest daughter,
Where my maid may ply her shuttle,
Where my joy may work unnoticed

By the heroes of the Northland,
By the suitors of Wainola.”
From the floor the child made answer,
Fourteen days the young child numbered;
“Easy ’tis to hide a war-horse
In the Northland fields and stables;
Hard indeed to hide a maiden,
Having lovely form and features!
Build of stone a distant castle
In the middle of the ocean,
Keep within thy lovely maiden,
Train thou there thy winsome daughter,
Not long hidden canst thou keep her.
Maidens will not grow and flourish,
Kept apart from men and heroes,
Will not live without their suitors,
Will not thrive without their wooers;
Thou canst never hide a maiden,
Neither on the land nor water.”
Now the ancient Wainamoinen,
Head down-bent and heavy-hearted,
Wanders to his native country,
To Wainola’s peaceful meadows,
To the plains of Kalevala,
Chanting as he journeys homeward:
“I have passed the age for wooing,
Woe is me, rejected suitor,
Woe is me, a witless minstrel,
That I did not woo and marry,
When my face was young and winsome,
When my hand was warm and welcome!
Youth dethrones my age and station,
Wealth is nothing, wisdom worthless,
When a hero goes a-wooing
With a poor but younger brother.
Fatal error that a hero
Does not wed in early manhood,
In his youth does not be master
Of a worthy wife and household.”
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
Sends the edict to his people:
“Old men must not go a-wooing,
Must not swim the sea of anger,
Must not row upon a wager,
Must not run a race for glory,
With the younger sons of Northland.”

RUNE XX. THE BREWING OF BEER.

Now we sing the wondrous legends,
Songs of wedding-feasts and dances,
Sing the melodies of wedlock,
Sing the songs of old tradition;
Sing of Ilmarinen’s marriage
To the Maiden of the Rainbow,

Fairest daughter of the Northland,
Sing the drinking-songs of Pohya.
Long prepared they for the wedding
In Pohyola's halls and chambers,
In the courts of Sariola;
Many things that Louhi ordered,
Great indeed the preparations
For the marriage of the daughter,
For the feasting of the heroes,
For the drinking of the strangers,
For the feeding of the poor-folk,
For the people's entertainment.
Grew an ox in far Karjala,
Not the largest, nor the smallest,
Was the ox that grew in Suomi;
But his size was all-sufficient,
For his tail was sweeping Jamen,
And his head was over Kemi,
Horns in length a hundred fathoms,
Longer than the horns his mouth was;
Seven days it took a weasel
To encircle neck and shoulders;
One whole day a swallow journeyed
From one horn-tip to the other,
Did not stop between for resting.
Thirty days the squirrel travelled
From the tail to reach the shoulders,
But he could not gain the horn-tip
Till the Moon had long passed over.
This young ox of huge dimensions,
This great calf of distant Suomi,
Was conducted from Karjala
To the meadows of Pohyola;
At each horn a hundred heroes,
At his head and neck a thousand.
When the mighty ox was lassoed,
Led away to Northland pastures,
Peacefully the monster journeyed
By the bays of Sariola,
Ate the pasture on the borders;
To the clouds arose his shoulders,
And his horns to highest heaven.
Not in all of Sariola
Could a butcher be discovered
That could kill the ox for Louhi,
None of all the sons of Northland,
In her hosts of giant people,
In her rising generation,
In the hosts of those grown older.
Came a hero from a distance,
Wirokannas from Karelen,
And these words the gray-beard uttered:
"Wait, O wait, thou ox of Suomi,
Till I bring my ancient war-club;
Then I'll smite thee on thy forehead,

Break thy skull, thou willing victim!
Nevermore wilt thou in summer
Browse the woods of Sariola,
Bare our pastures, fields, and forests;
Thou, O ox, wilt feed no longer
Through the length and breadth of Northland,
On the borders of this ocean!"

When the ancient Wirokannas
Started out the ox to slaughter,
When Palwoinen swung his war-club,
Quick the victim turned his forehead,
Flashed his flaming eyes upon him;
To the fir-tree leaped the hero,
In the thicket hid Palwoinen,
Hid the gray-haired Wirokannas.
Everywhere they seek a butcher,
One to kill the ox of Suomi,
In the country of Karelen,
And among the Suomi-giants,
In the quiet fields of Ehstland,
On the battle-fields of Sweden,
Mid the mountaineers of Lapland,
In the magic fens of Turya;
Seek him in Tuoni's empire,
In the death-courts of Manala.
Long the search, and unsuccessful,
On the blue back of the ocean,
On the far-outstretching pastures.
There arose from out the sea-waves,
Rose a hero from the waters,
On the white-capped, roaring breakers,
From the water's broad expanses;
Nor belonged he to the largest,
Nor belonged he to the smallest;
Made his bed within a sea-shell,
Stood erect beneath a flour-sieve,
Hero old, with hands of iron,
And his face was copper-colored;
Quick the hero full unfolded,
Like the full corn from the kernel.
On his head a hat of flint-stone,
On his feet were sandstone-sandals,
In his hand a golden cleaver,
And the blade was copper-handled.
Thus at last they found a butcher,
Found the magic ox a slayer.
Nothing has been found so mighty
That it has not found a master.
As the sea-god saw his booty,
Quickly rushed he on his victim,
Hurled him to his knees before him,
Quickly felled the calf of Suomi,
Felled the young ox of Karelen.
Bountifully meat was furnished;
Filled at least a thousand hogsheads

Of his blood were seven boatfuls,
And a thousand weight of suet,
For the banquet of Pohyola,
For the marriage-feast of Northland.
In Pohyola was a guest-room,
Ample was the hall of Louhi,
Was in length a hundred furlongs,
And in breadth was nearly fifty;
When upon the roof a rooster
Crowed at break of early morning,
No one on the earth could hear him;
When the dog barked at one entrance,
None could hear him at the other.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Hastens to the hall and court-room,
In the centre speaks as follows:
“Whence indeed will come the liquor,
Who will brew me beer from barley,
Who will make the mead abundant,
For the people of the Northland,
Coming to my daughter’s marriage,
To her drinking-feast and nuptials?
Cannot comprehend the malting,
Never have I learned the secret,
Nor the origin of brewing.”
Spake an old man from his corner:
“Beer arises from the barley,
Comes from barley, hops, and water,
And the fire gives no assistance.
Hop-vine was the son of Remu,
Small the seed in earth was planted,
Cultivated in the loose soil,
Scattered like the evil serpents
On the brink of Kalew-waters,
On the Osmo-fields and borders.
There the young plant grew and flourished,
There arose the climbing hop-vine,
Clinging to the rocks and alders.
”Man of good-luck sowed the barley
On the Osmo hills and lowlands,
And the barley grew and flourished,
Grew and spread in rich abundance,
Fed upon the air and water,
On the Osmo plains and highlands,
On the fields of Kalew-heroes.
“Time had travelled little distance,
Ere the hops in trees were humming,
Barley in the fields was singing,
And from Kalew’s well the water,
This the language of the trio:
’Let us join our triple forces,
Join to each the other’s powers;
Sad alone to live and struggle,
Little use in working singly,
Better we should toil together.’

"Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Brewer of the drink refreshing,
Takes the golden grains of barley,
Taking six of barley-kernels,
Taking seven tips of hop-fruit,
Filling seven cups with water,
On the fire she sets the caldron,
Boils the barley, hops, and water,
Lets them steep, and seethe, and bubble
Brewing thus the beer delicious,
In the hottest days of summer,
On the foggy promontory,
On the island forest-covered;
Poured it into birch-wood barrels,
Into hogsheads made of oak-wood.
"Thus did Osmotar of Kalew
Brew together hops and barley,
Could not generate the ferment.
Thinking long and long debating,
Thus she spake in troubled accents:
'What will bring the effervescence,
Who will add the needed factor,
That the beer may foam and sparkle,
May ferment and be delightful?'
Kalevatar, magic maiden,
Grace and beauty in her fingers,
Swiftly moving, lightly stepping,
In her trimly-buckled sandals,
Steps upon the birch-wood bottom,
Turns one way, and then another,
In the centre of the caldron;
Finds within a splinter lying
From the bottom lifts the fragment,
Turns it in her fingers, musing:
'What may come of this I know not,
In the hands of magic maidens,
In the virgin hands of Kapo,
Snowy virgin of the Northland!'
"Kalevatar took the splinter
To the magic virgin, Kapo,
Who by unknown force and insight.
Rubbed her hands and knees together,
And produced a snow-white squirrel;
Thus instructed she her creature,
Gave the squirrel these directions:
'Snow-white squirrel, mountain-jewel,
Flower of the field and forest,
Haste thee whither I would send thee,
Into Metsola's wide limits,
Into Tapio's seat of wisdom;
Hasten through the heavy tree-tops,
Wisely through the thickest branches,
That the eagle may not seize thee,
Thus escape the bird of heaven.
Bring me ripe cones from the fir-tree,

From the pine-tree bring me seedlings,
Bring them to the hands of Kapo,
For the beer of Osmo's daughter.'
Quickly hastened forth the squirrel,
Quickly sped the nimble broad-tail,
Swiftly hopping on its journey
From one thicket to another,
From the birch-tree to the aspen,
From the pine-tree to the willow,
From the sorb-tree to the alder,
Jumping here and there with method,
Crossed the eagle-woods in safety,
Into Metsola's wide limits,
Into Tapio's seat of wisdom;
There perceived three magic pine-trees,
There perceived three smaller fir-trees,
Quickly climbed the dark-green branches,
Was not captured by the eagle,
Was not mangled in his talons;
Broke the young cones from the fir-tree,
Cut the shoots of pine-tree branches,
Hid the cones within his pouches,
Wrapped them in his fur-grown mittens
Brought them to the hands of Kapo,
To the magic virgin's fingers.
Kapo took the cones selected,
Laid them in the beer for ferment,
But it brought no effervescence,
And the beer was cold and lifeless.
"Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Kapo, brewer of the liquor,
Deeply thought and long considered:
'What will bring the effervescence,
Who will lend me aid efficient,
That the beer may foam and sparkle,
May ferment and be refreshing?'
"Kalevatar, sparkling maiden,
Grace and beauty in her fingers,
Softly moving, lightly stepping,
In her trimly-buckled sandals,
Steps again upon the bottom,
Turns one way and then another,
In the centre of the caldron,
Sees a chip upon the bottom,
Takes it from its place of resting,
Looks upon the chip and muses
'What may come of this I know not,
In the hands of mystic maidens,
In the hands of magic Kapo,
In the virgin's snow-white fingers.'
"Kalevatar took the birch-chip
To the magic maiden, Kapo,
Gave it to the white-faced maiden.
Kapo, by the aid of magic,
Rubbbed her hands and knees together,

And produced a magic marten,
And the marten, golden-breasted;
Thus instructed she her creature,
Gave the marten these directions.
'Thou, my golden-breasted marten,
Thou my son of golden color,
Haste thou whither I may send thee,
To the bear-dens of the mountain,
To the grottoes of the growler,
Gather yeast upon thy fingers,
Gather foam from lips of anger,
From the lips of bears in battle,
Bring it to the hands of Kapo,
To the hands of Osmo's daughter.'
"Then the marten golden-breasted,
Full consenting, hastened onward,
Quickly bounding on his journey,
Lightly leaping through the distance
Leaping o'er the widest rivers,
Leaping over rocky fissures,
To the bear-dens of the mountain,
To the grottoes of the growler,
Where the wild-bears fight each other,
Where they pass a dread existence,
Iron rocks, their softest pillows,
In the fastnesses of mountains;
From their lips the foam was dripping,
From their tongues the froth of anger;
This the marten deftly gathered,
Brought it to the maiden, Kapo,
Laid it in her dainty fingers.
"Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Brewer of the beer of barley,
Used the beer-foam as a ferment;
But it brought no effervescence,
Did not make the liquor sparkle.
"Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Thought again, and long debated:
'Who or what will bring the ferment,
Th at my beer may not be lifeless?'
"Kalevatar, magic maiden,
Grace and beauty in her fingers,
Softly moving, lightly stepping,
In her trimly-buckled sandals,
Steps again upon the bottom,
Turns one way and then another,
In the centre of the caldron,
Sees a pod upon the bottom,
Lifts it in her snow-white fingers,
Turns it o'er and o'er, and muses:
'What may come of this I know not,
In the hands of magic maidens,
In the hands of mystic Kapo,
In the snowy virgin's fingers?'
"Kalevatar, sparkling maiden,

Gave the pod to magic Kapo;
Kapo, by the aid of magic,
Rubbed the pod upon her knee-cap,
And a honey-bee came flying
From the pod within her fingers,
Kapo thus addressed her birdling:
'Little bee with honeyed winglets,
King of all the fragrant flowers,
Fly thou whither I direct thee,
To the islands in the ocean,
To the water-cliffs and grottoes,
Where asleep a maid has fallen,
Girdled with a belt of copper
By her side are honey-grasses,
By her lips are fragrant flowers,
Herbs and flowers honey-laden;
Gather there the sweetened juices,
Gather honey on thy winglets,
From the calyces of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
Bring it to the hands of Kapo,
To the hands of Osmo's daughter.'
"Then the bee, the swift-winged birdling,
Flew away with lightning-swiftness
On his journey to the islands,
O'er the high waves of the ocean;
Journeyed one day, then a second,
Journeyed all the next day onward,
Till the third day evening brought him
To the islands in the ocean,
To the water-cliffs and grottoes;
Found the maiden sweetly sleeping,
In her silver-tinselled raiment,
Girdled with a belt of copper,
In a nameless meadow, sleeping,
In the honey-fields of magic;
By her side were honeyed grasses,
By her lips were fragrant flowers,
Silver stalks with golden petals;
Dipped its winglets in the honey,
Dipped its fingers in the juices
Of the sweetest of the flowers,
Brought the honey back to Kapo,
To the mystic maiden's fingers.
"Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Placed the honey in the liquor;
Kapo mixed the beer and honey,
And the wedding-beer fermented;
Rose the live beer upward, upward,
From the bottom of the vessels,
Upward in the tubs of birch-wood,
Foaming higher, higher, higher,
Till it touched the oaken handles,
Overflowing all the caldrons;
To the ground it foamed and sparkled,

Sank away in sand and gravel.
“Time had gone but little distance,
Scarce a moment had passed over,
Ere the heroes came in numbers
To the foaming beer of Northland,
Rushed to drink the sparkling liquor.
Ere all others Lemminkainen
Drank, and grew intoxicated
On the beer of Osmo’s daughter,
On the honey-drink of Kalew.
”Osmotar, the beer-preparer,
Kapo, brewer of the barley,
Spake these words in saddened accents:
’Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
Badly have I brewed the liquor,
Have not brewed the beer in wisdom,
Will not live within its vessels,
Overflows and fills Pohyola!’
“From a tree-top sings the redbreast,
From the aspen calls the robin:
’Do not grieve, thy beer is worthy,
Put it into oaken vessels,
Into strong and willing barrels
Firmly bound with hoops of copper.’
”Thus was brewed the beer or Northland,
At the hands of Osmo’s daughter;
This the origin of brewing
Beer from Kalew-hops and barley;
Great indeed the reputation
Of the ancient beer of Kalew,
Said to make the feeble hardy,
Famed to dry the tears of women,
Famed to cheer the broken-hearted,
Make the aged young and supple,
Make the timid brave and mighty,
Make the brave men ever braver,
Fill the heart with joy and gladness,
Fill the mind with wisdom-sayings,
Fill the tongue with ancient legends,
Only makes the fool more foolish.“
When the hostess of Pohyola
Heard how beer was first fermented,
Heard the origin of brewing,
Straightway did she fill with water
Many oaken tubs and barrels;
Filled but half the largest vessels,
Mixed the barley with the water,
Added also hops abundant;
Well she mixed the triple forces
In her tubs of oak and birch-wood,
Heated stones for months succeeding,
Thus to boil the magic mixture,
Steeped it through the days of summer,
Burned the wood of many forests,
Emptied all the, springs of Pohya;

Daily did the, forests lesson,
And the wells gave up their waters,
Thus to aid the hostess, Louhi,
In the brewing of the liquors,
From the water, hops, and barley,
And from honey of the islands,
For the wedding-feast of Northland,
For Pohyola's great carousal
And rejoicings at the marriage
Of the Malden of the Rainbow
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Metal-worker of Wainola.
Smoke is seen upon the island,
Fire, upon the promontory,
Black smoke rising to the heavens
From the fire upon the island;
Fills with clouds the half of Pohya,
Fills Karelen's many hamlets;
All the people look and wonder,
This the chorus of the women:
"Whence are rising all these smoke-clouds,
Why this dreadful fire in Northland?
Is not like the smoke of camp-fires,
Is too large for fires of shepherds!"
Lemminkainen's ancient mother
Journeyed in the early morning
For some water to the fountain,
Saw the smoke arise to heaven,
In the region of Pohyola,
These the words the mother uttered:
"'Tis the smoke of battle-heroes,
From the beat of warring armies!"
Even Ahti, island-hero,
Ancient wizard, Lemminkainen,
Also known as Kaukomieli,
Looked upon the scene in wonder,
Thought awhile and spake as follows:
"I would like to see this nearer,
Learn the cause of all this trouble,
Whence this smoke and great confusion,
Whether smoke from heat of battle,
Or the bonfires of the shepherds."
Kaukomieli gazed and pondered,
Studied long the rising smoke-clouds;
Came not from the heat of battle,
Came not from the shepherd bonfires;
Heard they were the fires of Louhi
Brewing beer in Sariola,
On Pohyola's promontory;
Long and oft looked Lemminkainen,
Strained in eagerness his vision,
Stared, and peered, and thought, and wondered,
Looked abashed and envy-swollen,
"O beloved, second mother,
Northland's well-intentioned hostess,

Brew thy beer of honey-flavor,
Make thy liquors foam and sparkle,
For thy many friends invited,
Brew it well for Lemminkainen,
For his marriage in Pohyola
With the Maiden of the Rainbow.“
Finally the beer was ready,
Beverage of noble heroes,
Stored away in casks and barrels,
There to rest awhile in silence,
In the cellars of the Northland,
In the copper-banded vessels,
In the magic oaken hogsheads,
Plugs and faucets made of copper.
Then the hostess of Pohyola
Skilfully prepared the dishes,
Laid them all with careful fingers
In the boiling-pans and kettles,
Ordered countless loaves of barley,
Ordered many liquid dishes,
All the delicacies of Northland,
For the feasting of her people,
For their richest entertainment,
For the nuptial songs and dances,
At the marriage of her daughter
With the blacksmith, Ilmarinen.
When the loaves were baked and ready.
When the dishes all were seasoned,
Time had gone but little distance,
Scarce a moment had passed over,
Ere the beer, in casks imprisoned,
Loudly rapped, and sang, and murmured:
”Come, ye heroes, come and take me,
Come and let me cheer your spirits,
Make you sing the songs of wisdom,
That with honor ye may praise me,
Sing the songs of beer immortal!“
Straightway Louhi sought a minstrel,
Magic bard and artist-singer,
That the beer might well be lauded,
Might be praised in song and honor.
First as bard they brought a salmon,
Also brought a pike from ocean,
But the salmon had no talent,
And the pike had little wisdom;
Teeth of pike and gills of salmon
Were not made for singing legends.
Then again they sought a singer,
Magic minstrel, beer-enchancer,
Thus to praise the drink of heroes,
Sing the songs of joy and gladness;
And a boy was brought for singing;
But the boy had little knowledge,
Could not praise the beer in honor;
Children’s tongues are filled with questions,

Children cannot speak in wisdom,
Cannot sing the ancient legends.
Stronger grew the beer imprisoned
In the copper-banded vessels,
Locked behind the copper faucets,
Boiled, and foamed, and sang, and murmured:
"If ye do not bring a singer,
That will sing my worth immortal,
That will sing my praise deserving,
I will burst these bands of copper,
Burst the heads of all these barrels;
Will not serve the best of heroes
Till he sings my many virtues."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Called a trusted maiden-servant,
Sent her to invite the people
To the marriage of her daughter,
These the words that Louhi uttered:
"O my trusted, truthful maiden,
Servant-maid to me belonging,
Call together all my people,
Call the heroes to my banquet,
Ask the rich, and ask the needy,
Ask the blind and deaf, and crippled,
Ask the young, and ask the aged;
Go thou to the hills, and hedges,
To the highways, and the by-ways,
Urge them to my daughter's wedding;
Bring the blind, and sorely troubled,
In my boats upon the waters,
In my sledges bring the halting,
With the old, and sick, and needy;
Ask the whole of Sariola,
Ask the people of Karelen,
Ask the ancient Wainamoinen,
Famous bard and wisdom-singer;
But I give command explicit
Not to ask wild Lemminkainen,
Not the island-dweller, Ahti!"
This the question of the servant:
"Why not ask wild Lemminkainen,
Ancient islander and minstrel?"
Louhi gave this simple answer:
"Good the reasons that I give thee
Why the wizard, Lemminkainen,
Must not have an invitation
To my daughter's feast and marriage
Ahti courts the heat of battle,
Lemminkainen fosters trouble,
Skilful fighter of the virtues;
Evil thinking, acting evil,
He would bring but pain and sorrow,
He would jest and jeer at maidens
In their trimly buckled raiment,
Cannot ask the evil-minded!"

Thus again the servant questions:
"Tell me how to know this Ahti,
Also known as Lemminkainen,
That I may not ask him hither;
Do not know the isle of Ahti,
Nor the home of Kaukomieli
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Easy 'tis to know the wizard,
Easy find the Ahti-dwelling:
Ahti lives on yonder island,
On that point dwells Lemminkainen,
In his mansion near the water,
Far at sea his home and dwelling."
Thereupon the trusted maiden
Spread the wedding-invitations
To the people of Pohyola,
To the tribes of Kalevala;
Asked the friendless, asked the homeless
Asked the laborers and shepherds,
Asked the fishermen and hunters,
Asked the deaf, the dumb, the crippled,
Asked the young, and asked the aged,
Asked the rich, and asked the needy;
Did not give an invitation
To the reckless Lemminkainen,
Island-dweller of the ocean.

RUNE XXI. ILMARINEN'S WEDDING-FEAST.

Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Ancient dame of Sariola,
While at work within her dwelling,
Heard the whips crack on the fenlands,
Heard the rattle of the sledges;
To the northward turned her glances,
Turned her vision to the sunlight,
And her thoughts ran on as follow:
"Who are these in bright apparel,
On the banks of Pohya-waters,
Are they friends or hostile armies?"
Then the hostess of the Northland
Looked again and well considered,
Drew much nearer to examine,
Found they were not hostile armies,
Found that they were friends and suitors.
In the midst was Ilmarinen,
Son-in-law to ancient Louhi.
When the hostess of Pohyola
Saw the son-in-law approaching
She addressed the words that follow:
"I had thought the winds were raging,
That the piles of wood were falling,
Thought the pebbles in commotion,
Or perchance the ocean roaring;
Then I hastened nearer, nearer,

Drew still nearer and examined,
Found the winds were not in battle,
Found the piles of wood unshaken,
Found the ocean was not roaring,
Nor the pebbles in commotion,
Found my son-in-law was coming
With his heroes and attendants,
Heroes counted by the hundreds.
"Should you ask of me the question,
How I recognized the bridegroom
Mid the hosts of men and heroes,
I should answer, I should tell you:
'As the hazel-bush in copses,
As the oak-tree in the forest,
As the Moon among the planets;
Drives the groom a coal-black courser,
Running like the famished black-dog,
Flying like the hungry raven,
Graceful as the lark at morning,
Golden cuckoos, six in number,
Twitter on the birchen cross-bow;
There are seven bluebirds singing
On the racer's hame and collar."
Noises hear they in the court-yard,
On the highway hear the sledges,
To the court comes Ilmarinen,
With his body-guard of heroes;
In the midst the chosen suitor,
Not too far in front of others,
Not too far behind his fellows.
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Hie ye hither, men and heroes,
Haste, ye watchers, to the stables,
There unhitch the suitor's stallion,
Lower well the racer's breast-plate,
There undo the straps and buckles,
Loosen well the shafts and traces,
And conduct the suitor hither,
Give my son-in-law good welcome!"
Ilmarinen turned his racer
Into Louhi's yard and stables,
And descended from his snow-sledge.
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Come, thou servant of my bidding,
Best of all my trusted servants,
Take at once the bridegroom's courser
From the shafts adorned with silver,
From the curving arch of willow,
Lift the harness trimmed in copper,
Tie the white-face to the manger,
Treat the suitor's steed with kindness,
Lead him carefully to shelter
By his soft and shining bridle,
By his halter tipped with silver;
Let him roll among the sand-hills,

On the bottoms soft and even,
On the borders of the snow-banks,
In the fields of milky color.
“Lead the hero’s steed to water,
Lead him to the Pohya-fountains,
Where the living streams are flowing,
Sweet as milk of human kindness,
From the roots of silvery birches,
Underneath the shade of aspens.
”Feed the courser of the suitor,
On the sweetest corn and barley,
On the summer-wheat and clover,
In the caldron steeped in sweetness;
Feed him at the golden manger,
In the boxes lined with copper,
At my manger richly furnished,
In the warmest of the stables;
Tie him with a silk-like halter,
To the golden rings and staples,
To the hooks of purest silver,
Set in beams of birch and oak-wood;
Feed him on the hay the sweetest,
Feed him on the corn nutritious,
Give the best my barns can furnish.
“Curry well the suitor’s courser
With the curry-comb of fish-bone,
Brush his hair with silken brushes,
Put his mane and tail in order,
Cover well with flannel blankets,
Blankets wrought in gold and silver,
Buckles forged from shining copper.
”Come, ye small lads of the village,
Lead the suitor to my chambers,
With your auburn locks uncovered,
From your hands remove your mittens,
See if ye can lead the hero
Through the door without his stooping,
Lifting not the upper cross-bar,
Lowering not the oaken threshold,
Moving not the birchen casings,
Great the hero who must enter.
“Ilmarinen is too stately,
Cannot enter through the portals,
Not the son-in-law and bridegroom,
Till the portals have been heightened;
Taller by a head the suitor
Than the door-ways of the mansion.”
Quick the servants of Pohyola
Tore away the upper cross-bar,
That his cap might not be lifted;
Made the oaken threshold lower
That the hero might not stumble;
Made the birch-wood portals wider,
Opened full the door of welcome,
Easy entrance for the suitor.

Speaks the hostess of the Northland
As the bridegroom freely passes
Through the doorway of her dwelling:
“Thanks are due to thee, O Ukko,
That my son-in-law has entered!
Let me now my halls examine;
Make the bridal chambers ready,
Finest linen on my tables,
Softest furs upon my benches,
Birchen flooring scrubbed to whiteness,
All my rooms in perfect order.”
Then the hostess of Pohyola
Visited her spacious dwelling,
Did not recognize her chambers;
Every room had been remodeled,
Changed by force of mighty magic;
All the halls were newly burnished,
Hedge-hog bones were used for ceilings,
Bones of reindeer for foundations,
Bones of wolverine for door-sills,
For the cross-bars bones of roebuck,
Apple-wood were all the rafters,
Alder-wood, the window-casings,
Scales of trout adorned the windows,
And the fires were set in flowers.
All the seats were made of silver,
All the floors of copper-tiling,
Gold-adorned were all the tables,
On the floor were silken mattings,
Every fire-place set in copper,
Every hearth-stone cut from marble,
On each shelf were colored sea-shells,
Kalew’s tree was their protection.
To the court-room came the hero,
Chosen suitor from Wainola,
These the words of Ilmarinen:
“Send, O Ukko, health and pleasure
To this ancient home and dwelling,
To this mansion richly fashioned!”
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
“Let thy coming be auspicious
To these halls of thee unworthy,
To the home of thine affianced,
To this dwelling lowly fashioned,
Mid the lindens and the aspens.
”Come, ye maidens that should serve me,
Come, ye fellows from the village,
Bring me fire upon the birch-bark,
Light the fagots of the fir-tree,
That I may behold the bridegroom,
Chosen suitor of my daughter,
Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow,
See the color of his eyeballs,
Whether they are blue or sable,
See if they are warm and faithful.“

Quick the young lads from the village
Brought the fire upon the birch-bark,
Brought it on the tips of pine-wood;
And the fire and smoke commingled
Roll and roar about the hero,
Blackening the suitor's visage,
And the hostess speaks as follows;
"Bring the fire upon a taper,
On the waxen tapers bring it!"
Then the maidens did as bidden,
Quickly brought the lighted tapers,
Made the suitor's eyeballs glisten,
Made his cheeks look fresh and ruddy;
Made his eyes of sable color
Sparkle like the foam of waters,
Like the reed-grass on the margin,
Colored as the ocean jewels,
Iridescent as the rainbow.
"Come, ye fellows of the hamlet,
Lead my son-in-law and hero
To the highest seat at table,
To the seat of greatest honor,
With his back upon the blue-wall,
Looking on my bounteous tables,
Facing all the guests of Northland."
Then the hostess of Pohyola
Served her guests in great abundance,
Richest drinks and rarest viands,
First of all she, served the bridegroom
On his platters, honeyed biscuit,
And the sweetest river salmon,
Seasoned butter, roasted bacon,
All the dainties of Pohyola.
Then the helpers served the others,
Filled the plates of all invited
With the varied food of Northland.
Spake the hostess of Pohyola:
"Come, ye maidens from the village,
Hither bring the beer in pitchers,
In the urns with double handles,
To the many guests in-gathered,
Ere all others, serve the bridegroom."
Thereupon the merry maidens
Brought the beer in silver pitchers
From the copper-banded vessels,
For the wedding-guests assembled;
And the beer, fermenting, sparkled
On the beard of Ilmarinen,
On the beards of many heroes.
When the guests had all partaken
Of the wondrous beer of barley,
Spake the beer in merry accents
Through the tongues of the magicians,
Through the tongue of many a hero,
Through the tongue of Wainamoinen,

Famed to be the sweetest singer
Of the Northland bards and minstrels,
These the words of the enchanter:
"O thou beer of honeyed flavor,
Let us not imbibe in silence,
Let some hero sing thy praises,
Sing thy worth in golden measures;
Let the hostess start the singing,
Let the bridegroom sound thy virtues!
Have our songs thus quickly vanished,
Have our joyful tongues grown silent?
Evil then has been the brewing,
Then the beer must be unworthy,
That it does not cheer the singer,
Does not move the merry minstrel,
That the golden guests are joyless,
And the cuckoo is not singing.
Never will these benches echo
Till the bench-guests chant thy virtues;
Nor the floor resound thy praises
Till the floor-guests sing in concord;
Nor the windows join the chorus
Till the window-guests have spoken;
All the tables will keep silence
Till the heroes toast thy virtues;
Little singing from the chimney
Till the chimney-guests have chanted."
On the floor a child was sitting,
Thus the little boy made answer:
"I am small and young in singing,
Have perchance but little wisdom;
Be that as it may, my seniors,
Since the elder minstrels sing not,
Nor the heroes chant their legends,
Nor the hostess lead the singing,
I will sing my simple stories,
Sing my little store of knowledge,
To the pleasure of the evening,
To the joy of the invited."
Near the fire reclined an old man,
And the gray-beard thus made answer:
"Not the time for children's singing,
Children's wisdom is too ready,
Children's songs are filled with trifles,
Filled with shrewd and vain deceptions,
Maiden-songs are full of follies;
Leave the songs and incantations
To the ancient wizard-singers;
Leave the tales of times primeval
To the minstrel of Wainola,
To the hero of the Northland,
To the, ancient Wainamoinen."
Thereupon Osmoinen answered:
"Are there not some sweeter singers
In this honored congregation,

That will clasp their hands together,
Sing the ancient songs unbroken,
Thus begin the incantations,
Make these ancient halls re-echo
For the pleasure of the evening,
For the joy of the in-gathered?"
From the hearth-stone spake, the gray-beard
"Not a singer of Pohyola,
Not a minstrel, nor magician,
That was better skilled in chanting
Legends of the days departed,
Than was I when I was singing,
In my years of vain ambition;
Then I chanted tales of heroes,
On the blue back of the waters,
Sang the ballads of my people,
In the vales and on the mountains,
Through the verdant fields and forests;
Sweet my voice and skilled my singing,
All my songs were highly lauded,
Rippled like the quiet rivers,
Easy-flowing like the waters,
Easy-gliding as the snow-shoes,
Like the ship upon the ocean.
"Woe is me, my days are ended,
Would not recognize my singing,
All its sweetness gone to others,
Flows no more like rippling waters,
Makes no more the hills re-echo!
Now my songs are full of discord,
Like the rake upon the stubble,
Like the sledge upon the gravel,
Like the boat upon the sea-shore!"
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Spake these words in magic measures:
"Since no other bard appeareth
That will clasp my hand in singing,
I will sing some simple legends,
Sing my, garnered store of wisdom,
Make these magic halls re-echo
With my tales of ancient story,
Since a bard I was created,
Born an orator and singer;
Do not ask the ways of others,
Follow not the paths of strangers."
Wainamoinen, famous minstrel,
Song's eternal, wise supporter,
Then began the songs of pleasure,
Made the halls resound with joyance,
Filled the rooms with wondrous singing;
Sang the ancient bard-magician
All the oldest wisdom-sayings,
Did not fail in voice nor legends,
All the wisest thoughts remembered.
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen

Sang the joy of all assembled,
To the pleasure of the evening,
To the merriment of maidens,
To the happiness of heroes;
All the guests were stilled in wonder
At the magic of his singing,
At the songs of the magician.
Spake again wise Wainamoinen,
When his wonder-tales had ended:
"I have little worth or power,
Am a bard of little value,
Little consequence my singing,
Mine abilities as nothing,
If but Ukko, my Creator,
Should intone his wisdom-sayings,
Sing the source of good and evil,
Sing the origin of matter,
Sing the legends of omniscience,
Sing his songs in full perfection.
God could sing the floods to honey,
Sing the sands to ruddy berries,
Sing the pebbles into barley,
Sing to beer the running waters,
Sing to salt the rocks of ocean,
Into corn-fields sing the forests,
Into gold the forest-fruitage,
Sing to bread the hills and mountains,
Sing to eggs the rounded sandstones;
He could touch the springs of magic,
He could turn the keys of nature,
And produce within thy pastures,
Hurdles filled with sheep and reindeer,
Stables filled with fleet-foot stallions,
Kine in every field and fallow;
Sing a fur-robe for the bridegroom,
For the bride a coat of ermine,
For the hostess, shoes of silver,
For the hero, mail of copper.
"Grant O Ukko, my Creator,
God of love, and truth, and justice,
Grant thy blessing on our feasting,
Bless this company assembled,
For the good of Sariola,
For the happiness of Northland!
May this bread and beer bring joyance,
May they come in rich abundance,
May they carry full contentment
To the people of Pohyola,
To the cabin and the mansion;
May the hours we spend in singing,
In the morning, in the evening,
Fill our hearts with joy and gladness!
Hear us in our supplications,
Grant to us thy needed blessings,
Send enjoyment, health, and comfort,

To the people here assembled,
 To the host and to the hostess,
 To the bride and to the bridegroom,
 To the sons upon the waters,
 To the daughters at their weavings,
 To the hunters on the mountains,
 To the shepherds in the fenlands,
 That our lives may end in honor,
 That we may recall with pleasure
 Ilmarinen's magic marriage
 To the Maiden of the Rainbow,
 Snow-white virgin of the Northland."

RUNE XXII. THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

When the marriage was completed,
 When the many guests had feasted,
 At the wedding of the Northland,
 At the Dismal-land carousal,
 Spake the hostess of Pohyola
 To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
 "Wherefore, bridegroom, dost thou linger,
 Why art waiting, Northland hero?
 Sittest for the father's pleasure,
 For affection of the mother,
 For the splendor of the maidens,
 For the beauty of the daughter?
 Noble son-in-law and brother,
 Wait thou longer, having waited
 Long already for the virgin,
 Thine affianced is not ready,
 Not prepared, thy life-companion,
 Only are her tresses braided.
 "Chosen bridegroom, pride of Pohya,
 Wait thou longer, having waited
 Long already for the virgin,
 Thy beloved is preparing,
 Only is one hand made ready.
 "Famous artist, Ilmarinen,
 Wait still longer, having waited
 Long already for the virgin,
 Thy beloved is not ready,
 Only is one foot in fur-shoes,"
 Spake again the ancient Louhi:
 "Chosen suitor of my daughter,
 Thou hast thrice in kindness waited,
 Wait no longer for the virgin,
 Thy beloved now is ready,
 Well prepared thy life-companion,
 Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow.
 "Beauteous daughter, join thy suitor,
 Follow him, thy chosen husband,
 Very near is the uniting,
 Near indeed thy separation.
 At thy hand the honored bridegroom,

Near the door he waits to lead thee,
Guide thee to his home and kindred;
At the gate his steed is waiting,
Restless champs his silver bridle,
And the sledge awaits thy presence.
"Thou wert anxious for a suitor,
Ready to accept his offer,
Wert in haste to take his jewels,
Place his rings upon thy fingers;
Now, fair daughter, keep thy promise;
To his sledge, with happy footsteps,
Hie in haste to join the bridegroom,
Gaily journey to the village
With thy chosen life-companion,
With thy suitor, Ilmarinen.
Little hast thou looked about thee,
Hast not raised thine eyes above thee,
Beauteous maiden of the Northland,
Hast thou made a rueful bargain,
Full of wailing thine engagement,
And thy marriage full of sorrow,
That thy father's ancient cottage
Thou art leaving now forever,
Leaving also friends and kindred,
For the, blacksmith, Ilmarinen?
"O how beautiful thy childhood,
In thy father's dwelling-places,
Nurtured like a tender flower,
Like the strawberry in spring-time
Soft thy couch and sweet thy slumber,
Warm thy fires and rich thy table;
From the fields came corn in plenty,
From the highlands, milk and berries,
Wheat and barley in abundance,
Fish, and fowl, and hare, and bacon,
From thy father's fields and forests.
"Never wert thou, child, in sorrow,
Never hadst thou grief nor trouble,
All thy cares were left to fir-trees,
All thy worry to the copses,
All thy weeping to the willows,
All thy sighing to the lindens,
All thy thinking to the aspens
And the birches on the mountains,
Light and airy as the leaflet,
As a butterfly in summer,
Ruddy as a mountain-berry,
Beautiful as vernal flowers.
"Now thou leavest home and kindred,
Wanderest to other firesides,
Goest to another mother,
Other sisters, other brothers,
Goest to a second father,
To the servant-folk of strangers,
From thy native hills and lowlands.

There and here the homes will differ,
Happier thy mother's hearth-stone;
Other horns will there be sounded,
Other portals there swing open,
Other hinges there be creaking;
There the doors thou canst not enter
Like the daughters of Wainola,
Canst not tend the fires and ovens
As will please the minds of strangers.
"Didst thou think, my fairest maiden,
Thou couldst wed and on the morrow
Couldst return, if thou shouldst wish it,
To thy father's court and dwelling?
Not for one, nor two, nor three days,
Wilt thou leave thy mother's chambers,
Leave thy sisters and thy brothers,
Leave thy father's hills and lowlands.
Long the time the wife must wander,
Many months and years must wander,
Work, and struggle, all her life long,
Even though the mother liveth.
Great, indeed, must be the changes
When thou comest back to Pohya,
Changed, thy friends and nearest kindred,
Changed, thy father's ancient dwellings,
Changed, the valleys and the mountains,
Other birds will sing thy praises!"
When the mother thus had spoken,
Then the daughter spake, departing:
"In my early days of childhood
Often I intoned these measures:
'Art a virgin, yet no virgin,
Guided by an aged mother,
In a brother's fields and forests,
In the mansion of a father!
Only wilt become a virgin,
Only when thou hast a suitor,
Only when thou wedst a hero,
One foot on the father's threshold,
And the other for the snow-sledge
That will speed thee and thy husband
To his native vales and highlands!'
"I have wished thus many summers,
Sang it often in my childhood,
Hoped for this as for the flowers,
Welcome as the birds of spring-time.
Thus fulfilled are all my wishes,
Very near is my departure,
One foot on my father's threshold,
And the, other for the journey
With my husband to his people;
Cannot understand the reason
That has changed my former feelings,
Cannot leave thee now with gladness,
Cannot go with great rejoicing

From my dear, old home and kindred,
Where as maiden I have lingered,
From the courts where I was nurtured,
From my father's band and guidance,
From my faithful mother's counsel.
Now I go, a maid of sorrow,
Heavy-hearted to the bridegroom,
Like the bride of Night in winter,
Like the ice upon the rivers.
"Such is not the mind of others,
Other brides of Northland heroes;
Others do not leave unhappy,
Have no tears, nor cares, nor sorrows,
I alas! must weep and murmur,
Carry to my grave great sadness,
Heart as dark as Death's black river.
"Such the feelings of the happy,
Such the minds of merry maidens:
Like the early dawn of spring-time,
Like the rising Sun in summer
No such radiance awaits me,
With my young heart filled with terror;
Happiness is not my portion,
Like the flat-shore of the ocean,
Like the dark rift of the storm-cloud,
Like the cheerless nights of winter!
Dreary is the day in autumn,
Dreary too the autumn evening,
Still more dreary is my future!"
An industrious old maiden,
Ever guarding home and kindred,
Spake these words of doubtful comfort:
"Dost thou, beauteous bride, remember,
Canst thou not recall my counsels?
These the words that I have taught thee:
'Look not joyfully for suitors,
Never heed the tongues of wooers,
Look not in the eyes of charmers,
At their feet let fall thy vision.
He that hath a mouth for sweetness,
He that hath an eye for beauty,
Offers little that will comfort;
Lempo sits upon his forehead,
In his mouth dwells dire Tuoni.'
"Thus, fair bride, did I advise thee,
Thus advised my sister's daughter:
Should there come the best of suitors,
Noblest wooers, proudest lovers,
Give to all these wisdom-sayings,
Let thine answer be as follows:
'Never will I think it wisdom,
Never will it be my pleasure,
To become a second daughter,
Linger with my husband's mother;
Never shall I leave my father,

Never wander forth to bondage,
At the bidding of a bridegroom:
Never shall I be a servant,
Wife and slave to any hero,
Never will I be submissive
To the orders of a husband.'
"Fairest bride, thou didst not heed me,
Gav'st no thought to my advices,
Didst not listen to my counsel;
Wittingly thy feet have wandered
Into boiling tar and water,
Hastened to thy suitor's snow-sledge,
To the bear-dens of thy husband,
On his sledge to be ill-treated,
Carried to his native country,
To the bondage of his people,
There, a subject to his mother.
Thou hast left thy mother's dwelling,
To the schooling of the master;
Hard indeed the master's teachings,
Little else than constant torture;
Ready for thee are his bridles,
Ready for thy bands the shackles,
Were not forged for any other;
Soon, indeed, thou'lt feel the hardness,
Feel the weight of thy misfortune,
Feel thy second father's censure,
And his wife's inhuman treatment,
Hear the cold words of thy brother,
Quail before thy haughty sister.
"Listen, bride, to what I tell thee:
In thy home thou wert a jewel,
Wert thy father's pride and pleasure,
'Moonlight,' did thy father call thee,
And thy mother called thee 'Sunshine,'
'Sea-foam' did thy brother call thee,
And thy sister called thee 'Flower.'
When thou leavest home and kindred
Goest to a second mother,
Often she will give thee censure,
Never treat thee as her daughter,
Rarely will she give thee counsel,
Never will she sound thy praises.
'Brush-wood,' will the father call thee,
'Sledge of Rags,' thy husband's mother,
'Flight of Stairs,' thy stranger brother,
'Scare-crow,' will the sister call thee,
Sister of thy blacksmith-husband;
Then wilt think of my good counsels,
Then wilt wish in tears and murmurs,
That as steam thou hadst ascended,
That as smoke thy soul had risen,
That as sparks thy life had vanished.
As a bird thou canst not wander
From thy nest to circle homeward,

Canst not fall and die like leaflets,
As the sparks thou canst not perish,
Like the smoke thou canst not vanish.
“Youthful bride, and darling sister,
Thou hast bartered all thy friendships,
Hast exchanged thy loving father,
Thou hast left thy faithful mother
For the mother of thy husband;
Hast exchanged thy loving brother,
Hast renounced thy gentle sister,
For the kindred of thy suitor;
Hast exchanged thy snow-white covers
For the rocky couch of sorrow;
Hast exchanged these crystal waters
For the waters of Wainola;
Hast renounced these sandy sea-shores
For the muddy banks of Kalew;
Northland glens thou hast forsaken
For thy husband’s barren meadows;
Thou hast left thy berry-mountains
For the stubble-fields and deserts.
”Thou, O maiden, hast been thinking
Thou wouldst happy be in wedlock;
Neither work, nor care, nor sorrow,
From this night would be thy portion,
With thy husband for protection.
Not to sleep art thou conducted,
Not to happiness, nor joyance,
Wakefulness, thy night-companion,
And thy day-attendant, trouble;
Often thou wilt drink of sorrow,
Often long for vanished pleasures.
“When at home thou hadst no head-gear,
Thou hadst also little sadness;
When thy couch was not of linen,
No unhappiness came nigh thee;
Head-gear brings but pain and sorrow,
Linen breeds bad dispositions,
Linen brings but deeps of anguish,
And the flax untimely mourning.
”Happy in her home, the maiden,
Happy at her father’s fireside,
Like the master in his mansion,
Happy with her bows and arrows.
’Tis not thus with married women;
Brides of heroes may be likened
To the prisoners of Moskva,
Held in bondage by their masters.
“As a wife, must weep and labor,
Carry trouble on both shoulders;
When the next hour passes over,
Thou must tend the fire and oven,
Must prepare thy husband’s dinner,
Must direct thy master’s servants.
When thine evening meal is ready,

Thou must search for bidden wisdom
In the brain of perch and salmon,
In the mouths of ocean whiting,
Gather wisdom from the cuckoo,
Canst not learn it from thy mother,
Mother dear of seven daughters;
Cannot find among her treasures
Where were born the human instincts,
Where were born the minds of heroes,
Whence arose the maiden's beauty,
Whence the beauty of her tresses,
Why all life revives in spring-time.
"Weep, O weep, my pretty young bride.
When thou weepest, weep sincerely,
Weep great rivers from thine eyelids,
Floods of tears in field and fallow,
Lakelets in thy father's dwelling;
Weep thy rooms to overflowing,
Shed thy tears in great abundance,
Lest thou weepest on returning
To thy native hills and valleys,
When thou visitest thy father
In the smoke of waning glory,
On his arm a withered tassel.
"Weep, O weep, my lovely maiden,
When thou weepest, weep in earnest,
Weep great rivers from thine eyelids;
If thou dost not weep sincerely,
Thou wilt weep on thy returning
To thy Northland home and kindred,
When thou visitest thy mother
Old and breathless near the hurdles,
In her arms a barley-bundle.
"Weep, O weep, sweet bride of beauty,
When thou weepest, weep profusely;
If thou dost not weep in earnest,
Thou wilt weep on thy returning
To thy native vales and highlands,
When thou visitest thy brother
Lying wounded by the way-side,
In his hand but empty honors.
"Weep, O weep, my sister's daughter,
Weep great rivers from thine eyelids;
If thou dost not weep sufficient,
Thou wilt weep on thy returning
To the scenes of happy childhood,
When thou visitest thy sister
Lying, prostrate in the meadow,
In her hand a birch-wood mallet."
When the ancient maid had ended,
Then the young bride sighed in anguish,
Straightway fell to bitter weeping,
Spake these words in deeps of sorrow:
"O, ye sisters, my beloved,
Ye companions of my childhood,

Playmates of my early summers,
Listen to your sister's counsel:
Cannot comprehend the reason,
Why my mind is so dejected,
Why this weariness and sadness,
This untold and unseen torture,
Cannot understand the meaning
Of this mighty weight of sorrow!
Differently I had thought it,
I had hoped for greater pleasures,
I had hoped to sing as cuckoos,
On the hill-tops call and echo,
When I had attained this station,
Reached at last the goal expectant;
But I am not like the cuckoo,
Singing, merry on the hill-tops;
I am like the songless blue-duck,
As she swims upon the waters,
Swims upon the cold, cold ocean,
Icicles upon her pinions.
"Ancient father, gray-haired mother,
Whither do ye wish to lead me,
Whither take this bride, thy daughter,
That this sorrow may pass over,
Where this heavy heart may lighten,
Where this grief may turn to gladness?
Better it had been, O mother,
Hadst thou nursed a block of birch-wood,
Hadst thou clothed the colored sandstone,
Rather than this hapless maiden,
For the fulness of these sorrows,
For this keen and killing trouble.
Many sympathizers tell me:
'Foolish bride, thou art ungrateful,
Do not grieve, thou child of sorrow,
Thou hast little cause for weeping.'
"O, deceive me not, my people,
Do not argue with me falsely,
For alas! I have more troubles
Than the waterfalls have pebbles,
Than the Ingerland has willows,
Than the Suomi-hills have berries;
Never could the Pohya plow-horse
Pull this mighty weight of sorrow,
Shaking not his birchen cross-bar,
Breaking not his heavy collar;
Never could the Northland reindeer
Heavy shod and stoutly harnessed,
Draw this load of care and trouble."
By the stove a babe was playing,
And the young child spake as follows:
"Why, O fair bride, art thou weeping,
Why these tears of pain and sadness?
Leave thy troubles to the elk-herds,
And thy grief to sable fillies,

Let the steeds of iron bridles
Bear the burden of thine anguish,
Horses have much larger foreheads,
Larger shoulders, stronger sinews,
And their necks are made for labor,
Stronger are their bones and muscles,
Let them bear thy heavy burdens.
There is little good in weeping,
Useless are thy tears of sorrow;
Art not led to swamps and lowlands,
Nor to banks of little rivers;
Thou art led to fields of flowers,
Led to fruitful trees and forests,
Led away from beer of Pohya
To the sweeter mead of Kalew.
At thy shoulder waits thy husband,
On thy right side, Ilmarinen,
Constant friend and life-protector,
He will guard thee from all evil;
Husband ready, steed in waiting,
Gold-and-silver-mounted harness,
Hazel-birds that sing and flutter
On the courser's yoke and cross-bar;
Thrushes also sing and twitter
Merrily on hame and collar,
Seven bluebirds, seven cuckoos,
Sing thy wedding-march in concord.
"Be no longer full of sorrow,
Dry thy tears, thou bride of beauty,
Thou hast found a noble husband,
Better wilt thou fare than ever,
By the side of Ilmarinen,
Artist husband, metal-master,
Bread-provider of thy table,
On the arm of the fish-catcher,
On the breast of the elk-hunter,
By the side of the bear-killer.
Thou hast won the best of suitors,
Hast obtained a mighty hero;
Never idle is his cross-bow,
On the nails his quivers hang not,
Neither are his dogs in kennel,
Active agents is his bunting.
Thrice within the budding spring-time
In the early hours of morning
He arises from his fare-couch,
From his slumber in the brush-wood,
Thrice within the sowing season,
On his eyes the deer has fallen,
And the branches brushed his vesture,
And his locks been combed by fir-boughs.
Hasten homeward with thy husband,
Where thy hero's friends await thee,
Where his forests sing thy welcome.
"Ilmarinen there possesses

All the birds that fly in mid-air,
 All the beasts that haunt the woodlands,
 All that feed upon the mountains,
 All that graze on hill and valley,
 Sheep and cattle by the thousands;
 Sweet the grass upon his meadows,
 Sweet the barley in his uplands,
 In the lowlands corn abundant,
 Wheat upon the elm-wood fallows,
 Near the streamlets rye is waving,
 Waving grain on many acres,
 On his mountains gold and silver,
 Rich his mines of shining copper,
 Highlands filled with magic metals,
 Chests of jewels in his store-house,
 All the wealth of Kalevala."

RUNE XXIII. OSMOTAR THE BRIDE-ADVISER

Now the bride must be instructed,
 Who will teach the Maid of Beauty,
 Who instruct the Rainbow-daughter?
 Osmotar, the wisdom-maiden,
 Kalew's fair and lovely virgin,
 Osmotar will give instructions
 To the bride of Ilmarinen,
 To the orphaned bride of Pohya,
 Teach her how to live in pleasure,
 How to live and reign in glory,
 Win her second mother's praises,
 Joyful in her husband's dwelling.
 Osmotar in modest accents
 Thus the anxious bride addresses;
 "Maid of Beauty, lovely sister,
 Tender plant of Louhi's gardens,
 Hear thou what thy sister teaches,
 Listen to her sage instructions:
 Go thou hence, my much beloved,
 Wander far away, my flower,
 Travel on enwrapped in colors,
 Glide away in silks and ribbons,
 From this house renowned and ancient,
 From thy father's halls and court-yards
 Haste thee to thy husband's village,
 Hasten to his mother's household;
 Strange, the rooms in other dwellings,
 Strange, the modes in other hamlets.
 "Full of thought must be thy going,
 And thy work be well considered,
 Quite unlike thy home in Northland,
 On the meadows of thy father,
 On the high-lands of thy brother,
 Singing through thy mother's fenlands,
 Culling daisies with thy sister.
 "When thou goest from thy father

Thou canst take whatever pleases,
Only three things leave behind thee:
Leave thy day-dreams to thy sister,
Leave thou kindness for thy mother,
To thy brother leave thy labors,
Take all else that thou desirest.
Throw away thine incantations,
Cast thy sighing to the pine-trees,
And thy maidenhood to zephyrs,
Thy rejoicings to the couches,
Cast thy trinkets to the children,
And thy leisure to the gray-beards,
Cast all pleasures to thy playmates,
Let them take them to the woodlands,
Bury them beneath the mountain.
"Thou must hence acquire new habits,
Must forget thy former customs,
Mother-love must be forsaken,
Thou must love thy husband's mother,
Lower must thy head be bended,
Kind words only must thou utter.
"Thou must hence acquire new habits,
Must forget thy former customs,
Father-love must be forsaken,
Thou must love thy husband's father,
Lower must thy head be bended,
Kind words only must thou utter.
"Thou must hence acquire new habits,
Must forget thy former customs,
Brother-love must be forsaken,
Thou must love thy husband's brother,
Lower must thy head be bended,
Kind words only must thou utter.
"Thou must hence acquire new habits
Must forget thy former customs,
Sister-love must be forsaken,
Thou must love thy husband's sister,
Lower must thy head be bended,
Kind words only must thou utter.
"Never in the course of ages,
Never while the moonlight glimmers,
Wickedly approach thy household,
Nor unworthily, thy servants,
Nor thy courts with indiscretion;
Let thy dwellings sing good manners,
And thy walls re-echo virtue.
After mind the hero searches.
And the best of men seek honor,
Seek for honesty and wisdom;
If thy home should be immoral,
If thine inmates fail in virtue,
Then thy gray-beards would be black-dogs
In sheep's clothing at thy firesides;
All thy women would be witches,
Wicked witches in thy chambers,

And thy brothers be as serpents
Crawling through thy husband's mansion;
All thy sisters would be famous
For their evil thoughts and conduct.
"Equal honors must be given
To thy husband's friends and kindred;
Lower must thy head be bended,
Than within thy mother's dwelling,
Than within thy father's guest-room,
When thou didst thy kindred honor.
Ever strive to give good counsel,
Wear a countenance of sunshine,
Bear a head upon thy shoulders
Filled with wise and ancient sayings;
Open bright thine eyes at morning
To behold the silver sunrise,
Sharpen well thine ears at evening,
Thus to hear the rooster crowing;
When he makes his second calling,
Straightway thou must rise from slumber,
Let the aged sleep in quiet;
Should the rooster fail to call thee,
Let the moonbeams touch thine eyelids,
Let the Great Bear be thy keeper
Often go thou and consult them,
Call upon the Moon for counsel,
Ask the Bear for ancient wisdom,
From the stars divine thy future;
When the Great Bear faces southward,
When his tail is pointing northward,
This is time to break with slumber,
Seek for fire within the ashes,
Place a spark upon the tinder,
Blow the fire through all the fuel.
If no spark is in the ashes,
Then go wake thy hero-husband,
Speak these words to him on waking:
'Give me fire, O my beloved,
Give a single spark, my husband,
Strike a little fire from flintstone,
Let it fall upon my tinder.'
"From the spark, O Bride of Beauty,
Light thy fires, and heat thine ovens,
In the holder, place the torch-light,
Find thy pathway to the stables,
There to fill the empty mangers;
If thy husband's cows be lowing,
If thy brother's steeds be neighing,
Then the cows await thy coming,
And the steeds for thee are calling,
Hasten, stooping through the hurdles,
Hasten through the yards and stables,
Feed thy husband's cows with pleasure,
Feed with care the gentle lambkins,
Give the cows the best of clover,

Hay, and barley, to the horses,
Feed the calves of lowing mothers,
Feed the fowl that fly to meet thee.
“Never rest upon the haymow,
Never sleep within the hurdles,
When the kine are fed and tended,
When the flocks have all been watered;
Hasten thence, my pretty matron,
Like the snow-flakes to thy dwelling,
There a crying babe awaits thee,
Weeping in his couch neglected,
Cannot speak and tell his troubles,
Speechless babe, and weeping infant,
Cannot say that he is hungry,
Whether pain or cold distresses,
Greets with joy his mother’s footsteps.
Afterward repair in silence
To thy husband’s rooms and presence,
Early visit thou his chambers,
In thy hand a golden pitcher,
On thine arm a broom of birch-wood,
In thy teeth a lighted taper,
And thyself the fourth in order.
Sweep thou then thy hero’s dwelling,
Dust his benches and his tables,
Wash the flooring well with water.
”If the baby of thy sister
Play alone within his corner,
Show the little child attention,
Bathe his eyes and smoothe his ringlets,
Give the infant needed comforts;
Shouldst thou have no bread of barley,
In his hand adjust some trinket.
“Lastly, when the week has ended,
Give thy house a thorough cleansing,
Benches, tables, walls, and ceilings;
What of dust is on the windows,
Sweep away with broom of birch-twigs,
All thy rooms must first be sprinkled,
at the dust may not be scattered,
May not fill the halls and chambers.
Sweep the dust from every crevice,
Leave thou not a single atom;
Also sweep the chimney-corners,
Do not then forget the rafters,
Lest thy home should seem untidy,
Lest thy dwelling seem neglected.
”Hear, O maiden, what I tell thee,
Learn the tenor of my teaching:
Never dress in scanty raiment,
Let thy robes be plain and comely,
Ever wear the whitest linen,
On thy feet wear tidy fur-shoes,
For the glory of thy husband,
For the honor of thy hero.

Tend thou well the sacred sorb-tree,
Guard the mountain-ashes planted
In the court-yard, widely branching;
Beautiful the mountain-ashes,
Beautiful their leaves and flowers,
Still more beautiful the berries.
Thus the exiled one demonstrates
That she lives to please her husband,
Tries to make her hero happy.
“Like the mouse, have ears for hearing,
Like the hare, have feet for running,
Bend thy neck and turn thy visage
Like the juniper and aspen,
Thus to watch with care thy goings,
Thus to guard thy feet from stumbling,
That thou mayest walk in safety.
”When thy brother comes from plowing,
And thy father from his garners,
And thy husband from the woodlands,
From his chopping, thy beloved,
Give to each a water-basin,
Give to each a linen-towel,
Speak to each some pleasant greeting.
“When thy second mother hastens
To thy husband’s home and kindred,
In her hand a corn-meal measure,
Haste thou to the court to meet her,
Happy-hearted, bow before her,
Take the measure from her fingers,
Happy, bear it to thy husband.
”If thou shouldst not see distinctly
What demands thy next attention,
Ask at once thy hero’s mother:
’Second mother, my beloved,
Name the task to be accomplished
By thy willing second daughter,
Tell me how to best perform it.’
“This should be the mother’s answer:
’This the manner of thy workings,
Thus thy daily work accomplish:
Stamp with diligence and courage,
Grind with will and great endurance,
Set the millstones well in order,
Fill the barley-pans with water,
Knead with strength the dough for baking,
Place the fagots on the fire-place,
That thy ovens may be heated,
Bake in love the honey-biscuit,
Bake the larger loaves of barley,
Rinse to cleanliness thy platters,
Polish well thy drinking-vessels.
”If thou hearest from the mother,
From the mother of thy husband,
That the cask for meal is empty,
Take the barley from the garners,

Hasten to the rooms for grinding,
When thou grindest in the chambers,
Do not sing in glee and joyance,
Turn the grinding-stones in silence,
To the mill give up thy singing,
Let the side-holes furnish music;
Do not sigh as if unhappy,
Do not groan as if in trouble,
Lest the father think thee weary,
Lest thy husband's mother fancy
That thy groans mean discontentment,
That thy sighing means displeasure.
Quickly sift the flour thou grindest,
Take it to the casks in buckets,
Bake thy hero's bread with pleasure,
Knead the dough with care and patience,
That thy biscuits may be worthy,
That the dough be light and airy.
"Shouldst thou see a bucket empty,
Take the bucket on thy shoulder,
On thine arm a silver-dipper,
Hasten off to fill with water
From the crystal river flowing;
Gracefully thy bucket carry,
Bear it firmly by the handles,
Hasten houseward like the zephyrs,
Hasten like the air of autumn;
Do not tarry near the streamlet,
At the waters do not linger,
That the father may not fancy,
Nor the ancient dame imagine,
That thou hast beheld thine image,
Hast admired thy form and features,
Hast admired thy grace and beauty
In the mirror of the fountain,
In the crystal streamlet's eddies.
"Shouldst thou journey to the woodlands,
There to gather aspen-fagots,
Do not go with noise and bustle,
Gather all thy sticks in silence,
Gather quietly the birch-wood,
That the father may not fancy,
And the mother not imagine,
That thy calling came from anger,
And thy noise from discontentment.
"If thou goest to the store-house
To obtain the flour of barley,
Do not tarry on thy journey,
On the threshold do not linger,
That the father may not fancy,
And the mother not imagine,
That the meal thou hast divided
With the women of the village.
"If thou goest to the river,
There to wash thy birchen platters,

There to cleanse thy pans and buckets,
Lest thy work be done in neatness,
Rinse the sides, and rinse the handles,
Rinse thy pitchers to perfection,
Spoons, and forks, and knives, and goblets,
Rinse with care thy cooking-vessels,
Closely watch the food-utensils,
That the dogs may not deface them,
That the kittens may not mar them,
That the eagles may not steal them,
That the children may not break them;
Many children in the village,
Many little heads and fingers,
That will need thy careful watching,
Lest they steal the things of value.
“When thou goest to thy bathing,
Have the brushes ready lying
In the bath-room clean and smokeless;
Do not, linger in the water,
At thy bathing do not tarry,
That the father may not fancy,
And the mother not imagine,
Thou art sleeping on the benches,
Rolling in the laps of comfort.
”From thy bath, when thou returnest,
To his bathing tempt the father,
Speak to him the words that follow:
’Father of my hero-husband,
Clean are all the bath-room benches,
Everything in perfect order;
Go and bathe for thine enjoyment,
Pour the water all-sufficient,
I will lend thee needed service.’
“When the time has come for spinning,
When the hours arrive for weaving,
Do not ask the help of others,
Look not in the stream for knowledge,
For advice ask not the servants,
Nor the spindle from the sisters,
Nor the weaving-comb from strangers.
Thou thyself must do the spinning,
With thine own hand ply the shuttle,
Loosely wind the skeins of wool-yarn,
Tightly wind the balls of flax-thread,
Wind them deftly in the shuttle
Fit the warp upon the rollers,
Beat the woof and warp together,
Swiftly ply the weaver’s shuttle,
Weave good cloth for all thy vestments,
Weave of woolen, webs for dresses
From the finest wool of lambkins,
One thread only in thy weaving.
”Hear thou what I now advise thee:
Brew thy beer from early barley,
From the barley’s new-grown kernels,

Brew it with the magic virtues,
Malt it with the sweets of honey,
Do not stir it with the birch-rod,
Stir it with thy skilful fingers;
When thou goest to the garner,
Do not let the seed bring evil,
Keep the dogs outside the brew-house,
Have no fear of wolves in hunger,
Nor the wild-beasts of the mountains,
When thou goest to thy brewing,
Shouldst thou wander forth at midnight.
"Should some stranger come to see thee,
Do not worry for his comfort;
Ever does the worthy household
Have provisions for the stranger,
Bits of meat, and bread, and biscuit,
Ample for the dinner-table;
Seat the stranger in thy dwelling,
Speak with him in friendly accents,
Entertain the guest with kindness,
While his dinner is preparing,
When the stranger leaves thy threshold,
When his farewell has been spoken,
Lead him only to the portals,
Do not step without the doorway,
That thy husband may not fancy,
And the mother not imagine,
Thou hast interest in strangers.
"Shouldst thou ever make a journey
To the centre of the village,
There to gain some needed object,
While thou speakest in the hamlet,
Let thy words be full of wisdom,
That thou shamest not thy kindred,
Nor disgrace thy husband's household.
"Village-maidens oft will ask thee,
Mothers of the hamlet question:
'Does thy husband's mother greet thee
As in childhood thou wert greeted,
In thy happy home in Pohya?'
Do not answer in negation,
Say that she has always given
Thee the best of her provisions,
Given thee the kindest greetings,
Though it be but once a season.
"Listen well to what I tell thee:
As thou goest from thy father
To thy husband's distant dwelling,
Thou must not forget thy mother,
Her that gave thee life and beauty,
Her that nurtured thee in childhood,
Many sleepless nights she nursed thee;
Often were her wants neglected,
Numberless the times she rocked thee;
Tender, true, and ever faithful,

Is the mother to her daughter.
She that can forget her mother,
Can neglect the one that nursed her,
Should not visit Mana's castle,
In the kingdom of Tuoni;
In Manala she would suffer,
Suffer frightful retribution,
Should her mother be forgotten;
Should her dear one be neglected,
Mana's daughters will torment her,
And Tuoni's sons revile her,
They will ask her much as follows:
'How couldst thou forget thy mother,
How neglect the one that nursed thee?
Great the pain thy mother suffered,
Great the trouble that thou gavest
When thy loving mother brought thee
Into life for good or evil,
When she gave thee earth-existence,
When she nursed thee but an infant,
When she fed thee in thy childhood,
When she taught thee what thou knowest,
Mana's punishments upon thee,
Since thy mother is forgotten!'“
On the floor a witch was sitting,
Near the fire a beggar-woman,
One that knew the ways of people,
These the words the woman uttered:
”Thus the crow calls in the winter:
'Would that I could be a singer,
And my voice be full of sweetness,
But, alas! my songs are worthless,
Cannot charm the weakest creature;
I must live without the singing
Leave the songs to the musicians,
Those that live in golden houses,
In the homes of the beloved;
Homeless therefore I must wander,
Like a beggar in the corn-fields,
And with none to do me honor.'
“Hear now, sister, what I tell thee,
Enter thou thy husband's dwelling,
Follow not his mind, nor fancies,
As my husband's mind I followed;
As a flower was I when budding,
Sprouting like a rose in spring-time,
Growing like a slender maiden,
Like the honey-gem of glory,
Like the playmates of my childhood,
Like the goslings of my father,
Like the blue-ducks of my mother,
Like my brother's water-younglings,
Like the bullfinch of my sister;
Grew I like the heather-flower,
Like the berry of the meadow,

Played upon the sandy sea-shore,
Rocked upon the fragrant upland,
Sang all day adown the valley,
Thrilled with song the hill and mountain,
Filled with mirth the glen and forest,
Lived and frolicked in the woodlands.
"Into traps are foxes driven
By the cruel pangs of hunger,
Into traps, the cunning ermine;
Thus are maidens wooed and wedded,
In their hunger for a husband.
Thus created is the virgin,
Thus intended is the daughter,
Subject to her hero-husband,
Subject also to his mother.
"Then to other fields I hastened,
Like a berry from the border,
Like a cranberry for roasting,
Like a strawberry for dinner;
All the elm-trees seemed to wound me,
All the aspens tried to cut me,
All the willows tried to seize me,
All the forest tried to slay me.
Thus I journeyed to my husband,
Thus I travelled to his dwelling,
Was conducted to his mother.
Then there were, as was reported,
Six compartments built of pine-wood,
Twelve the number of the chambers,
And the mansion filled with garrets,
Studding all the forest border,
Every by-way filled with flowers
Streamlets bordered fields of barley,
Filled with wheat and corn, the islands,
Grain in plenty in the garner,
Rye unthrashed in great abundance,
Countless sums of gold and silver,
Other treasures without number.
When my journey I had ended,
When my hand at last was given,
Six supports were in his cabin,
Seven poles as rails for fencing.
Filled with anger were the bushes,
All the glens disfavor showing,
All the walks were lined with trouble,
Evil-tempered were the forests,
Hundred words of evil import,
Hundred others of unkindness.
Did not let this bring me sorrow,
Long I sought to merit praises,
Long I hoped to find some favor,
Strove most earnestly for kindness;
When they led me to the cottage,
There I tried some chips to gather,
Knocked my head against the portals

Of my husband's lowly dwelling.
"At the door were eyes of strangers,
Sable eyes at the partition,
Green with envy in his cabin,
Evil heroes in the back-ground,
From each mouth the fire was streaming,
From each tongue the sparks out-flying,
Flying from my second father,
From his eyeballs of unkindness.
Did not let this bring me trouble,
Tried to live in peace and pleasure,
In the homestead of my husband
In humility I suffered,
Skipped about with feet of rabbit,
Flew along with steps of ermine,
Late I laid my head to slumber,
Early rose as if a servant,
Could not win a touch of kindness,
Could not merit love nor honor,
Though I had dislodged the mountains,
Though the rocks had I torn open.
"Then I turned the heavy millstone,
Ground the flour with care and trouble,
Ground the barley-grains in patience,
That the mother might be nourished,
That her fury-throat might swallow
What might please her taste and fancy,.
From her gold-enamelled platters,
From the corner of her table.
"As for me, the hapless daughter,
All my flour was from the siftings
On the table near the oven,
Ate I from the birchen ladle;
Oftentimes I brought the mosses
Gathered in the lowland meadows,
Baked them into loaves for eating;
Brought the water from the river,
Thirsty, sipped it from the dipper,
Ate of fish the worst in Northland,
Only smelts, and worthless swimmers,
Rocking in my boat of birch-bark
Never ate I fish or biscuit
From my second mother's fingers.
"Blades I gathered in the summers,
Twisted barley-stalks in winter,
Like the laborers of heroes,
Like the servants sold in bondage.
In the thresh-house of my husband,
Evermore to me was given
Flail the heaviest and longest,
And to me the longest lever,
On the shore the strongest beater,
And the largest rake in haying;
No one thought my burden heavy,
No one thought that I could suffer,

Though the best of heroes faltered,
And the strongest women weakened.
"Thus did I, a youthful housewife,
At the right time, all my duties,
Drenched myself in perspiration,
Hoped for better times to follow;
But I only rose to labor,
Knowing neither rest nor pleasure.
I was blamed by all the household,
With ungrateful tongues derided,
Now about my awkward manners,
Now about my reputation,
Censuring my name and station.
Words unkind were heaped upon me,
Fell like hail on me unhappy,
Like the frightful flash of lightning,
Like the heavy hail of spring-time.
I did not despair entirely,
Would have lived to labor longer
Underneath the tongue of malice,
But the old-one spoiled Lay temper,
Roused my deepest ire and hatred
Then my husband grew a wild-bear,
Grew a savage wolf of Hisi.
"Only then I turned to weeping,
And reflected in my chamber,
Thought of all my former pleasures
Of the happy days of childhood,
Of my father's joyful firesides,
Of my mother's peaceful cottage,
Then began I thus to murmur:
'Well thou knowest, ancient mother,
How to make thy sweet bud blossom,
How to train thy tender shootlet;
Did not know where to ingraft it,
Placed, alas! the little scion
In the very worst of places,
On an unproductive hillock,
In the hardest limb of cherry,
Where it could not grow and flourish,
There to waste its life, in weeping,
Hapless in her lasting sorrow.
Worthier had been my conduct
In the regions that are better,
In the court-yards that are wider,
In compartments that are larger,
Living with a loving husband,
Living with a stronger hero.
Shoe of birch-bark was my suitor,
Shoe of Laplanders, my husband;
Had the body of a raven,
Voice and visage like the jackdaw,
Mouth and claws were from the black-wolf,
The remainder from the wild-bear.
Had I known that mine affianced

Was a fount of pain and evil,
To the hill-side I had wandered,
Been a pine-tree on the highway,
Been a linden on the border,
Like the black-earth made my visage,
Grown a beard of ugly bristles,
Head of loam and eyes of lightning,
For my ears the knots of birches,
For my limbs the trunks of aspens.'
"This the manner of my singing
In the hearing of my husband,
Thus I sang my cares and murmurs
Thus my hero near the portals
Heard the wail of my displeasure,
Then he hastened to my chamber;
Straightway knew I by his footsteps,
Well concluded he was angry,
'Knew it by his steps implanted;
All the winds were still in slumber,
Yet his sable locks stood endwise,
Fluttered round his head in fury,
While his horrid mouth stood open;
To and fro his eyes were rolling,
In one hand a branch of willow,
In the other, club of alder;
Struck at me with might of malice,
Aimed the cudgel at my forehead.
"When the evening had descended,
When my husband thought of slumber
Took he in his hand a whip-stalk,
With a whip-lash made of deer-skin,
Was not made for any other,
Only made for me unhappy.
"When at last I begged for mercy,
When I sought a place for resting,
By his side I courted slumber,
Merciless, my husband seized me,
Struck me with his arm of envy,
Beat me with the whip of torture,
Deer-skin-lash and stalk of birch-wood.
From his couch I leaped impulsive,
In the coldest night of winter,
But the husband fleetly followed,
Caught me at the outer portals,
Grasped me by my streaming tresses,
Tore my ringlets from my forehead,
Cast in curls upon the night-winds
To the freezing winds of winter.
What the aid that I could ask for,
Who could free me from my torment?
Made I shoes of magic metals,
Made the straps of steel and copper,
Waited long without the dwelling,
Long I listened at the portals,
Hoping he would end his ravings,

Hoping he would sink to slumber,
But he did not seek for resting,
Did not wish to still his fury.
Finally the cold benumbed me;
As an outcast from his cabin,
I was forced to walk and wander,
When I, freezing, well reflected,
This the substance of my thinking:
'I will not endure this torture,
Will not bear this thing forever,
Will not bear this cruel treatment,
Such contempt I will not suffer
In the wicked tribe of Hisi,
In this nest of evil Piru.'
"Then I said, 'Farewell forever!'
To my husband's home and kindred,
To my much-loved home and husband;
Started forth upon a journey
To my father's distant hamlet,
Over swamps and over snow-fields,
Wandered over towering mountains,
Over hills and through the valleys,
To my brother's welcome meadows,
To my sister's home and birthplace.
"There were rustling withered pine-trees.
Finely-feathered firs were fading,
Countless ravens there were cawing,
All the jackdaws harshly singing,
This the chorus of the ravens:
'Thou hast here a home no longer,
This is not the happy homestead
Of thy merry days of childhood.'
"Heeding not this woodland chorus,
Straight I journeyed to the dwelling
Of my childhood's friend and brother,
Where the portals spake in concord,
And the hills and valleys answered,
This their saddened song and echo:
'Wherefore dost thou journey hither,
Comest thou for joy or sorrow,
To thy father's old dominions?
Here unhappiness awaits thee,
Long departed is thy father,
Dead and gone to visit Ukko,
Dead and gone thy faithful mother,
And thy brother is a stranger,
While his wife is chill and heartless!'
"Heeding not these many warnings,
Straightway to my brother's cottage
Were my weary feet directed,
Laid my hand upon the door-latch
Of my brother's dismal cottage,
But the latch was cold and lifeless.
When I wandered to the chamber,
When I waited at the doorway,

There I saw the heartless hostess,
But she did not give me greeting,
Did not give her hand in welcome;
Proud, alas! was I unhappy,
Did not make the first advances,
Did not offer her my friendship,
And my hand I did not proffer;
Laid my hand upon the oven,
All its former warmth departed!
On the coal I laid my fingers,
All the latent heat had left it.
On the rest-bench lay my brother,
Lay outstretched before the fire-place,
Heaps of soot upon his shoulders,
Heaps of ashes on his forehead.
Thus the brother asked the stranger,
Questioned thus his guest politely:
'Tell me what thy name and station,
Whence thou comest o'er the waters!'
This the answer that I gave him:
Hast thou then forgot thy sister,
Does my brother not remember,
Not recall his mother's daughter
We are children of one mother,
Of one bird were we the fledgelings,
In one nest were hatched and nurtured.'
"Then the brother fell to weeping,
From his eyes great tear-drops flowing,
To his wife the brother whispered,
Whispered thus unto the housewife.
'Bring thou beer to give my sister,
Quench her thirst and cheer her spirits.'
"Full of envy, brought the sister
Only water filled with evil,
Water for the infant's eyelids,
Soap and water from the bath-room.
"To his wife the brother whispered,
Whispered thus unto the housewife:
'Bring thou salmon for my sister,
For my sister so long absent,
Thus to still her pangs of hunger.'
"Thereupon the wife obeying,
Brought, in envy, only cabbage
That the children had been eating,
And the house-dogs had been licking,
Leavings of the black-dog's breakfast.
"Then I left my brother's dwelling,
Hastened to the ancient homestead,
To my mother's home deserted;
Onward, onward did I wander,
Hastened onward by the cold-sea,
Dragged my body on in anguish,
To the cottage-doors of strangers,
To the unfamiliar portals,
For the care of the neglected,

For the needy of the village,
For the children poor and orphaned.
"There are many wicked people,
Many slanderers of women,
Many women evil-minded,
That malign their sex through envy.
Many they with lips of evil,
That belie the best of maidens,
Prove the innocent are guilty
Of the worst of misdemeanors,
Speak aloud in tones unceasing,
Speak, alas! with wicked motives,
Spread the follies of their neighbors
Through the tongues of self-pollution.
Very few, indeed, the people
That will feed the poor and hungry,
That will bid the stranger welcome;
Very few to treat her kindly,
Innocent, and lone, and needy,
Few to offer her a shelter
From the chilling storms of winter,
When her skirts with ice are stiffened,
Coats of ice her only raiment!
"Never in my days of childhood,
Never in my maiden life-time,
Never would believe the story
Though a hundred tongues had told
Though a thousand voices sang it,
That such evil things could happen,
That such misery could follow,
Such misfortune could befall one
Who has tried to do her duty,
Who has tried to live uprightly,
Tried to make her people happy."
Thus the young bride was instructed,
Beauteous Maiden of the Rainbow,
Thus by Osmotar, the teacher.

RUNE XXIV. THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Osmotar, the bride-instructor,
Gives the wedding-guests this counsel,
Speaks these measures to the bridegroom:
"Ilmarinen, artist-brother,
Best of all my hero-brothers,
Of my mother's sons the dearest,
Gentlest, truest, bravest, grandest,
Listen well to what I tell thee
Of the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Of thy beauteous life-companion
Bridegroom, praise thy fate hereafter,
Praise forever thy good fortune;
If thou praisest, praise sincerely,
Good the maiden thou hast wedded,
Good the bride that Ukko gives thee,

Graciously has God bestowed her.
Sound her praises to thy father,
Praise her virtues to thy mother,
Let thy heart rejoice in secret,
That thou hast the Bride of Beauty,
Lovely Maiden of the Rainbow!
"Brilliant near thee stands the maiden,
At thy shoulder thy companion,
Happy under thy protection,
Beautiful as golden moonlight,
Beautiful upon thy bosom,
Strong to do thy kindly bidding,
Labor with thee as thou wishest,
Rake the hay upon thy meadows,
Keep thy home in full perfection,
Spin for thee the finest linen,
Weave for thee the richest fabrics,
Make for thee the softest raiment,
Make thy weaver's loom as merry
As the cuckoo of the forest;
Make the shuttle glide in beauty
Like the ermine of the woodlands;
Make the spindle twirl as deftly
As the squirrel spins the acorn;
Village-maidens will not slumber
While thy young bride's loom is humming,
While she plies the graceful shuttle.
"Bridegroom of the Bride of Beauty,
Noblest of the Northland heroes,
Forge thyself a scythe for mowing,
Furnish it with oaken handle,
Carve it in thine ancient smithy,
Hammer it upon thine anvil,
Have it ready for the summer,
For the merry days of sunshine;
Take thy bride then to the lowlands,
Mow the grass upon thy meadows,
Rake the hay when it is ready,
Make the reeds and grasses rustle,
Toss the fragrant heads of clover,
Make thy hay in Kalevala
When the silver sun is shining.
"When the time has come for weaving,
To the loom attract the weaver,
Give to her the spools and shuttles,
Let the willing loom be worthy,
Beautiful the frame and settle;
Give to her what may be needed,
That the weaver's song may echo,
That the lathe may swing and rattle,
Ma y be heard within the village,
That the aged may remark it,
And the village-maidens question:
'Who is she that now is weaving,
What new power now plies the shuttle?'

“Make this answer to the question:
‘It is my beloved weaving,
My young bride that plies the shuttle.’
”Shall the weaver’s weft be loosened,
Shall the young bride’s loom be tightened?
Do not let the weft be loosened,
Nor the weaver’s loom be tightened;
Such the weaving of the daughters
Of the Moon beyond the cloudlets;
Such the spinning of the maidens
Of the Sun in high Jumala,
Of the daughters of the Great Bear,
Of the daughters of the Evening.
Bridegroom, thou beloved hero,
Brave descendant of thy fathers,
When thou goest on a journey,
When thou drivest on the highway,
Driving with the Rainbow-daughter,
Fairest bride of Sariola,
Do not lead her as a titmouse,
As a cuckoo of the forest,
Into unfrequented places,
Into copses of the borders,
Into brier-fields and brambles,
Into unproductive marshes;
Let her wander not, nor stumble
On opposing rocks and rubbish.
Never in her father’s dwelling,
Never in her mother’s court-yard,
Has she fallen into ditches,
Stumbled hard against the fences,
Run through brier-fields, nor brambles,
Fallen over rocks, nor rubbish.
“Magic bridegroom of Wainola,
Wise descendant of the heroes,
Never let thy young wife suffer,
Never let her be neglected,
Never let her sit in darkness,
Never leave her unattended.
Never in her father’s mansion,
In the chambers of her mother,
Has she sat alone in darkness,
Has she suffered for attention;
Sat she by the crystal window,
Sat and rocked, in peace and plenty,
Evenings for her father’s pleasure,
Mornings for her mother’s sunshine.
Never mayest thou, O bridegroom,
Lead the Maiden of the Rainbow
To the mortar filled with sea-grass,
There to grind the bark for cooking,
There to bake her bread from stubble,
There to knead her dough from tan-bark
Never in her father’s dwelling,
Never in her mother’s mansion,

Was she taken to the mortar,
There to bake her bread from sea-grass.
Thou shouldst lead the Bride of Beauty
To the garner's rich abundance,
There to draw the till of barley,
Grind the flour and knead for baking,
There to brew the beer for drinking,
Wheaten flour for honey-biscuits.
"Hero-bridegroom of Wainola,
Never cause thy Bride of Beauty
To regret her day of marriage;
Never make her shed a tear-drop,
Never fill her cup with sorrow.
Should there ever come an evening
When thy wife shall feel unhappy,
Put the harness on thy racer,
Hitch the fleet-foot to the snow-sled;
Take her to her father's dwelling,
To the household of her mother;
Never in thy hero-lifetime,
Never while the moonbeams glimmer,
Give thy fair spouse evil treatment,
Never treat her as thy servant;
Do not bar her from the cellar,
Do not lock thy best provisions
Never in her father's mansion,
Never by her faithful mother
Was she treated as a hireling.
Honored bridegroom of the Northland,
Proud descendant of the fathers,
If thou treatest well thy young wife,
Worthily wilt thou be treated;
When thou goest to her homestead,
When thou visitest her father,
Thou shalt meet a cordial welcome.
"Censure not the Bride of Beauty,
Never grieve thy Rainbow-maiden,
Never say in tones reproachful,
She was born in lowly station,
That her father was unworthy;
Honored are thy bride's relations,
From an old-time tribe, her kindred;
When of corn they sowed a measure,
Each one's portion was a kernel;
When they sowed a cask of flax-seed,
Each received a thread of linen.
Never, never, magic husband,
Treat thy beauty-bride unkindly,
Teach her not with lash of servants,
Strike her not with thongs of leather;
Never has she wept in anguish
From the birch-whip of her mother.
Stand before her like a rampart,
Be to her a strong protection,
Do not let thy mother chide her,

Let thy father not upbraid her,
Never let thy guests offend her;
Should thy servants bring annoyance,
They may need the master's censure;
Do not harm the Bride of Beauty,
Never injure her thou lovest;
Three long years hast thou been wooing,
Hoping every mouth to win her.
"Counsel with the bride of heaven,
To thy young wife give instruction,
Kindly teach thy bride in secret,
In the long and dreary evenings,
When thou sittest at the fireside;
Teach one year, in words of kindness,
Teach with eyes of love a second,
In the third year teach with firmness.
If she should not heed thy teaching,
Should not hear thy kindly counsel
After three long years of effort,
Cut a reed upon the lowlands,
Cut a nettle from the border,
Teach thy wife with harder measures.
In the fourth year, if she heed not,
Threaten her with sterner treatment,
With the stalks of rougher edges,
Use not yet the thongs of leather,
Do not touch her with the birch-whip.
If she does not heed this warning,
Should she pay thee no attention,
Cut a rod upon the mountains,
Or a willow in the valleys,
Hide it underneath thy mantle,
That the stranger may not see it,
Show it to thy wife in secret,
Shame her thus to do her duty,
Strike not yet, though disobeying.
Should she disregard this warning,
Still refuse to heed thy wishes,
Then instruct her with the willow,
Use the birch-rod from the mountains
In the closet of thy dwelling,
In the attic of thy mansion;
Strike, her not upon the common,
Do not conquer her in public,
Lest the villagers should see thee,
Lest the neighbors hear her weeping,
And the forests learn thy troubles.
Touch thy wife upon the shoulders,
Let her stiffened back be softened.
Do not touch her on the forehead,
Nor upon the ears, nor visage;
If a ridge be on her forehead,
Or a blue mark on her eyelids,
Then her mother would perceive it,
And her father would take notice,

All the village-workmen see it,
And the village-women ask her
'Hast thou been in heat of battle,
Hast thou struggled in a conflict,
Or perchance the wolves have torn thee,
Or the forest-bears embraced thee,
Or the black-wolf be thy husband,
And the bear be thy protector?'“
By the fire-place lay a gray-beard,
On the hearth-stone lay a beggar,
And the old man spake as follows:
”Never, never, hero-husband,
Follow thou thy young wife's wishes,
Follow not her inclinations,
As, alas! I did, regretful;
Bought my bride the bread of barley,
Veal, and beer, and best of butter,
Fish and fowl of all descriptions,
Beer I bought, home-brewed and sparkling,
Wheat from all the distant nations,
All the dainties of the Northland;
All of this was unavailing,
Gave my wife no satisfaction,
Often came she to my chamber,
Tore my sable locks in frenzy,
With a visage fierce and frightful,
With her eyeballs flashing anger,
Scolding on and scolding ever,
Ever speaking words of evil,
Using epithets the vilest,
Thought me but a block for chopping.
Then I sought for other measures,
Used on her my last resources,
Cut a birch-whip in the forest,
And she spake in tones endearing;
Cut a juniper or willow,
And she called me 'hero-darling';
When with lash my wife I threatened,
Hung she on my neck with kisses.“
Thus the bridegroom was instructed,
Thus the last advices given.
Then the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Beauteous bride of Ilmarinen,
Sighing heavily and moaning,
Fell to weeping, heavy-hearted,
Spake these words from depths of sorrow:
”Near, indeed, the separation,
Near, alas! the time for parting,
Near the time for my departure;
O the anguish of the parting,
O the pain of separation,
From these walls renowned and ancient,
From this village of the Northland,
From these scenes of peace and plenty,
Where my faithful mother taught me,

Where my father gave instruction
To me in my happy childhood,
When my years were few and tender!
As a child I did not fancy,
Never thought of separation
From the confines of this cottage,
From these dear old hills and mountains,
But, alas! I now must journey,
Since I now cannot escape it;
Empty is the bowl of parting,
All the farewell-beer is taken,
And my husband's sledge is waiting,
With the break-board looking southward,
Looking from my father's dwelling.
"How shall I give compensation,
How repay, on my departure,
All the kindness of my mother,
All the counsel of my father,
All the friendship of my brother,
All my sister's warm affection?
Gratitude to thee, dear father,
For my former-life and blessings,
For the comforts of thy table,
For the pleasures of my childhood!
Gratitude to thee, dear mother,
For thy tender care and guidance,
For my birth and for my culture,
Nurtured by thy purest life-blood!
Gratitude to thee, dear brother,
Gratitude to thee, sweet sister,
To the servants of my childhood,
To my many friends and playmates!
"Never, never, aged father,
Never, thou, beloved mother,
Never, ye, my kindred spirits,
Never harbor care, nor sorrow,
Never fall to bitter weeping,
Since thy child has gone to others,
To the distant home of strangers,
To the meadows of Wainola,
From her father's fields and firesides.
Shines the Sun of the Creator,
Shines the golden Moon of Ukko,
Glitter all the stars of heaven,
In the firmament of ether,
Full as bright on other homesteads;
Not upon my father's uplands,
Not upon my home in childhood,
Shines the Star of Joyance only.
"Now the time has come for parting
From my father's golden firesides,
From my brother's welcome hearth-stone,
From the chambers of my sister,
From my mother's happy dwelling;
Now I leave the swamps and lowlands,

Leave the grassy vales and mountains,
Leave the crystal lakes and rivers,
Leave the shores and sandy shallows,
Leave the white-capped surging billows,
Where the maidens swim and linger,
Where the mermaids sing and frolic;
Leave the swamps to those that wander,
Leave the corn-fields to the plowman,
Leave the forests to the weary,
Leave the heather to the rover,
Leave the copses to the stranger,
Leave the alleys to the beggar,
Leave the court-yards to the rambler,
Leave the portals to the servant,
Leave the matting to the sweeper,
Leave the highways to the roebuck,
Leave the woodland-glens to lynxes,
Leave the lowlands to the wild-geese,
And the birch-tree to the cuckoo.
Now I leave these friends of childhood,
Journey southward with my husband,
To the arms of Night and Winter,
O'er the ice-grown seas of Northland.
"Should I once again, returning,
Pay a visit to my tribe-folk,
Mother would not hear me calling,
Father would not see me weeping,
Calling at my mother's grave-stone,
'Weeping o'er my buried father,
On their graves the fragrant flowers,
Junipers and mournful willows,
Verdure from my mother's tresses,
From the gray-beard of my father.
"Should I visit Sariola,
Visit once again these borders,
No one here would bid me welcome.
Nothing in these hills would greet me,
Save perchance a few things only,
By the fence a clump of osiers,
And a land-mark at the corner,
Which in early youth I planted,
When a child of little stature.
"Mother's kine perhaps will know me,
Which so often I have watered,
Which I oft have fed and tended,
Lowing now at my departure,
In the pasture cold and cheerless;
Sure my mother's kine will welcome
Northland's daughter home returning.
Father's steeds may not forget me,
Steeds that I have often ridden,
When a maiden free and happy,
Neighing now for me departing,
In the pasture of my brother,
In the stable of my father;

Sure my father's steeds will know me,
Bid Pohyola's daughter welcome.
Brother's faithful dogs may know me,
That I oft have fed and petted,
Dogs that I have taught to frolic,
That now mourn for me departing,
In their kennels in the court-yard,
In their kennels cold and cheerless;
Sure my brother's dogs will welcome
Pohya's daughter home returning.
But the people will not know me,
When I come these scenes to visit,
Though the fords remain as ever,
Though unchanged remain the rivers,
Though untouched the flaxen fish-nets
On the shores await my coming.
"Fare thou well, my dear old homestead,
Fare ye well, my native bowers;
It would give me joy unceasing
Could I linger here forever.
Now farewell, ye halls and portals,
Leading to my father's mansion;
It would give me joy unceasing
Could I linger here forever.
Fare ye well, familiar gardens
Filled with trees and fragrant flowers;
It would give me joy unceasing,
Could I linger here forever.
Send to all my farewell greetings,
To the fields, and groves, and berries;
Greet the meadows with their daisies,
Greet the borders with their fences,
Greet the lakelets with their islands,
Greet the streams with trout disporting,
Greet the hills with stately pine-trees,
And the valleys with their birches.
Fare ye well, ye streams and lakelets,
Fertile fields, and shores of ocean,
All ye aspens on the mountains,
All ye lindens of the valleys,
All ye beautiful stone-lindens,
All ye shade-trees by the cottage,
All ye junipers and willows,
All ye shrubs with berries laden,
Waving grass and fields of barley,
Arms of elms, and oaks, and alders,
Fare ye well, dear scenes of childhood,
Happiness of days departed!"
Ending thus, Pohyola's daughter
Left her native fields and fallows,
Left the darksome Sariola,
With her husband, Ilmarinen,
Famous son of Kalevala.
But the youth remained for singing,
This the chorus of the children:

“Hither came a bird of evil’
Flew in fleetness from the forest,
Came to steal away our virgin,
Came to win the Maid of Beauty;
Took away our fairest flower,
Took our mermaid from the waters,
Won her with his youth and beauty,
With his keys of ancient wisdom.
Who will lead us to the sea-beach,
Who conduct us to the rivers?
Now the buckets will be idle,
On the hooks will rest the fish-poles,
Now unswept will lie the matting,
And unswept the halls of birch-wood,
Copper goblets be unburnished,
Dark the handles of the pitchers,
Fare thou well, dear Rainbow Maiden.”
Ilmarinen, happy bridegroom,
Hastened homeward with the daughter
Of the hostess of Pohyola,
With the beauty of the Northland
Fleetly flew the hero’s snow-sledge,
Loudly creaked, and roared, and rattled
Down the banks of Northland waters,
By the side of Honey-inlet,
On the back of Sandy Mountain.
Stones went rolling from the highway,
Like the winds the sledge flew onward,
On the yoke rang hoops of iron,
Loud the spotted wood resounded,
Loudly creaked the bands of willow,
All the birchen cross-bars trembled,
And the copper-bells rang music,
In the racing of the fleet-foot,
In the courser’s gallop homeward;
Journeyed one day, then a second,
Journeyed still the third day onward,
In one hand the reins of magic,
While the other grasped the maiden,
One foot resting on the cross-bar,
And the other in the fur-robcs.
Merrily the steed flew homeward,
Quickly did the highways shorten,
Till at last upon the third day,
As the sun was fast declining,
There appeared the blacksmith’s furnace,
Nearer, Ilmarinen’s dwelling,
Smoke arising high in ether,
Clouds of smoke to lofty heaven,
From the village of Wainola,
From the suitor’s forge and smithy,
From the chimneys of the hero,
From the home of the successful.

RUNE XXV. WAINAMOINEN'S WEDDING-SONGS.

At the home of Ilmarinen
Long had they been watching, waiting,
For the coming of the blacksmith,
With his bride from Sariola.
Weary were the eyes of watchers,
Waiting from the father's portals,
Looking from the mother's windows;
Weary were the young knees standing
At the gates of the magician;
Weary grew the feet of children,
Tramping to the walls and watching;
Worn and torn, the shoes of heroes,
Running on the shore to meet him.
Now at last upon a morning
Of a lovely day in winter,
Heard they from the woods the rumble
Of a snow-sledge swiftly bounding.
Lakko, hostess of Wainola,
She the lovely Kalew-daughter,
Spake these words in great excitement:
"Tis the sledge of the magician,
Comes at last the metal-worker
From the dismal Sariola,
By his side the Bride of Beauty!
Welcome, welcome, to this hamlet,
Welcome to thy mother's hearth-stone,
To the dwelling of thy father,
By thine ancestors erected!"
Straightway came great Ilmarinen
To his cottage drove the blacksmith,
To the fireside of his father,
To his mother's ancient dwelling.
Hazel-birds were sweetly singing
On the newly-bended collar;
Sweetly called the sacred cuckoos
From the summit of the break-board;
Merry, jumped the graceful squirrel
On the oaken shafts and cross-bar.
Lakko, Kalew's fairest hostess,
Beauteous daughter of Wainola,
Spake these words of hearty welcome:
"For the new moon hopes the village,
For the sun, the happy maidens,
For the boat, the swelling water;
I have not the moon expected,
For the sun have not been waiting,
I have waited for my hero,
Waited for the Bride of Beauty;
Watched at morning, watched at evening,
Did not know but some misfortune,
Some sad fate had overtaken
Bride and bridegroom on their journey;
Thought the maiden growing weary,

Weary of my son's attentions,
Since he faithfully had promised
To return to Kalevala,
Ere his foot-prints had departed
From the snow-fields of his father.
Every morn I looked and listened,
Constantly I thought and wondered
When his sledge would rumble homeward,
When it would return triumphant
To his home, renowned and ancient.
Had a blind and beggared straw-horse
Hobbled to these shores awaiting,
With a sledge of but two pieces,
Well the steed would have been lauded,
Had it brought my son beloved,
Had it brought the Bride of Beauty.
Thus I waited long, impatient,
Looking out from morn till even,
Watching with my head extended,
With my tresses streaming southward,
With my eyelids widely opened,
Waiting for my son's returning
To this modest home of heroes,
To this narrow place of resting.
Finally am I rewarded,
For the sledge has come triumphant,
Bringing home my son and hero,
By his side the Rainbow maiden,
Red her cheeks, her visage winsome,
Pride and joy of Sariola.
"Wizard-bridegroom of Wainola,
Take thy-courser to the stable,
Lead him to the well-filled manger,
To the best of grain and clover;
Give to us thy friendly greetings,
Greetings send to all thy people.
When thy greetings thou hast ended,
Then relate what has befallen
To our hero in his absence.
Hast thou gone without adventure
To the dark fields of Pohyola,
Searching for the Maid of Beauty?
Didst thou scale the hostile ramparts,
Didst thou take the virgin's mansion,
Passing o'er her mother's threshold,
Visiting the halls of Louhi?
"But I know without the asking,
See the answer to my question:
Comest from the North a victor,
On thy journey well contented;
Thou hast brought the Northland daughter,
Thou hast razed the hostile portals,
Thou hast stormed the forts of Louhi,
Stormed the mighty walls opposing,
On thy journey to Pohyola,

To the village of the father.
In thy care the bride is sitting,
In thine arms, the Rainbow-maiden,
At thy side, the pride of Northland,
Mated to the highly-gifted.
Who has told the cruel story,
Who the worst of news has scattered,
That thy suit was unsuccessful,
That in vain thy steed had journeyed?
Not in vain has been thy wooing,
Not in vain thy steed has travelled
To the dismal homes of Lapland;
He has journeyed heavy laden,
Shaken mane, and tail, and forelock,
Dripping foam from lips and nostrils,
Through the bringing of the maiden,
With the burden of the husband.
"Come, thou beauty, from the snow-sledge,
Come, descend thou from the cross-bench,
Do not linger for assistance,
Do not tarry to be carried;
If too young the one that lifts thee,
If too proud the one in waiting,
Rise thou, graceful, like a young bird,
Hither glide along the pathway,
On the tan-bark scarlet- colored,
That the herds of kine have evened,
That the gentle lambs have trodden,
Smoothened by the tails of horses.
Haste thou here with gentle footsteps,
Through the pathway smooth and tidy,
On the tiles of even surface,
On thy second father's court-yard,
To thy second mother's dwelling,
To thy brother's place of resting,
To thy sister's silent chambers.
Place thy foot within these portals,
Step across this waiting threshold,
Enter thou these halls of joyance,
Underneath these painted rafters,
Underneath this roof of ages.
During all the winter evenings,
Through the summer gone forever,
Sang the tiling made of ivory,
Wishing thou wouldst walk upon it;
Often sang the golden ceiling,
Hoping thou wouldst walk beneath it,
And the windows often whistled,
Asking thee to sit beside them;
Even on this merry morning,
Even on the recent evening,
Sat the aged at their windows,
On the sea-shore ran the children,
Near the walls the maidens waited,
Ran the boys upon the highway,

There to watch the young bride's coming,
Coming with her hero-husband.
"Hail, ye courtiers of Wainola,
With the heroes of the fathers,
Hail to thee, Wainola's hamlet,
Hail, ye halls with heroes peopled,
Hail, ye rooms with all your inmates,
Hail to thee, sweet golden moonlight,
Hail to thee, benignant Ukko,
Hail companions of the bridegroom!
Never has there been in Northland
Such a wedding-train of honor,
Never such a bride of beauty.
"Bridegroom, thou beloved hero,
Now untie the scarlet ribbons,
And remove the silken muffler,
Let us see the honey-maiden,
See the Daughter of the Rainbow.
Seven years hast thou been wooing,
Hast thou brought the maid affianced,
Wainamoinen's Wedding-Songs.
Hast thou sought a sweeter cuckoo,
Sought one fairer than the moonlight,
Sought a mermaid from the ocean?
But I know without the asking,
See the answer to my question:
Thou hast brought the sweet-voiced cuckoo,
Thou hast found the swan of beauty
Plucked the sweetest flower of Northland,
Culled the fairest of the jewels,
Gathered Pohya's sweetest berry!"
Sat a babe upon the matting,
And the young child spake as follows:
"Brother, what is this thou bringest,
Aspen-log or trunk of willow,
Slender as the mountain-linden?
Bridegroom, well dost thou remember,
Thou hast hoped it all thy life-time,
Hoped to bring the Maid of Beauty,
Thou a thousand times hast said it,
Better far than any other,
Not one like the croaking raven,
Nor the magpie from the border,
Nor the scarecrow from the corn-fields,
Nor the vulture from the desert.
What has this one done of credit,
In the summer that has ended?
Where the gloves that she has knitted,
Where the mittens she has woven?
Thou hast brought her empty-handed,
Not a gift she brings thy father;
In thy chests the nice are nesting,
Long-tails feeding on thy vestments,
And thy bride, cannot repair them."
Lakko hostess of Wainola,

She the faithful Kalew-daughter,
Hears the young child's speech in wonder,
Speaks these words of disapproval:
Silly prattler, cease thy talking,
Thou Last spoken in dishonor;
Let all others be astonished,
Reap thy malice on thy kindred,
must not harm the Bride of Beauty,
Rainbow-daughter of the Northland.
False indeed is this thy Prattle,
All thy words are full or evil,
Fallen from thy tongue of mischief
From the lips of one unworthy.
Excellent the hero's young bride,
Best of all in Sariola,
Like the strawberry in summer,
Like the daisy from the meadow,
Like the cuckoo from the forest,
Like the bluebird from the aspen,
Like the redbreast from the heather,
Like the martin from the linden;
Never couldst thou find in Ehtland
Such a virgin as this daughter,
Such a graceful beauteous maiden,
With such dignity of Carriage,
With such arms of pearly whiteness,
With a neck so fair and lovely.
Neither is she empty-handed,
She has brought us furs abundant,
Brought us many silken garments,
Richest weavings of Pohyola.
Many beauteous things the maiden,
With the spindle has accomplished,
Spun and woven with her fingers
Dresses of the finest texture
She in winter has upfolded,
Bleached them in the days of spring-time,
Dried them at the hour of noon-day,
For our couches finest linen,
For our heads the softest pillows,
For our comfort woollen blankets,
For our necks the silken ribbons."
To the bride speaks gracious Lakko:
"Goodly wife, thou Maid of Beauty,
Highly wert thou praised as daughter,
In thy father's distant country;
Here thou shalt be praised forever
By the kindred of thy husband;
Thou shalt never suffer sorrow,
Never give thy heart to grieving;
In the swamps thou wert not nurtured,
Wert not fed beside the brooklets;
Thou wert born 'neath stars auspicious,
Nurtured from the richest garners,
Thou wert taken to the brewing

Of the sweetest beer in Northland.
"Beauteous bride from Sariola,
Shouldst thou see me bringing hither
Casks of corn, or wheat, or barley;
Bringing rye in great abundance,
They belong to this thy household;
Good the plowing of thy husband.
Good his sowing and his reaping.
"Bride of Beauty from the Northland,
Thou wilt learn this home to manage,
Learn to labor with thy kindred;
Good the home for thee to dwell in,
Good enough for bride and daughter.
At thy hand will rest the milk-pail,
And the churn awaits thine order;
It is well here for the maiden,
Happy will the young bride labor,
Easy are the resting-benches;
Here the host is like thy father,
Like thy mother is the hostess,
All the sons are like thy brothers,
Like thy sisters are the daughters.
"Shouldst thou ever have a longing
For the whiting of the ocean,
For thy, father's Northland salmon,
For thy brother's hazel-chickens,
Ask them only of thy husband,
Let thy hero-husband bring them.
There is not in all of Northland,
Not a creature of the forest,
Not a bird beneath the ether,
Not a fish within the waters,
Not the largest, nor the smallest
That thy husband cannot capture.
It is well here for the maiden,
Here the bride may live in freedom,
Need not turn the heavy millstone,
Need not move the iron pestle;
Here the wheat is ground by water,
For the rye, the swifter current,
While the billows wash the vessels
And the surging waters rinse them.
Thou hast here a lovely village,
Finest spot in all of Northland,
In the lowlands sweet the verdure,
in the uplands, fields of beauty,
With the lake-shore near the hamlet,
Near thy home the running water,
Where the goslings swim and frolic,
Water-birds disport in numbers."
Thereupon the bride and bridegroom
Were refreshed with richest viands,
Given food and drink abundant,
Fed on choicest bits of reindeer,
On the sweetest loaves of barley,

On the best of wheaten biscuits,
On the richest beer of Northland.
Many things were on the table,
Many dainties of Wainola,
In the bowls of scarlet color,
In the platters deftly painted,
Many cakes with honey sweetened,
To each guest was butter given,
Many bits of trout and whiting,
Larger salmon carved in slices,
With the knives of molten silver,
Rimmed with gold the silver handles,
Beer of barley ceaseless flowing,
Honey-drink that was not purchased,
In the cellar flows profusely,
Beer for all, the tongues to quicken,
Mead and beer the minds to freshen.
Who is there to lead the singing,
Lead the songs of Kalevala?
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
The eternal, wise enchanter,
Quick begins his incantations,
Straightway sings the songs that follow.
"Golden brethren, dearest kindred,
Ye, my loved ones, wise and worthy
Ye companions, highly-gifted,
Listen to my simple sayings:
Rarely stand the geese together,
Sisters do not mate each other,
Not together stand the brothers,
Nor the children of one mother,
In the countries of the Northland.
"Shall we now begin the singing,
Sing the songs of old tradition?
Singers can but sing their wisdom,
And the cuckoo call the spring-time,
And the goddess of the heavens
Only dyes the earth in beauty;
So the goddesses of weaving
Can but weave from dawn till twilight,
Ever sing the youth of Lapland
In their straw-shoes full of gladness,
When the coarse-meat of the roebuck,
Or of blue-moose they have eaten.
Wherefore should I not be singing,
And the children not be chanting
Of the biscuits of Wainola,
Of the bread of Kalew-waters?
Even Sing the lads of Lapland
In their straw-shoes filled with joyance,
Drinking but a cup of water,
Eating but the bitter tan-bark.
Wherefore should I not be singing,
And the children not be chanting
Of the beer of Kalevala,

Brewed from barley in perfection,
Dressed in quaint and homely costume,
As they sit beside their hearth-stones.
Wherefore should I not be singing,
And the children too be chanting
Underneath these painted rafters,
In these halls renowned and ancient?
This the place for men to linger,
This the court-room for the maidens,
Near the foaming beer of barley,
Honey-brewed in great abundance,
Very near, the salmon-waters,
Near, the nets for trout and whiting,
Here where food is never wanting,
Where the beer is ever brewing.
Here Wainola's sons assemble,
Here Wainola's daughters gather,
Here they never eat in trouble,
Here they live without regretting,
In the life-time of the landlord,
While the hostess lives and prospers.
"Who shall first be sung and lauded?
Shall it be the bride or bridegroom?
Let us praise the bridegroom's father,
Let the hero-host be chanted,
Him whose home is in the forest,
Him who built upon the mountains,
Him who brought the trunks of lindens,
With their tops and slender branches,
Brought them to the best of places,
Joined them skilfully together,
For the mansion of the nation,
For this famous hero-dwelling,
Walls procured upon the lowlands,
Rafters from the pine and fir-tree,
From the woodlands beams of oak-wood,
From the berry-plains the studding,
Bark was furnished by the aspen,
And the mosses from the fenlands.
Trimly builded is this mansion,
In a haven warmly sheltered;
Here a hundred men have labored,
On the roof have stood a thousand,
As this spacious house was building,
As this roof was tightly jointed.
Here the ancient mansion-builder,
When these rafters were erected,
Lost in storms his locks of sable,
Scattered by the winds of heaven.
Often has the hero-landlord
On the rocks his gloves forgotten,
Left his hat upon the willows,
Lost his mittens in the marshes;
Oftentimes the mansion-builder,
In the early hours of morning,

Ere his workmen had awakened,
Unperceived by all the village,
Has arisen from his slumber,
Left his cabin the snow-fields,
Combed his locks among the branches,
Bathed his eyes in dews of morning.
"Thus obtained the pleasant landlord
Friends to fill his spacious dwelling,
Fill his benches with magicians,
Fill his windows with enchanters,
Fill his halls with wizard-singers,
Fill his floors with ancient speakers,
Fill his ancient court with strangers,
Fill his hurdles with the needy;
Thus the Kalew-host is lauded.
"Now I praise the genial hostess,
Who prepares the toothsome dinner,
Fills with plenty all her tables,
Bakes the honeyed loaves of barley,
Kneads the dough with magic fingers,
With her arms of strength and beauty,
Bakes her bread in copper ovens,
Feeds her guests and bids them welcome,
Feeds them on the toothsome bacon,
On the trout, and pike, and whiting,
On the rarest fish in ocean,
On the dainties of Wainola.
"Often has the faithful hostess
Risen from her couch in silence,
Ere the crowing of the watcher,
To prepare the wedding-banquet,
Make her tables look attractive.
Brew the honey-beer of wedlock.
Excellently has the housewife,
Has the hostess filled with wisdom,
Brewed the beer from hops and barley,
From the corn of Kalevala,
From the wheat-malt honey-seasoned,
Stirred the beer with graceful fingers,
At the oven in the penthouse,
In the chamber swept and polished.
Neither did the prudent hostess,
Beautiful, and full of wisdom,
Let the barley sprout too freely,
Lest the beer should taste of black-earth,
Be too bitter in the brewing,
Often went she to the garner,
Went alone at hour of midnight,
Was not frightened by the black-wolf,
Did not fear the beasts of woodlands.
"Now the hostess I have lauded,
Let me praise the favored suitor,
Now the honored hero-bridegroom,
Best of all the village-masters.
Clothed in purple is the hero,

Raiment brought from distant nations,
Tightly fitting to his body;
Snugly sets his coat of ermine,
To the floor it hangs in beauty,
Trailing from his neck and shoulders,
Little of his vest appearing,
Peeping through his outer raiment,
Woven by the Moon's fair daughters,
And his vestment silver-tinselled.
Dressed in neatness is the suitor,
Round his waist a belt of copper,
Hammered by the Sun's sweet maidens,
Ere the early fires were lighted,
Ere the fire had been discovered.
Dressed in richness is the bridegroom,
On his feet are silken stockings,
Silken ribbons on his ankles,
Gold and silver interwoven.
Dressed in beauty is the bridegroom,
On his feet are shoes of deer-skin,
Like the swans upon the water,
Like the blue-duck on the sea-waves,
Like the thrush among the willows,
Like the water-birds of Northland.
Well adorned the hero-suitor,
With his locks of golden color,
With his gold-beard finely braided,
Hero-hat upon his forehead,
Piercing through the forest branches,
Reaching to the clouds of heaven,
Bought with countless gold and silver,
Priceless is the suitor's head-gear.
"Now the bridegroom has been lauded,
I will praise the young bride's playmate,
Day-companion in her childhood,
In the maiden's magic mansion.
Whence was brought the merry maiden,
From the village of Tanikka?
Thence was never brought the playmate,
Playmate of the bride in childhood.
Has she come from distant nations,
From the waters of the Dwina,
O'er the ocean far-outstretching?
Not from Dwina came the maiden,
Did not sail across the waters;
Grew as berry in the mountains,
As a strawberry of sweetness,
On the fields the child of beauty,
In the glens the golden flower.
Thence has come the young bride's playmate,
Thence arose her fair companion.
Tiny are her feet and fingers,
Small her lips of scarlet color,
Like the maiden's loom of Suomi;
Eyes that shine in kindly beauty

Like the twinkling stars of heaven;
Beam the playmate's throbbing temples
Like the moonlight on the waters.
Trinkets has the bride's companion,
On her neck a golden necklace,
In her tresses, silken ribbons,
On her arms are golden bracelets,
Golden rings upon her fingers,
Pearls are set in golden ear-rings,
Loops of gold upon her temples,
And with pearls her brow is studded.
Northland thought the Moon was shining
When her jeweled ear-rings glistened;
Thought the Sun had left his station
When her girdle shone in beauty;
Thought a ship was homeward sailing
When her colored head-gear fluttered.
Thus is praised the bride's companion,
Playmate of the Rainbow-maiden.
"Now I praise the friends assembled,
All appear in graceful manners;
If the old are wise and silent,
All the youth are free and merry,
All the guests are fair and worthy.
Never was there in Wainola,
Never will there be in Northland,
Such a company assembled;
All the children speak in joyance,
All the aged move sedately;
Dressed in white are all the maidens,
Like the hoar-frost of the morning,
Like the welcome dawn of spring-time,
Like the rising of the daylight.
Silver then was more abundant,
Gold among the guests in plenty,
On the hills were money, pockets,
Money-bags along the valleys,
For the friends that were invited,
For the guests in joy assembled.
All the friends have now been lauded,
Each has gained his meed of honor."
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Song-deliverer of Northland,
Swung himself upon the fur-bench
Or his magic sledge of copper,
Straightway hastened to his hamlet,
Singing as he journeyed onward,
Singing charms and incantations,
Singing one day, then a second,
All the third day chanting legends.
On the rocks the runners rattled,
Hung the sledge upon a birch-stump,
Broke it into many pieces,
With the magic of his singing;
Double were the runners bended,

All the parts were torn asunder,
And his magic sledge was ruined.
Then the good, old Wainamoinen
Spake these words in meditation:
"Is there one among this number,
In this rising generation,
Or perchance among the aged,
In the passing generation,
That will go to Mana's kingdom,
To the empire of Tuoni,
There to get the magic auger
From the master of Manala,
That I may repair my snow-sledge,
Or a second sledge may fashion?"
What the younger people answered
Was the answer of the aged:
"Not among the youth of Northland,
Nor among the aged heroes,
Is there one of ample courage,
That has bravery sufficient,
To attempt the reckless journey
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To Manala's fields and castles,
Thence to bring Tuoni's auger,
Wherewithal to mend thy snow-sledge,
Build anew thy sledge of magic."
Thereupon old Wainamoinen,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
Went again to Mana's empire,
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
Crossed the sable stream of Deathland,
To the castles of Manala,
Found the auger of Tuoni,
Brought the instrument in safety.
Straightway sings old Wainamoinen,
Sings to life a purple forest,
In the forest, slender birches,
And beside them, mighty oak-trees,
Shapes them into shafts and runners,
Moulds them by his will and power,
Makes anew his sledge of magic.
On his steed he lays the harness,
Binds him to his sledge securely,
Seats himself upon the cross-bench,
And the racer gallops homeward,
To the manger filled and waiting,
To the stable of his master;
Brings the ancient Wainamoinen,
Famous bard and wise enchanter,
To the threshold of his dwelling,
To his home in Kalevala.

RUNE XXVI. ORIGIN OF THE SERPENT.

Ahti, living on the island,
Near the Kauko-point and harbor,
Plowed his fields for rye and barley,
Furrowed his extensive pastures,
Heard with quickened ears an uproar,
Heard the village in commotion,
Heard a noise along the sea-shore,
Heard the foot-steps on the ice-plain,
Heard the rattle of the sledges;
Quick his mind divined the reason,
Knew it was Pohyola's wedding,
Wedding of the Rainbow-virgin.
Quick he stopped in disappointment,
Shook his sable locks in envy,
Turned his hero-head in anger,
While the scarlet blood ceased flowing
Through his pallid face and temples;
Ceased his plowing and his sowing,
On the field he left the furrows,
On his steed he lightly mounted,
Straightway galloped fleetly homeward
To his well-beloved mother,
To his mother old and golden,
Gave his mother these directions,
These the words of Lemminkainen:
"My beloved, faithful mother,
Quickly bring me beer and viands,
Bring me food for I am hungry,
Food and drink for me abundant,
Have my bath-room quickly heated,
Quickly set the room in order,
That I may refresh my body,
Dress myself in hero-vestment."
Lemminkainen's aged mother
Brings her hero food in plenty,
Beer and viands for the hungry,
For her thirsting son and hero;
Quick she heats the ancient bath-room,
Quickly sets his bath in order.
Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Ate his meat with beer inspiring,
Hastened to his bath awaiting;
Only was the bullfinch bathing,
With the many-colored bunting;
Quick the hero laved his temples,
Laved himself to flaxen whiteness,
Quick returning to his mother,
Spoke in haste the words that follow:
"My beloved, helpful mother,
Go at once to yonder mountain,
To the store-house on the hill-top,
Bring my vest of finest texture,
Bring my hero-coat of purple,

Bring my suit of magic colors,
Thus to make me look attractive,
Thus to robe myself in beauty.“
First the ancient mother asked him,
Asked her son this simple question:
”Whither dost thou go, my hero?
Dost thou go to hunt the roebuck,
Chase the lynx upon the mountains,
Shoot the squirrel in the woodlands?“
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
Also known as Kaukomieli:
”Worthy mother of my being,
Go I not to hunt the roebuck,
Chase the lynx upon the mountains,
Shoot the squirrel on the tree-tops;
I am going to Pohyola,
To the feasting of her people.
Bring at once my purple vestments,
Straightway bring my nuptial outfit,
Let me don it for the marriage
Of the maiden of the Northland.“
But the ancient dame dissented,
And the wife forbade the husband;
Two of all the best of heroes,
Three of nature’s fairest daughters,
Strongly urged wild Lemminkainen
Not to go to Sariola,
To Pohyola’s great carousal,
To the marriage-feast of Northland,
”Since thou hast not been invited,
Since they do not wish thy presence.“
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen.
These the words of Kaukomieli:
”Where the wicked are invited,
There the good are always welcome,
Herein lies my invitation;
I am constantly reminded
By this sword of sharpened edges,
By this magic blade and scabbard,
That Pohyola needs my presence.“
Lemminkainen’s aged mother
Sought again to stay her hero:
”Do not go, my son beloved,
To the feasting in Pohyola;
Full of horrors are the highways,
On the road are many wonders,
Three times Death appears to frighten,
Thrice destruction hovers over!“
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
These the words of Kaukomieli:
”Death is seen by aged people,
Everywhere they see perdition,
Death can never frighten heroes,
Heroes do not fear the spectre;
Be that as it may, dear mother,

Tell that I may understand thee,
Name the first of all destructions,
Name the first and last destroyers!"
Lemminkainen's mother answered:
"I will tell thee, son and hero,
Not because I wish to speak it,
But because the truth is worthy;
I will name the chief destruction,
Name the first of the destroyers.
When thou hast a distance journeyed,
Only one day hast thou travelled,
Comes a stream along the highway,
Stream of fire of wondrous beauty,
In the stream a mighty fire-spout,
In the spout a rock uprising,
On the rock a fiery hillock,
On the top a flaming eagle,
And his crooked beak he sharpens,
Sharpens too his bloody talons,
For the coming of the stranger,
For the people that approach him."
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomiel:
"Women die beneath the eagle,
Such is not the death of heroes;
Know I well a magic lotion,
That will heal the wounds of eagles;
Make myself a steed of alders,
That will walk as my companion,
That will stride ahead majestic;
As a duck I'll drive behind him,
Drive him o'er the fatal waters,
Underneath the flaming eagle,
With his bloody beak and talons.
Worthy mother of my being,
Name the second of destroyers."
Lemminkainen's mother answered:
"This the second of destroyers:
When thou hast a distance wandered,
Only two days hast thou travelled,
Comes a pit of fire to meet thee,
In the centre of the highway,
Eastward far the pit extending,
Stretches endless to the westward,
Filled with burning coals and pebbles,
Glowing with the heat of ages;
Hundreds has this monster swallowed,
In his jaws have thousands perished,
Hundreds with their trusty broadswords,
Thousands on their fiery chargers."
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomiel:
"Never will the hero perish
In the jaws of such a monster;
Know I well the means of safety,

Know a remedy efficient:
 I will make of snow a master,
 On the snow-clad fields, a hero,
 Drive the snow-man on before me,
 Drive him through the flaming vortex,
 Drive him through the fiery furnace,
 With my magic broom of copper;
 I will follow in his shadow,
 Follow close the magic image,
 Thus escape the frightful monster,
 With my golden locks uninjured,
 With my flowing beard untangled.
 Ancient mother of my being,
 Name the last of the destructions,
 Name the third of the destroyers.“
 Lemminkainen’s mother answered:
 ”This the third of fatal dangers:
 Hast thou gone a greater distance,
 Hast thou travelled one day longer,
 To the portals of Pohyola,
 To the narrowest of gate-ways,
 There a wolf will rise to meet thee,
 There the black-bear sneak upon thee-,
 In Pohyola’s darksome portals,
 Hundreds in their jaws have perished,
 Have devoured a thousand heroes;
 Wherefore will they not destroy thee,
 Since thy form is unprotected?“
 Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
 Handsome hero, Kaukomiel:
 ”Let them eat the gentle lambkins,
 Feed upon their tender tissues,
 They cannot devour this hero;
 I am girded with my buckler,
 Girded with my belt of copper,
 Armlets wear I of the master,
 From the wolf and bear protected,
 Will not hasten to Untamo.
 I can meet the wolf of Lempo,
 For the bear I have a balsam,
 For his mouth I conjure bridles,
 For the wolf, forge chains of iron;
 I will smite them as the willow,
 Chop them into little fragments,
 Thus I’ll gain the open court-yard,
 Thus triumphant end my journey.“
 Lemminkainen’s mother answered:
 ”Then thy journey is not ended,
 Greater dangers still await thee,
 Great the wonders yet before thee,
 Horrors three within thy pathway;
 Three great dangers of the hero
 Still await thy reckless footsteps,
 These the worst of all thy dangers:
 When thou hast still farther wandered,

Thou wilt reach the Court of Pohya,
Where the walls are forged from iron,
And from steel the outer bulwark;
Rises from the earth to heaven,
Back again to earth returning;
Double spears are used for railings,
On each spear are serpents winding,
On each rail are stinging adders;
Lizards too adorn the bulwarks,
Play their long tails in the sunlight,
Hissing lizards, venomous serpents,
Jump and writhe upon the rampart,
Turn their horrid heads to meet thee;
On the greensward lie the monsters,
On the ground the things of evil,
With their pliant tongues of venom,
Hissing, striking, crawling, writhing;
One more horrid than the others,
Lies before the fatal gate-way,
Longer than the longest rafters,
Larger than the largest portals;
Hisses with the tongue of anger,
Lifts his head in awful menace,
Raises it to strike none other
Than the hero of the islands.“
Spake the warlike Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:
”By such things the children perish,
Such is not the death of heroes;
Know I well the fire to manage,
I can quench the flames of passion,
I can meet the prowling wild-beasts,
Can appease the wrath of serpents,
I can heal the sting of adders,
I have plowed the serpent-pastures,
Plowed the adder-fields of Northland;
While my hands were unprotected,
Held the serpents in my fingers,
Drove the adders to Manala,
On my hands the blood of serpents,
On my feet the fat of adders.
Never will thy hero stumble
On the serpents of the Northland;
With my heel I’ll crush the monsters,
Stamp the horrid things to atoms;
I will banish them from Pohya,
Drive them to Manala’s kingdom,
Step within Pohyola’s mansion,
Walk the halls of Sariola!“
Lemminkainen’s mother answered:
”Do not go, my son beloved,
To the firesides of Pohyola,
Through the Northland fields and fallows;
There are warriors with broadswords,
Heroes clad in mail of copper,

Are on beer intoxicated,
By the beer are much embittered;
They will charm thee, hapless creature,
On the tips of swords of magic;
Greater heroes have been conjured,
Stronger ones have been outwitted.“
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
”Formerly thy son resided
In the hamlets of Pohyola;
Laplanders cannot enchant me,
Nor the Turyalanders harm me
I the Laplander will conjure,
Charm him with my magic powers,
Sing his shoulders wide asunder,
In his chin I’ll sing a fissure,
Sing his collar-bone to pieces,
Sing his breast to thousand fragments.“
Lemminkainen’s mother answered:
”Foolish son, ungrateful wizard,
Boasting of thy former visit,
Boasting of thy fatal journey!
Once in Northland thou wert living,
In the homesteads of Pohyola;
There thou tried to swim the whirlpool,
Tasted there the dog-tongue waters,
Floated down the fatal current,
Sank beneath its angry billows;
Thou hast seen Tuoni’s river,
Thou hast measured Mana’s waters,
There to-day thou wouldst be sleeping,
Had it not been for thy mother!
What I tell thee well remember,
Shouldst thou gain Pohyola’s chambers,
Filled with stakes thou’lt find the court-yard,
These to hold the heads of heroes;
There thy head will rest forever,
Shouldst thou go to Sariola.“
Spake the warlike Lemminkainen:
”Fools indeed may heed thy counsel,
Cowards too may give attention;
Those of seven conquest-summers
Cannot heed such weak advising.
Bring to me my battle-armor.
Bring my magic mail of copper,
Bring me too my father’s broadsword,
Keep the old man’s blade from rusting;
Long it has been cold and idle,
Long has lain in secret places,
Long and constantly been weeping,
Long been asking for a bearer.“
Then he took his mail of copper,
Took his ancient battle-armor,
Took his father’s sword of magic,
Tried its point against the oak-wood,
Tried its edge upon the sorb-tree;

In his hand the blade was bended,
Like the limber boughs of willow,
Like the juniper in summer.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"There is none in Pohya's hamlets,
In the courts of Sariola,
That with me can measure broadswords,
That can meet this blade ancestral."
From the nail he took a cross-bow,
Took the strongest from the rafters,
Spake these words in meditation:
"I shall recognize as worthy,
Recognize that one a hero
That can bend this mighty cross-bow,
That can break its magic sinews,
In the hamlets of Pohyola."
Lemminkainen, filled with courage,
Girds himself in suit of battle,
Dons his mighty mail of copper,
To his servant speaks as follows:
"Trusty slave, and whom I purchased,
Whom I bought with gold and silver,
Quick prepare my fiery charger,
Harness well my steed of battle;
I am going to the feasting,
To the banquet-fields of Lempo."
Quick obeys the faithful servant,
Hitches well the noble war-horse,
Quick prepares the fire-red stallion,
Speaks these words when all is ready:
"I have done what thou hast hidden,
Ready harnessed is the charger,
Waiting to obey his master."
Comes the hour of the departing
Of the hero, Lemminkainen,
Right hand ready, left unwilling,
All his anxious fingers pain him,
Till at last in full obedience,
All his members give permission;
Starts the hero on his journey,
While the mother gives him counsel,
At the threshold of the dwelling,
At the highway of the court-yard:
"Child of courage, my beloved,
Son of strength, my wisdom-hero,
If thou goest to the feasting,
Shouldst thou reach the great carousal,
Drink thou only a half a cupful,
Drink the goblet to the middle,
Always give the half remaining,
Give the worse half to another,
To another more unworthy;
In the lower half are serpents,
Worms, and frogs, and hissing lizards,
Feeding on the slimy bottom."

Furthermore she tells her hero,
Gives her son these sage directions,
On the border of the court-yard,
At the portals farthest distant:
"If thou goest to the banquet,
Shouldst thou reach the great carousal,
Occupy but half the settle,
Take but half a stride in walking,
Give the second half to others,
To another less deserving;
Only thus thou'lt be a hero,
Thus become a son immortal;
In the guest-rooms look courageous,
Bravely move about the chambers,
In the gatherings of heroes,
With the hosts of magic valor."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Quickly leaped upon the cross-bench
Of his battle-sledge of wonder,
Raised his pearl-enamelled birch-rod,
Snapped his whip above his charger,
And the steed flew onward fleetly,
Galloped on his distant journey.
He had travelled little distance,
When a flight of hazel-chickens
Quick arose before his coming,
Flew before the foaming racer.
There were left some feathers lying,
Feathers of the hazel-chickens,
Lying in the hero's pathway.
These the reckless Lemminkainen
Gathered for their magic virtues,
Put them in his pouch of leather,
Did not know what things might happen
On his journey to Pohyola;
All things have some little value,
In a strait all things are useful.
Then he drove a little distance,
Galloped farther on the highway,
When his courser neighed in danger,
And the fleet-foot ceased his running.
Then the stout-heart, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Rose upon his seat in wonder,
Craned his neck and looked about him
Found it as his mother told him,
Found a stream of fire opposing;
Ran the fire-stream like a river,
Ran across the hero's pathway.
In the river was a fire-fall,
In the cataract a fire-rock,
On the rock a fiery hillock,
On its summit perched an eagle,
From his throat the fire was streaming
To the crater far below him,

Fire out-shooting from his feathers,
Glowing with a fiery splendor;
Long he looked upon the hero,
Long he gazed on Lemminkainen,
Then the eagle thus addressed him:
"Whither art thou driving, Ahti,
Whither going, Lemminkainen?"
Kaukomieli spake in answer:
"To the feasting of Pohyola,
To the drinking-halls of Louhi,
To the banquet of her people;
Move aside and let me journey,
Move a little from my pathway,
Let this wanderer pass by thee,
I am warlike Lemminkainen."
This the answer of the eagle,
Screaming from his throat of splendor:
"Though thou art wild Lemminkainen,
I shall let thee wander onward,
Through my fire-throat let thee journey,
Through these flames shall be thy passage
To the banquet-halls of Louhi,
To Pohyola's great carousal!"
Little heeding, Kaukomieli
Thinks himself in little trouble,
Thrusts his fingers in his pockets,
Searches in his pouch of leather,
Quickly takes the magic feathers,
Feathers from the hazel-chickens,
Rubs them into finest powder,
Rubs them with his magic fingers
Whence a flight of birds arises,
Hazel-chickens from the feathers,
Large the bevy of the young birds.
Quick the wizard, Lemminkainen,
Drives them to the eagle's fire-mouth,
Thus to satisfy his hunger,
Thus to quench the fire out-streaming.
Thus escapes the reckless hero,
Thus escapes the first of dangers,
Passes thus the first destroyer,
On his journey to Pohyola.
With his whip he strikes his courser,
With his birch-whip, pearl-enamelled;
Straightway speeds the fiery charger,
Noiselessly upon his journey,
Gallops fast and gallops faster,
Till the flying steed in terror
Neighs again and ceases running.
Lemminkainen, quickly rising,
Cranes his neck and looks about him,
Sees his mother's words were truthful,
Sees her augury well-taken.
Lo! before him yawned a fire-gulf,
Stretching crosswise through his pathway;

Far to east the gulf extending,
To the west an endless distance,
Filled with stones and burning pebbles,
Running streams of burning matter.
Little heeding, Lemminkainen
Cries aloud in prayer to Ukko:
"Ukko, thou O God above me,
Dear Creator, omnipresent,
From the north-west send a storm-cloud,
From the east, dispatch a second,
From the south send forth a third one;
Let them gather from the south-west,
Sew their edges well together,
Fill thou well the interspaces,
Send a snow-fall high as heaven,
Let it fall from upper ether,
Fall upon the flaming fire-pit,
On the cataract and whirlpool!"
Mighty Ukko, the Creator,
Ukko, father omnipresent,
Dwelling in the courts of heaven,
Sent a storm-cloud from the north-west,
From the east he sent a second,
From the south despatched a third one,
Let them gather from the south-west,
Sewed their edges well together,
Filled their many interspaces,
Sent a snow-fall high as heaven,
From the giddy heights of ether,
Sent it seething to the fire-pit,
On the streams of burning matter;
From the snow-fall in the fire-pond,
Grows a lake with rolling billows.
Quick the hero, Lemminkainen,
Conjures there of ice a passage
From one border to the other,
Thus escapes his second danger,
Thus his second trouble passes.
Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Raised his pearl-enamelled birch-rod,
Snapped his whip above his racer,
And the steed flew onward swiftly,
Galloped on his distant journey
O'er the highway to Pohyola;
Galloped fast and galloped faster,
Galloped on a greater distance,
When the stallion loudly neighing,
Stopped and trembled on the highway,
Then the lively Lemminkainen
Raised himself upon the cross-bench,
Looked to see what else had happened;
Lo I a wolf stands at the portals,
in the passage-way a black-bear,
At the high-gate of Pohyola,
At the ending of the journey.

Thereupon young Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Thrusts his fingers in his pockets,
Seeks his magic pouch of leather,
Pulls therefrom a lock of ewe-wool,
Rubs it firmly in his fingers,
In his hands it falls to powder;
Breathes the breath of life upon it,
When a flock of sheep arises,
Goats and sheep of sable color;
On the flock the black-wolf pounces,
And the wild-bear aids the slaughter,
While the reckless Lemminkainen
Rushes by them on his journey;
Gallops on a little distance,
To the court of Sariola,
Finds the fence of molten iron,
And of steel the rods and pickets,
In the earth a hundred fathoms,
To the azure sky, a thousand,
Double-pointed spears projecting;
On each spear were serpents twisted,
Adders coiled in countless numbers,
Lizards mingled with the serpents,
Tails entangled pointing earthward,
While their heads were skyward whirling,
Writhing, hissing mass of evil.
Then the stout-heart, Kaukomieli,
Deeply thought and long considered:
"It is as my mother told me,
This the wall that she predicted,
Stretching from the earth to heaven;
Downward deep are serpents creeping,
Deeper still the rails extending;
High as highest flight of eagles,
Higher still the wall shoots upward."
But the hero, Lemminkainen,
Little cares, nor feels disheartened,
Draws his broadsword from its scabbard,
Draws his mighty blade ancestral,
Hews the wall with might of magic,
Breaks the palisade in pieces,
Hews to atoms seven pickets,
Chops the serpent-wall to fragments;
Through the breach he quickly passes
To the portals of Pohyola.
In the way, a serpent lying,
Lying crosswise in the entry,
Longer than the longest rafters,
Larger than the posts of oak-wood;
Hundred-eyed, the heinous serpent,
And a thousand tongues, the monster,
Eyes as large as sifting vessels,
Tongues as long as shafts of javelins,
Teeth as large as hatchet-handles,

Back as broad as skiffs of ocean.
Lemminkainen does not venture
Straightway through this host opposing,
Through the hundred heads of adders,
Through the thousand tongues of serpents.
Spake the magic Lemminkainen:
"Venomed viper, thing of evil,
Ancient adder of Tuoni,
Thou that crawlest in the stubble,
Through the flower-roots of Lempo,
Who has sent thee from thy kingdom,
Sent thee from thine evil coverts,
Sent thee hither, crawling, writhing,
In the pathway I would travel?
Who bestowed thy mouth of venom,
Who insisted, who commanded,
Thou shouldst raise thy head toward heaven,
Who thy tail has given action?
Was this given by the father,
Did the mother give this power,
Or the eldest of the brothers,
Or the youngest of the sisters,
Or some other of thy kindred?
"Close thy mouth, thou thing of evil,
Hide thy pliant tongue of venom,
In a circle wrap thy body,
Coil thou like a shield in silence,
Give to me one-half the pathway,
Let this wanderer pass by thee,
Or remove thyself entirely;
Get thee hence to yonder heather,
Quick retreat to bog and stubble,
Hide thyself in reeds and rushes,
In the brambles of the lowlands.
Like a ball of flax enfolding,
Like a sphere of aspen-branches,
With thy head and tail together,
Roll thyself to yonder mountain;
In the heather is thy dwelling,
Underneath the sod thy caverns.
Shouldst thou raise thy head in anger,
Mighty Ukko will destroy it,
Pierce it with his steel-tipped arrows,
With his death-balls made of iron!"
Hardly had the hero ended,
When the monster, little heeding,
Hissing with his tongue in anger,
Plying like the forked lightning,
Pounces with his mouth of venom
At the head of Lemminkainen;
But the hero, quick recalling,
Speaks the master-words of knowledge,
Words that came from distant ages,
Words his ancestors had taught him,
Words his mother learned in childhood,

These the words of Lemminkainen:
"Since thou wilt not heed mine order,
Since thou wilt not leave the highway,
Puffed with pride of thine own greatness,
Thou shall burst in triple pieces.
Leave thy station for the borders,
I will hunt thine ancient mother,
Sing thine origin of evil,
How arose thy head of horror;
Suoyatar, thine ancient mother,
Thing of evil, thy creator!"
"Suoyatar once let her spittle
Fall upon the waves of ocean;
This was rocked by winds and waters,
Shaken by the ocean-currents,
Six years rocked upon the billows,
Rocked in water seven summers,
On the blue-back of the ocean,
On the billows high as heaven;
Lengthwise did the billows draw it,
And the sunshine gave it softness,
To the shore the billows washed it,
On the coast the waters left it.
"Then appeared Creation's daughters,
Three the daughters thus appearing,
On the roaring shore of ocean,
There beheld the spittle lying,
And the daughters spake as follows:
'What would happen from this spittle,
Should the breath of the Creator
Fall upon the writhing matter,
Breathe the breath of life upon it,
Give the thing the sense of vision?
"The Creator heard these measures,
Spake himself the words that follow:
'Evil only comes from evil,
This is the expectoration
Of fell Suoyatar, its mother;
Therefore would the thing be evil,
Should I breathe a soul within it,
Should I give it sense of vision.'
"Hisi heard this conversation,
Ever ready with his mischief,
Made himself to be creator,
Breathed a soul into the spittle,
To fell Suoyatar's fierce anger.
Thus arose the poison-monster,
Thus was born the evil serpent,
This the origin of evil.
"Whence the life that gave her action'?
From the carbon-pile of Hisi.
Whence then was her heart created?
From the heart-throbs of her mother
Whence arose her brain of evil?
From the foam of rolling waters.

Whence was consciousness awakened?
 From the waterfall's commotion.
 Whence arose her head of venom?
 From the seed-germs of the ivy.
 Whence then came her eyes of fury?
 From the flaxen seeds of Lempo.
 Whence the evil ears for hearing?
 From the foliage of Hisi.
 Whence then was her mouth created?
 This from Suoyatar's foam-currents
 Whence arose thy tongue of anger r
 From the spear of Keitolainen.
 Whence arose thy fangs of poison?
 From the teeth of Mana's daughter.
 Whence then was thy back created?
 From the carbon-posts of Piru.
 How then was thy tail created?
 From the brain of the hobgoblin.
 Whence arose thy writhing entrails?
 From the death-belt of Tuoni.
 "This thine origin, O Serpent,
 This thy charm of evil import,
 Vilest thing of God's creation,
 Writhing, hissing thing of evil,
 With the color of Tuoni,
 With the shade of earth and heaven,
 With the darkness of the storm-cloud.
 Get thee hence, thou loathsome monster,
 Clear the pathway of this hero.
 I am mighty Lemminkainen,
 On my journey to Pohyola,
 To the feastings and carousals,
 In the halls of darksome Northland."
 Thereupon the snake uncoiling,
 Hundred-eyed and heinous monster,
 Crawled away to other portals,
 That the hero, Kaukomieli,
 Might proceed upon his errand,
 To the dismal Sariola,
 To the feastings and carousals
 In the banquet-halls of Pohya.

RUNE XXVII. THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

I have brought young Kaukomieli,
 Brought the Islander and hero,
 Also known as Lemminkainen,
 Through the jaws of death and ruin,
 Through the darkling deeps of Kalma,
 To the homesteads of Pohyola,
 To the dismal courts of Louhi;
 Now must I relate his doings,
 Must relate to all my bearers,
 How the merry Lemminkainen,
 Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,

Wandered through Pohyola's chambers,
Through the halls of Sariola,
How the hero went unbidden
To the feasting and carousal,
Uninvited to the banquet.
Lemminkainen full of courage,
Full of life, and strength, and magic.
Stepped across the ancient threshold,
To the centre of the court-room,
And the floors of linwood trembled,
Walls and ceilings creaked and murmured.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
These the words that Ahti uttered:
"Be ye greeted on my coming,
Ye that greet, be likewise greeted!
Listen, all ye hosts of Pohya;
Is there food about this homestead,
Barley for my hungry courser,
Beer to give a thirsty stranger?
Sat the host of Sariola
At the east end of the table,
Gave this answer to the questions:
"Surely is there in this homestead,
For thy steed an open stable,
Never will this host refuse thee,
Shouldst thou act a part becoming,
Worthy, coming to these portals,
Waiting near the birchen rafters,
In the spaces by the kettles,
By the triple hooks of iron."
Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Shook his sable locks and answered:
"Lempo may perchance come hither,
Let him fill this lowly station,
Let him stand between the kettles,
That with soot he may be blackened.
Never has my ancient father,
Never has the dear old hero,
Stood upon a spot unworthy,
At the portals near the rafters;
For his steed the best of stables,
Food and shelter gladly furnished,
And a room for his attendants,
Corners furnished for his mittens,
Hooks provided for his snow-shoes,
Halls in waiting for his helmet.
Wherefore then should I not find here
What my father found before me?"
To the centre walked the hero,
Walked around the dining table,
Sat upon a bench and waited,
On a bench of polished fir-wood,
And the kettle creaked beneath him.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"As a guest am I unwelcome,

Since the waiters bring no viands,
Bring no dishes to the stranger?"
Ilpotar, the Northland hostess,
Then addressed the words that follow:
"Lemminkainen, thou art evil,
Thou art here, but not invited,
Thou hast not the look of kindness,
Thou wilt give me throbbing temples,
Thou art bringing pain and sorrow.
All our beer is in the barley,
All the malt is in the kernel,
All our grain is still ungarnered,
And our dinner has been eaten;
Yesterday thou shouldst have been here,
Come again some future season."
Whereupon wild Lemminkainen
Pulled his mouth awry in anger,
Shook his coal-black locks and answered:
"All the tables here are empty,
And the feasting-time is over;
All the beer has left the goblets,
Empty too are all the pitchers,
Empty are the larger vessels.
O thou hostess of Pohyola,
Toothless dame of dismal Northland,
Badly managed is thy wedding,
And thy feast is ill-conducted,
Like the dogs hast thou invited;
Thou hast baked the honey-biscuit,
Wheaten loaves of greatest virtue,
Brewed thy beer from hops and barley,
Sent abroad thine invitations,
Six the hamlets thou hast honored,
Nine the villages invited
By thy merry wedding-callers.
Thou hast asked the poor and lowly,
Asked the hosts of common people,
Asked the blind, and deaf, and crippled,
Asked a multitude of beggars,
Toilers by the day, and hirelings;
Asked the men of evil habits,
Asked the maids with braided tresses,
I alone was not invited.
How could such a slight be given,
Since I sent thee kegs of barley?
Others sent thee grain in cupfuls,
Brought it sparingly in dippers,
While I sent thee fullest measure,
Sent the half of all my garner,
Of the richest of my harvest,
Of the grain that I had gathered.
Even now young Lemminkainen,
Though a guest of name and station
Has no beer, no food, no welcome,
Naught for him art thou preparing,

Nothing cooking in thy kettles,
Nothing brewing in thy cellars
For the hero of the Islands,
At the closing of his journey.”
Ilpotar, the ancient hostess,
Gave this order to her servants:
“Come, my pretty maiden-waiter,
Servant-girl to me belonging,
Lay some salmon to the broiling,
Bring some beer to give the stranger!”
Small of stature was the maiden,
Washer of the banquet-platters,
Rinser of the dinner-ladles,
Polisher of spoons of silver,
And she laid some food in kettles,
Only bones and beads of whiting,
Turnip-stalks and withered cabbage,
Crusts of bread and bits of biscuit.
Then she brought some beer in pitchers,
Brought of common drink the vilest,
That the stranger, Lemminkainen,
Might have drink, and meat in welcome,
Thus to still his thirst and hunger.
Then the maiden spake as follows:
“Thou art sure a mighty hero,
Here to drink the beer of Pohya,
Here to empty all our vessels!”
Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Closely handled all the pitchers,
Looking to the very bottoms;
There beheld he writhing serpents,
In the centre adders swimming,
On the borders worms and lizards.
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Filled with anger, spake as follows:
Get ye hence, ye things of evil,
Get ye hence to Tuonela,
With the bearer of these pitchers,
With the maid that brought ye hither,
Ere the evening moon has risen,
Ere the day-star seeks the ocean!
O thou wretched beer of barley,
Thou hast met with great dishonor,
Into disrepute hast fallen,
But I’ll drink thee, notwithstanding,
And the rubbish cast far from me.”
Then the hero to his pockets
Thrust his first and unnamed finger,
Searching in his pouch of leather;
Quick withdraws a hook for fishing,
Drops it to the pitcher’s bottom,
Through the worthless beer of barley;
On his fish-book hang the serpents,
Catches many hissing adders,
Catches frogs in magic numbers,

Catches blackened worms in thousands,
Casts them to the floor before him,
Quickly draws his heavy broad sword,
And decapitates the serpents.
Now he drinks the beer remaining,
When the wizard speaks as follows:
"As a guest am I unwelcome,
Since no beer to me is given
That is worthy of a hero;
Neither has a ram been butchered,
Nor a fattened calf been slaughtered,
Worthy food for Lemminkainen."
Then the landlord of Pohyola
Answered thus the Island-minstrel:
"Wherefore hast thou journeyed hither,
Who has asked thee for thy presence?
Spake in answer Lemminkainen:
"Happy is the guest invited,
Happier when not expected;
Listen, son of Pohylander,
Host of Sariola, listen:
Give me beer for ready payment,
Give me worthy drink for money!"
Then the landlord of Pohyola,
In bad humor, full of anger,
Conjured in the earth a lakelet,
At the feet of Kaukomeli,
Thus addressed the Island-hero:
"Quench thy thirst from yonder lakelet,
There, the beer that thou deservest!"
Little heeding, Lemminkainen
To this insolence made answer:
"I am neither bear nor roebuck,
That should drink this filthy water,
Drink the water of this lakelet."
Ahti then began to conjure,
Conjured he a bull before him,
Bull with horns of gold and silver,
And the bull drank from the lakelet,
Drank he from the pool in pleasure.
Then the landlord of Pohyola
There a savage wolf created,
Set him on the floor before him
To destroy the bull of magic,
Lemminkainen, full of courage,
Conjured up a snow-white rabbit,
Set him on the floor before him
To attract the wolf's attention.
Then the landlord of Pohyola
Conjured there a dog of Lempo,
Set him on the floor before him
To destroy the magic rabbit.
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,
Conjured on the roof a squirrel,
That by jumping on the rafters

He might catch the dog's attention.
But the master of the Northland
Conjured there a golden marten,
And he drove the magic squirrel
From his seat upon the rafters.
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,
Made a fox of scarlet color,
And it ate the golden marten.
Then the master of Pohyola
Conjured there a hen to flutter
Near the fox of scarlet color.
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,
Thereupon a hawk created,
That with beak and crooked talons
He might tear the hen to pieces.
Spake the landlord of Pohyola,
These the words the tall man uttered:
"Never will this feast be bettered
Till the guests are less in number;
I must do my work as landlord,
Get thee hence, thou evil stranger,
Cease thy conjurings of evil,
Leave this banquet of my people,
Haste away, thou wicked wizard,
To thine Island-home and people!
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Thus no hero will be driven,
Not a son of any courage
Will be frightened by thy presence,
Will be driven from thy banquet."
Then the landlord of Pohyola
Snatched his broadsword from the rafters,
Drew it rashly from the scabbard,
Thus addressing Lemminkainen:
"Ahti, Islander of evil,
Thou the handsome Kaukomieli,
Let us measure then our broadswords,
Let our skill be fully tested;
Surely is my broadsword better
Than the blade within thy scabbard."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen.
"That my blade is good and trusty,
Has been proved on heads of heroes,
Has on many bones been tested;
Be that as it may, my fellow,
Since thine order is commanding,
Let our swords be fully tested,
Let us see whose blade is better.
Long ago my hero-father
Tested well this sword in battle,
Never failing in a conflict.
Should his son be found less worthy?"
Then he grasped his mighty broadsword,
Drew the fire-blade from the scabbard
Hanging from his belt of copper.

Standing on their hilts their broadswords,
Carefully their blades were measured,
Found the sword of Northland's master
Longer than the sword of Ahti
By the half-link of a finger.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen.
"Since thou hast the longer broadsword,
Thou shalt make the first advances,
I am ready for thy weapon."
Thereupon Pohyola's landlord
With the wondrous strength of anger,
Tried in vain to slay the hero,
Strike the crown of Lemminkainen;
Chipped the splinters from the rafters,
Cut the ceiling into fragments,
Could not touch the Island-hero.
Thereupon brave Kaukomieli,
Thus addressed Pohyola's master:
"Have the rafters thee offended?
What the crimes they have committed,
Since thou hewest them in pieces?
Listen now, thou host of Northland,
Reckless landlord of Pohyola,
Little room there is for swordsmen
In these chambers filled with women;
We shall stain these painted rafters,
Stain with blood these floors and ceilings;
Let us go without the mansion,
In the field is room for combat,
On the plain is space sufficient;
Blood looks fairer in the court-yard,
Better in the open spaces,
Let it dye the snow-fields scarlet."
To the yard the heroes hasten,
There they find a monstrous ox-skin,
Spread it on the field of battle;
On the ox-skin stand the swordsmen.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"Listen well, thou host of Northland,
Though thy broadsword is the longer,
Though thy blade is full of horror,
Thou shalt have the first advantage;
Use with skill thy boasted broadsword
Ere the final bout is given,
Ere thy head be chopped in pieces;
Strike with skill, or thou wilt perish,
Strike, and do thy best for Northland."
Thereupon Pohyola's landlord
Raised on high his blade of battle,
Struck a heavy blow in anger,
Struck a second, then a third time,
But he could not touch his rival,
Could Dot draw a single blood-drop
From the veins of Lemminkainen,
Skillful Islander and hero.

Spake the handsome Kaukomeli:
"Let me try my skill at fencing,
Let me swing my father's broadsword,
Let my honored blade be tested!"
But the landlord of Pohyola,
Does not heed the words of Ahti,
Strikes in fury, strikes unceasing,
Ever aiming, ever missing.
When the skillful Lemminkainen
Swings his mighty blade of magic,
Fire disports along his weapon,
Flashes from his sword of honor,
Glistens from the hero's broadsword,
Balls of fire disporting, dancing,
On the blade of mighty Ahti,
Overflow upon the shoulders
Of the landlord of Pohyola.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"O thou son of Sariola,
See! indeed thy neck is glowing
Like the dawning of the morning,
Like the rising Sun in ocean!"
Quickly turned Pohyola's landlord,
Thoughtless host of darksome Northland,
To behold the fiery splendor
Playing on his neck and shoulders.
Quick as lightning, Lemminkainen,
With his father's blade of battle,
With a single blow of broadsword,
With united skill and power,
Lopped the head of Pohya's master;
As one cleaves the stalks of turnips,
As the ear falls from the corn-stalk,
As one strikes the fins from salmon,
Thus the head rolled from the shoulders
Of the landlord of Pohyola,
Like a ball it rolled and circled.
In the yard were pickets standing,
Hundreds were the sharpened pillars,
And a head on every picket,
Only one was left un-headed.
Quick the victor, Lemminkainen,
Took the head of Pohya's landlord,
Spiked it on the empty picket.
Then the Islander, rejoicing,
Handsome hero, Kaukomeli,
Quick returning to the chambers,
Crave this order to the hostess:
"Evil maiden, bring me water,
Wherewithal to cleanse my fingers
From the blood of Northland's master,
Wicked host of Sariola."
Ilpotar, the Northland hostess,
Fired with anger, threatened vengeance,
Conjured men with heavy broadswords,

Heroes clad in copper-armor,
 Hundred warriors with their javelins,
 And a thousand bearing cross-bows,
 To destroy the Island-hero,
 For the death of Lemminkainen.
 Kaukomieli soon discovered
 That the time had come for leaving,
 That his presence was unwelcome
 At the feasting of Pohyola,
 At the banquet of her people.

RUNE XXVIII. THE MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

Ahti, hero of the Islands,
 Wild magician, Lemminkainen,
 Also known as Kaukomieli,
 Hastened from the great carousal,
 From the banquet-halls of Louhi,
 From the ever-darksome Northland,
 From the dismal Sariola.
 Stormful strode he from the mansion,
 Hastened like the smoke of battle,
 From the court-yard of Pohyola,
 Left his crimes and misdemeanors
 In the halls of ancient Louhi.
 Then he looked in all directions,
 Seeking for his tethered courser,
 Anxious looked in field and stable,
 But he did not find his racer;
 Found a black thing in the fallow,
 Proved to be a clump of willows.
 Who will well advise the hero,
 Who will give him wise directions,
 Guide the wizard out of trouble,
 Give his hero-locks protection,
 Keep his magic head from danger
 From the warriors of Northland?
 Noise is beard within the village,
 And a din from other homesteads,
 From the battle-hosts of Louhi,
 Streaming from the doors and window,
 Of the homesteads of Pohyola.
 Thereupon young Lemminkainen,
 Handsome Islander and hero,
 Changing both his form and features,
 Clad himself in other raiment,
 Changing to another body,
 Quick became a mighty eagle,
 Soared aloft on wings of magic,
 Tried to fly to highest heaven,
 But the moonlight burned his temples,
 And the sunshine singed his feathers.
 Then entreating, Lemminkainen,
 Island-hero, turned to Ukko,
 This the prayer that Ahti uttered:

"Ukko, God of love and mercy,
Thou the Wisdom of the heavens,
Wise Director of the lightning,
Thou the Author of the thunder,
Thou the Guide of all the cloudlets,
Give to me thy cloak of vapor,
Throw a silver cloud around me,
That I may in its protection
Hasten to my native country,
To my mother's Island-dwelling,
Fly to her that waits my coming,
With a mother's grave forebodings."
Farther, farther, Lemminkainen
Flew and soared on eagle-pinions,
Looked about him, backwards, forwards,
Spied a gray-hawk soaring near him,
In his eyes the fire of splendor,
Like the eyes of Pohyalanders,
Like the eyes of Pohya's spearmen,
And the gray-hawk thus addressed him:
"Ho! There! hero, Lemminkainen,
Art thou thinking of our combat
With the hero-heads of Northland?"
Thus the Islander made answer,
These the words of Kaukomieli:
"O thou gray-hawk, bird of beauty,
Fly direct to Sariola,
Fly as fast as wings can bear thee;
When thou hast arrived in safety,
On the plains of darksome Northland,
Tell the archers and the spearmen,
They will never catch the eagle,
In his journey from Pohyola,
To his Island-borne and fortress."
Then the Ahti-eagle hastened
Straightway to his mother's cottage,
In his face the look of trouble,
In his heart the pangs of sorrow.
Ahti's mother ran to meet him,
When she spied him in the pathway,
Walking toward her island-dwelling;
These the words the mother uttered:
"Of my sons thou art the bravest,
Art the strongest of my children;
Wherefore then comes thine annoyance,
On returning from Pohyola?
Wert thou worsted at the banquet,
At the feast and great carousal?
At thy cups, if thou wert injured,
Thou shalt here have better treatment
Thou shalt have the cup thy father
Brought me from the hero-castle."
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Worthy mother, thou that nursed me,
If I had been maimed at drinking,

I the landlord would have worsted,
 Would have slain a thousand heroes,
 Would have taught them useful lessons.“
 Lemminkainen's mother answered:
 "Wherefore then art thou indignant,
 Didst thou meet disgrace and insult,
 Did they rob thee of thy courser?
 Buy thou then a better courser
 With the riches of thy mother,
 With thy father's horded treasures.“
 Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
 "Faithful mother of my being,
 If my steed had been insulted,
 If for him my heart was injured,
 I the landlord would have punished,
 Would have punished all the horsemen,
 All of Pohya's strongest riders.“
 Lemminkainen's mother answered:
 "Tell me then thy dire misfortune,
 What has happened to my hero,
 On his journey to Pohyola?
 Have the Northland maidens scorned thee,
 Have the women ridiculed thee?
 If the maidens scorned thy presence.
 If the women gave derision,
 There are others thou canst laugh at,
 Thou canst scorn a thousand women.“
 Said the reckless Lemminkainen:
 "Honored mother, fond and faithful,
 If the Northland dames had scorned me
 Or the maidens laughed derision,
 I the maidens would have punished,
 Would have scorned a thousand women.“
 Lemminkainen's mother answered:
 "Wherefore then are thou indignant,
 Thus annoyed, and heavy-hearted,
 On returning from Pohyola?
 Was thy feasting out of season,
 Was the banquet-beer unworthy,
 Were thy dreams of evil import
 When asleep in darksome Northland?“
 This is Lemminkainen's answer:
 "Aged women may remember
 What they dream on beds of trouble;
 I have seen some wondrous visions,
 Since I left my Island-cottage.
 My beloved, helpful mother,
 Fill my bag with good provisions,
 Flour and salt in great abundance,
 Farther must thy hero wander,
 He must leave his home behind him,
 Leave his pleasant Island-dwelling,
 Journey from this home of ages;
 Men are sharpening their broadswords,
 Sharpening their spears and lances,

For the death of Lemminkainen."
Then again the mother questioned,
Hurriedly she asked the reason:
"Why the men their swords were whetting,
Why their spears are being sharpened."
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomiel:
"Therefore do they whet their broadswords,
Therefore sharpen they their lances:
It is for thy son's destruction,
At his heart are aimed their lances.
In the court-yard of Pohyola,
There arose a great contention,
Fierce the battle waged against me;
But I slew the Northland hero,
Killed the host of Sariola;
Quick to arms rose Louhi's people,
All the spears and swords of Northland
Were directed at thy hero;
All of Pohya turned against me,
Turned against a single foeman."
This the answer of the mother:
"I had told thee this beforehand,
I had warned thee of this danger,
And forbidden thee to journey
To the hostile fields of Northland.
Here my hero could have lingered,
Passed his life in full contentment,
Lived forever with his mother,
With his mother for protection,
In the court-yard with his kindred;
Here no war would have arisen,
No contention would have followed.
Whither wilt thou go, my hero,
Whither will my loved one hasten,
To escape thy fierce pursuers,
To escape from thy misdoings,
From thy sins to bide in safety,
From thy crimes and misdemeanors,
That thy head be not endangered,
That thy body be not mangled,
That thy locks be not outrooted?"
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Know I not a spot befitting,
Do not know a place of safety,
Where to hide from my pursuers,
That will give me sure protection
From the crimes by me committed.
Helpful mother of my being,
Where to flee wilt thou advise me?"
This the answer of the mother:
"I do not know where I can send thee;
Be a pine-tree on the mountain,
Or a juniper in lowlands?
Then misfortune may befall thee;

Often is the mountain pine-tree
Cut in splints for candle-lighters;
And the juniper is often
Peeled for fence-posts for the pastures.
Go a birch-tree to the valleys,
Or an elm-tree to the glenwood?
Even then may trouble find thee,
Misery may overtake thee;
Often is the lowland birch-tree
Cut to pieces in the ware-house;
Often is the elm-wood forest
Cleared away for other plantings.
Be a berry on the highlands,
Cranberry upon the heather,
Strawberry upon the mountains,
Blackberry along the fences?
Even there will trouble find thee,
There misfortune overtake thee,
For the berry-maids would pluck thee,
Silver-tinselled girls would get thee.
Be a pike then in the ocean,
Or a troutlet in the rivers?
Then would trouble overtake thee,
Would become thy life-companion;
Then the fisherman would catch thee,
Catch thee in his net of flax-thread,
Catch thee with his cruel fish-hook.
Be a wolf then in the forest,
Or a black-bear in the thickets?
Even then would trouble find thee,
And disaster cross thy pathway;
Sable hunters of the Northland
Have their spears and cross-bows ready
To destroy the wolf and black-bear.“
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
”Know I well the worst of places,
Know where Death will surely follow,
Where misfortune’s eye would find me;
Since thou gavest me existence,
Gavest nourishment in childhood,
Whither shall I flee for safety,
Whither hide from death and danger?
In my view is fell destruction,
Dire misfortune hovers o’er me;
On the morrow come the spearmen,
Countless warriors from Pohya,
Ahti’s head their satisfaction.“
This the answer of the mother:
”I can name a goodly refuge,
Name a land of small dimensions,
Name a distant ocean-island,
Where my son may live in safety.
Thither archers never wander,
There thy head cannot be severed;
But an oath as strong as heaven,

Thou must swear before thy mother;
Thou wilt not for sixty summers
Join in war or deadly combat,
Even though thou wishest silver,
Wishest gold and silver treasures.“
Spake the grateful Lemminkainen:
”I will swear an oath of honor,
That I’ll not in sixty summers
Draw my sword in the arena,
Test the warrior in battle;
I have wounds upon my shoulders,
On my breast two scars of broadsword,
Of my former battles, relies,
Relies of my last encounters,
On the battle-fields of Northland,
In the wars with men and heroes.“
Lemminkainen’s mother answered:
”Go thou, take thy father’s vessel,
Go and bide thyself in safety,
Travel far across nine oceans;
In the tenth, sail to the centre,
To the island, forest-covered,
To the cliffs above the waters,
Where thy father went before thee,
Where he hid from his pursuers,
In the times of summer conquests,
In the darksome days of battle;
Good the isle for thee to dwell in,
Goodly place to live and linger;
Hide one year, and then a second,
In the third return in safety
To thy mother’s island dwelling,
To thy father’s ancient mansion,
To my hero’s place of resting.“

RUNE XXIX. THE ISLE OF REFUGE.

Lemminkainen, full of joyance,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Took provisions in abundance,
Fish and butter, bread and bacon,
Hastened to the Isle of Refuge,
Sailed away across the oceans,
Spake these measures on departing:
”Fare thee well, mine Island-dwelling,
I must sail to other borders,
To an island more protective,
Till the second summer passes;
Let the serpents keep the island,
Lynxes rest within the glen-wood,
Let the blue-moose roam the mountains,
Let the wild-geese eat the barley.
Fare thee well, my helpful mother!
When the warriors of the Northland,
From the dismal Sariola,

Come with swords, and spears, and cross-bows,
Asking for my head in vengeance,
Say that I have long departed,
Left my mother's Island-dwelling,
When the barley had been garnered."
Then he launched his boat of copper,
Threw the vessel to the waters,
From the iron-banded rollers,
From the cylinders of oak-wood,
On the masts the sails he hoisted,
Spread the magic sails of linen,
In the stern the hero settled
And prepared to sail his vessel,
One hand resting on the rudder.
Then the sailor spake as follows,
These the words of Lemminkainen:
"Blow, ye winds, and drive me onward,
Blow ye steady, winds of heaven,
Toward the island in the ocean,
That my bark may fly in safety
To my father's place of refuge,
To the far and nameless island!"
Soon the winds arose as bidden,
Rocked the vessel o'er the billows,
O'er the blue-back of the waters,
O'er the vast expanse of ocean;
Blew two months and blew unceasing,
Blew a third month toward the island,
Toward his father's Isle of Refuge.
Sat some maidens on the seaside,
On the sandy beach of ocean,
Turned about in all directions,
Looking out upon the billows;
One was waiting for her brother,
And a second for her father,
And a third one, anxious, waited
For the coming of her suitor;
There they spied young Lemminkainen,
There perceived the hero's vessel
Sailing o'er the bounding billows;
It was like a hanging cloudlet,
Hanging twixt the earth and heaven.
Thus the island-maidens wondered,
Thus they spake to one another:
"What this stranger on the ocean,
What is this upon the waters?
Art thou one of our sea-vessels?
Wert thou builded on this island?
Sail thou straightway to the harbor,
To the island-point of landing
That thy tribe may be discovered."
Onward did the waves propel it,
Rocked his vessel o'er the billows,
Drove it to the magic island,
Safely landed Lemminkainen

On the sandy shore and harbor.
Spake he thus when he had landed,
These the words that Ahti uttered:
"Is there room upon this island,
Is there space within this harbor,
Where my bark may lie at anchor,
Where the sun may dry my vessel?"
This the answer of the virgins,
Dwellers on the Isle of Refuge:
"There is room within this harbor,
On this island, space abundant,
Where thy bark may lie at anchor,
Where the sun may dry thy vessel;
Lying ready are the rollers,
Cylinders adorned with copper;
If thou hadst a hundred vessels,
Shouldst thou come with boats a thousand,
We would give them room in welcome."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Rolled his vessel in the harbor,
On the cylinders of copper,
Spake these words when he had ended:
"Is there room upon this island,
Or a spot within these forests,
Where a hero may be hidden
From the coming din of battle,
From the play of spears and arrows?
Thus replied the Island-maidens:
"There are places on this island,
On these plains a spot befitting
Where to hide thyself in safety,
Hero-son of little valor.
Here are many, many castles,
Many courts upon this island;
Though there come a thousand heroes,
Though a thousand spearmen follow,
Thou canst hide thyself in safety."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"Is there room upon this island,
Where the birch-tree grows abundant,
Where this son may fell the forest,
And may cultivate the fallow?"
Answered thus the Island-maidens:
"There is not a spot befitting,
Not a place upon the island,
Where to rest thy wearied members,
Not the smallest patch of birch-wood,
Thou canst bring to cultivation.
All our fields have been divided,
All these woods have been apportioned,
Fields and forests have their owners."
Lemminkainen asked this question,
These the words of Kaukomieli:
"Is there room upon this island,
Worthy spot in field or forest,

Where to Sing my songs of magic,
Chant my gathered store of wisdom,
Sing mine ancient songs and legends?”
Answered thus the Island-maidens:
“There is room upon this island,
Worthy place in these dominions,
Thou canst sing thy garnered wisdom,
Thou canst chant thine ancient legends,
Legends of the times primeval,
In the forest, in the castle,
On the island-plains and pastures.”
Then began the reckless minstrel
To intone his wizard-sayings;
Sang he alders to the waysides,
Sang the oaks upon the mountains,
On the oak-trees sang be branches,
On each branch he sang an acorn,
On the acorns, golden rollers,
On each roller, sang a cuckoo;
Then began the cuckoos, calling,
Gold from every throat came streaming,
Copper fell from every feather,
And each wing emitted silver,
Filled the isle with precious metals.
Sang again young Lemminkainen,
Conjured on, and sang, and chanted,
Sang to precious stones the sea-sands,
Sang the stones to pearls resplendent,
Robed the groves in iridescence,
Sang the island full of flowers,
Many-colored as the rainbow.
Sang again the magic minstrel,
In the court a well he conjured,
On the well a golden cover,
On the lid a silver dipper,
That the boys might drink the water,
That the maids might lave their eyelids.
On the plains he conjured lakelets,
Sang the duck upon the waters,
Golden-cheeked and silver-headed,
Sang the feet from shining copper;
And the Island-maidens wondered,
Stood entranced at Ahti’s wisdom,
At the songs of Lemminkainen,
At the hero’s magic power.
Spake the singer, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:
“I would sing a wondrous legend,
Sing in miracles of sweetness,
If within some hall or chamber,
I were seated at the table.
If I sing not in the castle,
In some spot by walls surrounded
Then I sing my songs to zephyrs,
Fling them to the fields and forests.”

Answered thus the Island-maidens:
"On this isle are castle-chambers,
Halls for use of magic singers,
Courts complete for chanting legends,
Where thy singing will be welcome,
Where thy songs will not be scattered
To the forests of the island,
Nor thy wisdom lost in ether."
Straightway Lemminkainen journeyed
With the maidens to the castle;
There he sang and conjured pitchers
On the borders of the tables,
Sang and conjured golden goblets
Foaming with the beer of barley;
Sang he many well-filled vessels,
Bowls of honey-drink abundant,
Sweetest butter, toothsome biscuit,
Bacon, fish, and veal, and venison,
All the dainties of the Northland,
Wherewithal to still his hunger.
But the proud-heart, Lemminkainen,
Was not ready for the banquet,
Did not yet begin his feasting,
Waited for a knife of silver,
For a knife of golden handle;
Quick he sang the precious metals,
Sang a blade from purest silver,
To the blade a golden handle,
Straightway then began his feasting,
Quenched his thirst and stilled his hunger,
Charmed the maidens on the island.
Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Roamed throughout the island-hamlets,
To the joy of all the virgins,
All the maids of braided tresses;
Wheresoe'er he turned his footsteps,
There appeared a maid to greet him;
When his hand was kindly offered,
There his band was kindly taken;
When he wandered out at evening,
Even in the darksome places,
There the maidens bade him welcome;
There was not an island-village
Where there were not seven castles,
In each castle seven daughters,
And the daughters stood in waiting,
Gave the hero joyful greetings,
Only one of all the maidens
Whom he did not greet with pleasure.
Thus the merry Lemminkainen
Spent three summers in the ocean,
Spent a merry time in refuge,
In the hamlets on the island,
To the pleasure of the maidens,
To the joy of all the daughters;

Only one was left neglected,
She a poor and graceless spinster,
On the isle's remotest border,
In the smallest of the hamlets.
'Then he thought about his journey
O'er the ocean to his mother,
To the cottage of his father.
There appeared the slighted spinster,
To the Northland son departing,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:
"O, thou handsome Kaukomeli,
Wisdom-bard, and magic singer,
Since this maiden thou hast slighted,
May the winds destroy thy vessel,
Dash thy bark to countless fragments
On the ocean-rocks and ledges!"
Lemminkainen's thoughts were homeward,
Did not heed the maiden's murmurs,
Did not rise before the dawning
Of the morning on the island,
To the pleasure of the maiden
Of the much-neglected hamlet.
Finally at close of evening,
He resolved to leave the island,
He resolved to waken early,
Long before the dawn of morning;
Long before the time appointed,
He arose that he might wander
Through the hamlets of the island,
Bid adieu to all the maidens,
On the morn of his departure.
As he wandered hither, thither,
Walking through the village path-ways
To the last of all the hamlets;
Saw he none of all the castle-,
Where three dwellings were not standing;
Saw he none of all the dwellings
Where three heroes were not watching;
Saw he none of all the heroes,
Who was not engaged in grinding
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes,
For the death of Lemminkainen.
And these words the hero uttered:
"Now alas! the Sun arises
From his couch within the ocean,
On the frailest of the heroes,
On the saddest child of Northland;
On my neck the cloak of Lempo
Might protect me from all evil,
Though a hundred foes assail me,
Though a thousand archers follow."
Then he left the maids ungreeted,
Left his longing for the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge,
With his farewell-words unspoken,

Hastened toward the island-harbor,
Toward his magic bark at anchor;
But he found it burned to ashes,
Sweet revenge had fired his vessel,
Lighted by the slighted spinster.
Then he saw the dawn of evil,
Saw misfortune hanging over,
Saw destruction round about him.
Straightway he began rebuilding
Him a magic sailing-vessel,
New and wondrous, full of beauty;
But the hero needed timber,
Boards, and planks, and beams, and braces,
Found the smallest bit of lumber,
Found of boards but seven fragments,
Of a spool he found three pieces,
Found six pieces of the distaff;
With these fragments builds his vessel,
Builds a ship of magic virtue,
Builds the bark with secret knowledge,
Through the will of the magician;
Strikes one blow, and builds the first part,
Strikes a second, builds the centre,
Strikes a third with wondrous power,
And the vessel is completed.
Thereupon the ship he launches,
Sings the vessel to the ocean,
And these words the hero utters:
"Like a bubble swim these waters,
Like a flower ride the billows;
Loan me of thy magic feathers,
Three, O eagle, four, O raven,
For protection to my vessel,
Lest it flounder in the ocean!"
Now the sailor, Lemminkainen,
Seats himself upon the bottom
Of the vessel he has builded,
Hastens on his journey homeward,
Head depressed and evil-humored,
Cap awry upon his forehead,
Mind dejected, heavy-hearted,
That he could not dwell forever
In the castles of the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge.
Spake the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomiel:
"Leave I must this merry island,
Leave her many joys and pleasures,
Leave her maids with braided tresses,
Leave her dances and her daughters,
To the joys of other heroes;
But I take this comfort with me:
All the maidens on the island,
Save the spinster who was slighted,
Will bemoan my loss for ages,

Will regret my quick departure;
They will miss me at the dances,
In the halls of mirth and joyance,
In the homes of merry maidens,
On my father's Isle of Refuge."
Wept the maidens on the island,
Long lamenting, loudly calling
To the hero sailing homeward:
"Whither goest, Lemminkainen,
Why depart, thou best of heroes?
Dost thou leave from inattention,
Is there here a dearth of maidens,
Have our greetings been unworthy?"
Sang the magic Lemminkainen
To the maids as he was sailing,
This in answer to their calling:
"Leaving not for want of pleasure,
Do not go from dearth of women
Beautiful the island-maidens,
Countless as the sands their virtues.
This the reason of my going,
I am longing for my home-land,
Longing for my mother's cabins,
For the strawberries of Northland,
For the raspberries of Kalew,
For the maidens of my childhood,
For the children of my mother."
Then the merry Lemminkainen
Bade farewell to all the island;
Winds arose and drove his vessel
On the blue-back of the ocean,
O'er the far-extending waters,
Toward the island of his mother.
On the shore were grouped the daughters
Of the magic Isle of Refuge,
On the rocks sat the forsaken,
Weeping stood the island-maidens,
Golden daughters, loud-lamenting.
Weep the maidens of the island
While the sail-yards greet their vision,
While the copper-beltings glisten;
Do not weep to lose the sail-yards,
Nor to lose the copper-beltings;
Weep they for the loss of Ahti,
For the fleeing Kaukomieli
Guiding the departing vessel.
Also weeps young Lemminkainen,
Sorely weeps, and loud-lamenting,
Weeps while he can see the island,
While the island hill-tops glisten;
Does not mourn the island-mountains,
Weeps he only for the maidens,
Left upon the Isle of Refuge.
Thereupon sailed Kaukomieli
On the blue-back of the ocean;

Sailed one day, and then a second,
But, alas! upon the third day,
There arose a mighty storm-wind,
And the sky was black with fury.
Blew the black winds from the north-west,
From the south-east came the whirlwind,
Tore away the ship's fore-castle,
Tore away the vessel's rudder,
Dashed the wooden hull to pieces.
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Headlong fell upon the waters;
With his head he did the steering,
With his hands and feet, the rowing;
Swam whole days and nights unceasing,
Swam with hope and strength united,
Till at last appeared a cloudlet,
Growing cloudlet to the westward,
Changing to a promontory,
Into land within the ocean.
Swiftly to the shore swam Ahti,
Hastened to a magic castle,
Found therein a hostess baking,
And her daughters kneading barley,
And these words the hero uttered:
"O, thou hostess, filled with kindness,
Couldst thou know my pangs of hunger,
Couldst thou guess my name and station,
Thou wouldst hasten to the storehouse,
Bring me beer and foaming liquor,
Bring the best of thy provisions,
Bring me fish, and veal, and bacon,
Butter, bread, and honeyed biscuits,
Set for me a wholesome dinner,
Wherewithal to still my hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
Days and nights have I been swimming,
Buffeting the waves of ocean,
Seemed as if the wind protected,
And the billows gave me shelter,"
Then the hostess, filled with kindness,
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,
Cut some butter, veal, and bacon,
Bread, and fish, and honeyed biscuit,
Brought the best of her provisions,
Brought the mead and beer of barley,
Set for him a toothsome dinner,
Wherewithal to still his hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
When the hero's feast had ended,
Straightway was a magic vessel
Given by the kindly hostess
To the weary Kaukomeli,
Bark of beauty, new and hardy,
Wherewithal to aid the stranger
In his journey to his home-land,

To the cottage of his mother.
Quickly sailed wild Lemminkainen
On the blue-back of the ocean;
Sailed he days and nights unceasing,
Till at last he reached the borders
Of his own loved home and country;
There beheld he scenes familiar,
Saw the islands, capes, and rivers,
Saw his former shipping-stations,
Saw he many ancient landmarks,
Saw the mountains with their fir-trees,
Saw the pine-trees on the hill-tops,
Saw the willows in the lowlands;
Did not see his father's cottage,
Nor the dwellings of his mother.
Where a mansion once had risen,
There the alder-trees were growing,
Shrubs were growing on the homestead,
Junipers within the court-yard.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"In this glen I played and wandered,
On these stones I rocked for ages,
On this lawn I rolled and tumbled,
Frolicked on these woodland-borders,
When a child of little stature.
Where then is my mother's dwelling,
Where the castles of my father?
Fire, I fear, has found the hamlet,
And the winds dispersed the ashes."
Then he fell to bitter weeping,
Wept one day and then a second,
Wept the third day without ceasing;
Did not mourn the ancient homestead,
Nor the dwellings of his father;
Wept he for his darling mother,
Wept he for the dear departed,
For the loved ones of the island.
Then he saw the bird of heaven,
Saw an eagle flying near him,
And he asked the bird this question:
"Mighty eagle, bird majestic,
Grant to me the information,
Where my mother may have wandered,
Whither I may go and find her!"
But the eagle knew but little,
Only knew that Ahti's people
Long ago together perished;
And the raven also answered
That his people had been scattered
By the swords, and spears, and arrows,
Of his enemies from Pohya.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
"Faithful mother, dear departed,
Thou who nursed me in my childhood,
Art thou dead and turned to ashes,

Didst thou perish for my follies,
O'er thy head are willows weeping,
Junipers above thy body,
Alders watching o'er thy slumbers?
This my punishment for evil,
This the recompense of folly!
Fool was I, a son unworthy,
That I measured swords in Northland
With the landlord of Pohyola,
To my tribe came fell destruction,
And the death of my dear mother,
Through my crimes and misdemeanors."
Then the minstrel [sic] looked about him,
Anxious, looked in all directions,
And beheld some gentle foot-prints,
Saw a pathway lightly trodden
Where the heather had been beaten.
Quick as thought the path he followed,
Through the meadows, through the brambles,
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,
To a forest, vast and cheerless;
Travelled far and travelled farther,
Still a greater distance travelled,
To a dense and hidden glenwood,
In the middle of the island;
Found therein a sheltered cabin,
Found a small and darksome dwelling
Built between the rocky ledges,
In the midst of triple pine-trees;
And within he spied his mother,
Found his gray-haired mother weeping.
Lemminkainen loud rejoices,
Cries in tones of joyful greetings,
These the words that Ahti utters:
"Faithful mother, well-beloved,
Thou that gavest me existence,
Happy I, that thou art living,
That thou hast not yet departed
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the islands of the blessed,
I had thought that thou hadst perished,
Hadst been murdered by my foemen,
Hadst been slain with bows and arrows.
Heavy are mine eyes from weeping,
And my cheeks are white with sorrow,
Since I thought my mother slaughtered
For the sins I had committed!"
Lemminkainen's mother answered:
"Long, indeed, hast thou been absent,
Long, my son, hast thou been living
In thy father's Isle of Refuge,
Roaming on the secret island,
Living at the doors of strangers,
Living in a nameless country,
Refuge from the Northland foemen."

Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:
 “Charming is that spot for living,
 Beautiful the magic island,
 Rainbow-colored was the forest,
 Blue the glimmer of the meadows,
 Silvered were, the pine-tree branches,
 Golden were the heather-blossoms;
 All the woodlands dripped with honey,
 Eggs in every rock and crevice,
 Honey flowed from birch and sorb-tree,
 Milk in streams from fir and aspen,
 Beer-foam dripping from the willows,
 Charming there to live and linger,
 All their edibles delicious.
 This their only source of trouble:
 Great the fear for all the maidens,
 All the heroes filled with envy,
 Feared the coming of the stranger;
 Thought that all the island-maidens,
 Thought that all the wives and daughters,
 All the good, and all the evil,
 Gave thy son too much attention;
 Thought the stranger, Lemminkainen,
 Saw the Island-maids too often;
 Yet the virgins I avoided,
 Shunned the good and shunned the evil,
 Shunned the host of charming daughters,
 As the black-wolf shuns the sheep-fold,
 As the hawk neglects the chickens.”

RUNE XXX. THE FROST-FIEND.

Lemminkainen, reckless minstrel,
 Handsome hero, Kaukomiel,
 Hastens as the dawn is breaking,
 At the dawning of the morning,
 To the resting-place of vessels,
 To the harbor of the island,
 Finds the vessels sorely weeping,
 Hears the wailing of the rigging,
 And the ships intone this chorus:
 “Must we wretched lie forever
 In the harbor of this island,
 Here to dry and fall in pieces?
 Ahti wars no more in Northland,
 Wars no more for sixty summers,
 Even should he thirst for silver,
 Should he wish the gold of battle.”
 Lemminkainen struck his vessels
 With his gloves adorned with copper,
 And addressed the ships as follows:
 “Mourn no more, my ships of fir-wood,
 Strong and hardy is your rigging,
 To the wars ye soon may hasten,
 Hasten to the seas of battle;

Warriors may swarm your cabins
Ere to-morrow's morn has risen.!"

Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Hastened to his aged mother,
Spake to her the words that follow:
"Weep no longer, faithful mother,
Do not sorrow for thy hero,
Should he leave for scenes of battle,
For the hostile fields of Pohya;
Sweet revenge has fired my spirit,
And my soul is well determined,
To avenge the shameful insult
That the warriors of Northland
Gave to thee, defenseless woman."
To restrain him seeks his mother,
Warns her son again of danger:
"Do not go, my son beloved,
To the wars in Sariola;
There the jaws of Death await thee,
Fell destruction lies before thee!"

Lemminkainen, little heeding,
Still determined, speaks as follows:
"Where may I secure a swordsman,
Worthy of my race of heroes,
To assist me in the combat?
Often I have heard of Tiera,
Heard of Kura of the islands,
This one I will take to help me,
Magic hero of the broadsword;
He will aid me in the combat,
Will protect me from destruction."
Then he wandered to the islands,
On the way to Tiera's hamlet,
These the words that Ahti utters
As he nears the ancient dwellings:
Dearest friend, my noble Tiera,
My beloved hero-brother,
Dost thou other times remember,
When we fought and bled together,
On the battle-fields of Northland?
There was not an island-village
Where there were not seven mansions,
In each mansion seven heroes,
And not one of all these foemen
Whom we did not slay with broadswords,
Victims of our skill and valor."

Near the window sat the father
Whittling out a javelin-handle;
Near the threshold sat the mother
Skimming cream and making butter;
Near the portal stood the brother
Working on a sledge of birch-wood
Near the bridge-pass were the sisters
Washing out their varied garments.
Spake the father from the window,

From the threshold spake the mother,
From the portals spake the brother,
And the sisters from the bridge-pass:
"Tiera has no time for combat,
And his broadsword cannot battle;
Tiera is but late a bridegroom,
Still unveiled his bride awaits him."
Near the hearth was Tiera lying,
Lying by the fire was Kura,
Hastily one foot was shoeing,
While the other lay in waiting.
From the hook he takes his girdle,
Buckles it around his body,
Takes a javelin from its resting,
Not the largest, nor the smallest,
Buckles on his mighty scabbard,
Dons his heavy mail of copper;
On each javelin pranced a charger,
Wolves were howling from his helmet,
On the rings the bears were growling.
Tiera poised his mighty javelin,
Launched the spear upon its errand;
Hurled the shaft across the pasture,
To the border of the forest,
O'er the clay-fields of Pohyola,
O'er the green and fragrant meadows,
Through the distant bills of Northland.
Then great Tiera touched his javelin
To the mighty spear of Ahti,
Pledged his aid to Lemminkainen,
As his combatant and comrade.
Thereupon wild Kaukomieli
Pushed his boat upon the waters;
Like the serpent through the heather,
Like the creeping of the adder,
Sails the boat away to Pohya,
O'er the seas of Sariola.
Quick the wicked hostess, Louhi,
Sends the black-frost of the heavens
To the waters of Pohyola,
O'er the far-extending sea-plains,
Gave the black-frost these directions:
"Much-loved Frost, my son and hero,
Whom thy mother has instructed,
Hasten whither I may send thee,
Go wherever I command thee,
Freeze the vessel of this hero,
Lemminkainen's bark of magic,
On the broad back of the ocean,
On the far-extending waters;
Freeze the wizard in his vessel,
Freeze to ice the wicked Ahti,
That he never more may wander,
Never waken while thou livest,
Or at least till I shall free him,

Wake him from his icy slumber!“
Frost, the son of wicked parents,
Hero-son of evil manners,
Hastens off to freeze the ocean,
Goes to fasten down the flood-gates,
Goes to still the ocean-currents.
As he hastens on his journey,
Takes the leaves from all the forest,
Strips the meadows of their verdure,
Robs the flowers of their colors.
When his journey he had ended,
Gained the border of the ocean,
Gained the sea-shore curved and endless,
On the first night of his visit,
Freezes he the lakes and rivers,
Freezes too the shore of ocean,
Freezes not the ocean-billows,
Does not check the ocean-currents.
On the sea a finch is resting,
Bird of song upon the waters,
But his feet are not yet frozen,
Neither is his head endangered.
When the second night Frost lingered,
He began to grow important,
He became a fierce intruder,
Fearless grew in his invasions,
Freezes everything before him;
Sends the fiercest cold of Northland,
Turns to ice the boundless waters.
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Grew the ice on sea and ocean,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow on field and forest,
Froze the hero's ship of beauty,
Cold and lifeless bark of Ahti;
Sought to freeze wild Lemminkainen,
Freeze him lifeless as his vessel,
Asked the minstrel for his life-blood,
For his ears, and feet, and fingers.
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,
Angry grew and filled with magic,
Hurled the black-frost to the fire-god,
Threw him to the fiery furnace,
Held him in his forge of iron,
Then addressed the frost as follows:
"Frost, thou evil son of Northland,
Dire and only son of Winter,
Let my members not be stiffened,
Neither ears, nor feet, nor fingers,
Neither let my head be frozen.
Thou hast other things to feed on,
Many other beads to stiffen;
Leave in peace the flesh of heroes,
Let this minstrel pass in safety,
Freeze the swamps, and lakes, and rivers,

Fens and forests, bills and valleys;
Let the cold stones grow still colder,
Freeze the willows in the waters,
Let the aspens freeze and suffer,
Let the bark peel from the birch-trees,
Let the Pines burst on the mountains,
Let this hero pass in safety,
Do not let his locks be stiffened.
“If all these prove insufficient,
Feed on other worthy matters;
Let the hot stones freeze asunder,
Let the flaming rocks be frozen,
Freeze the fiery blocks of iron,
Freeze to ice the iron mountains;
Stiffen well the mighty Wuoksi,
Let Imatra freeze to silence;
Freeze the sacred stream and whirlpool,
Let their boiling billows stiffen,
Or thine origin I’ll sing thee,
Tell thy lineage of evil.
Well I know thine evil nature,
Know thine origin and power,
Whence thou camest, where thou goest,
Know thine ancestry of evil.
Thou wert born upon the aspen,
Wert conceived upon the willows,
Near the borders of Pohyola,
In the courts of dismal Northland;
Sin-begotten was thy father,
And thy mother was Dishonor.
”While in infancy who fed thee
While thy mother could not nurse thee?
Surely thou wert fed by adders,
Nursed by foul and slimy serpents;
North-winds rocked thee into slumber,
Cradled thee in roughest weather,
In the worst of willow-marshes,
In the springs forever flowing,
Evil-born and evil-nurtured,
Grew to be an evil genius,
Evil was thy mind and spirit,
And the infant still was nameless,
Till the name of Frost was given
To the progeny of evil.
“Then the young lad lived in hedges,
Dwelt among the weeds and willows,
Lived in springs in days of summer,
On the borders of the marshes,
Tore the lindens in the winter,
Stormed among the glens and forests,
Raged among the sacred birch-trees,
Rattled in the alder-branches,
Froze the trees, the shoots, the grasses,
Evened all the plains and prairies,
Ate the leaves within the woodlands,

Made the stalks drop down their blossoms,
Peeled the bark on weeds and willows.
"Thou hast grown to large proportions,
Hast become too tall and mighty;
Dost thou labor to benumb me,
Dost thou wish mine ears and fingers,
Of my feet wouldst thou deprive me?
Do not strive to freeze this hero,
In his anguish and misfortune;
In my stockings I shall kindle
Fire to drive thee from my presence,
In my shoes lay flaming faggots,
Coals of fire in every garment,
Heated sandstones in my rigging;
Thus will hold thee at a distance.
Then thine evil form I'll banish
To the farthest Northland borders;
When thy journey is completed,
When thy home is reached in safety,
Freeze the caldrons in the castle,
Freeze the coal upon the hearthstone,
In the dough, the hands of women,
On its mother's lap, the infant,
Freeze the colt beside its mother.
"If thou shouldst not heed this order,
I shall banish thee still farther,
To the carbon-piles of Hisi,
To the chimney-hearth of Lempo,
Hurl thee to his fiery furnace,
Lay thee on the iron anvil,
That thy body may be hammered
With the sledges of the blacksmith,
May be pounded into atoms,
Twixt the anvil and the hammer.
"If thou shouldst not heed this order,
Shouldst not leave me to my freedom,
Know I still another kingdom,
Know another spot of resting;
I shall drive thee to the summer,
Lead thy tongue to warmer climates,
There a prisoner to suffer,
Never to obtain thy freedom
Till thy spirit I deliver,
Till I go myself and free thee."
Wicked Frost, the son of Winter,
Saw the magic bird of evil
Hovering above his spirit,
Straightway prayed for Ahti's mercy,
These the words the Frost-fiend uttered:
"Let us now agree together,
Neither one to harm the other,
Never in the course of ages,
Never while the moonlight glimmers
On the snow-capped hills of Northland.
If thou hearest that I bring thee

Cold to freeze thy feet and fingers,
Hurl me to the fiery furnace,
Hammer me upon the anvil
Of the blacksmith, Ilmarinen;
Lead my tongue to warmer climates,
Banish me to lands of summer,
There a prisoner to suffer,
Nevermore to gain my freedom.“
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Left his vessel in the ocean,
Frozen in the ice of Northland,
Left his warlike boat forever,
Started on his cheerless journey
To the borders of Pohyola,
And the mighty Tiera followed
In the tracks of his companion.
On the ice they journeyed northward
Briskly walked upon the ice-plain,
Walked one day, and then a second,
Till the closing of the third day,
When the Hunger-land approached them,
When appeared Starvation-island.
Here the hardy Lemminkainen
Hastened forward to the castle,
This the hero's prayer and question;
"Is there food within this castle,
Fish or fowl within its larders,
To refresh us on our journey,
Mighty heroes, cold and weary?
When the hero, Lemminkainen,
Found no food within the castle,
Neither fish, nor fowl, nor bacon,
Thus he cursed it and departed:
"May the fire destroy these chambers,
May the waters flood this dwelling,
Wash it to the seas of Mana!"
Then they hastened onward, onward,
Hastened on through field and forest,
Over by-ways long untrodden,
Over unknown paths and snow-fields;
Here the hardy Lemminkainen,
Reckless hero, Kaukomieli,
Pulled the soft wool from the ledges,
Gathered lichens from the tree-trunks,
Wove them into magic stockings,
Wove them into shoes and mittens,
On the settles of the hoar-frost,
In the stinging cold of Northland.
Then he sought to find some pathway,
That would guide their wayward footsteps,
And the hero spake as follows:
"O thou Tiera, friend beloved,
Shall we reach our destination,
Wandering for days together,
Through these Northland fields and forests?

Kura thus replies to Ahti:
"We, alas! have come for vengeance,
Come for blood and retribution,
To the battle-fields of Northland,
To the dismal Sariola,
Here to leave our souls and bodies,
Here to starve, and freeze, and perish,
In the dreariest of places,
In this sun-forsaken country!
Never shall we gain the knowledge,
Never learn it, never tell it,
Which the pathway that can guide us
To the forest-beds to suffer,
To the Pohya-plains to perish,
In the home-land of the ravens,
Fitting food for crows and eagles.
Often do the Northland vultures
Hither come to feed their fledgelings;
Hither bring the birds of heaven
Bits of flesh and blood of heroes;
Often do the beaks of ravens
Tear the flesh of kindred corpses,
Often do the eagle's talons
Carry bones and trembling vitals,
Such as ours, to feed their nestlings,
In their rocky homes and ledges.
"Oh! my mother can but wonder,
Never can divine the answer,
Where her reckless son is roaming,
Where her hero's blood is flowing,
Whether in the swamps and lowlands
Whether in the heat of battle,
Or upon the waves of the ocean,
Or upon the hop-feld mountains,
Or along some forest by-way.
Nothing can her mind discover
Of the frailest of her heroes,
Only think that he has perished.
Thus the hoary-headed mother
Weeps and murmurs in her chambers:
'Where is now my son beloved,
In the kingdom of Manala?
Sow thy crops, thou dread Tuoni,
Harrow well the fields of Kalma!
Now the bow receives its respite
From the fingers of my Tiera;
Bow and arrow now are useless,
Now the merry birds can fatten
In the fields, and fens, and forests;
Bears may live in dens of freedom,
On the fields may sport the elk-herds.'"
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Thus it is, mine aged mother,
Thou that gavest me existence!
Thou hast reared thy broods of chickens,

Hatched and reared thy flights of white-swans
All of them the winds have scattered,
Or the evil Lempo frightened;
One flew hither, and one thither,
And a third one, lost forever!
Think thou of our former pleasures,
Of our better days together,
When I wandered like the flowers,
Like the berry in the meadows.
Many saw my form majestic,
Many thought me well-proportioned.
Now is not as then with Ahti,
Into evil days have fallen,
Since I see but storms and darkness!
Then my eyes beheld but sunshine,
Then we did not weep and murmur,
Did not fill our hearts with sorrow,
When the maids in joy were singing,
When the virgins twined their tresses;
Then the women joined in joyance,
Whether brides were happy-wedded,
Whether bridegrooms choose discreetly,
Whether they were wise or unwise.
"But we must not grow disheartened,
Let the Island-maidens cheer us;
Here we are not yet enchanted,
Not bewitched by magic singing,
On the paths not left to perish,
Sink and perish on our journey.
Full of youth we should not suffer,
Strong, we should not die unworthy,
Whom the wizards have enchanted,
Have bewitched with songs of magic;
Sorcerers may charm and conquer,
Bury them within their dungeons,
Hide them spell-bound in their cabins.
Let the wizards charm each other,
And bewitch their magic offspring,
Bring their tribes to fell destruction.
Never did my gray-haired father
Bow submission to a wizard,
Offer worship to magicians.
These the words my father uttered,
These the thoughts his son advances:
'Guard us, thou O great Creator,
Shield us, thou O God of mercy,
With thine arms of grace protect us,
Help us with thy strength and wisdom,
Guide the minds of all thy heroes,
Keep aright the thoughts of women,
Keep the old from speaking evil,
Keep the young from sin and folly,
Be to us a help forever,
Be our Guardian and our Father,
That our children may not wander

From the ways of their Creator,
From the path that God has given!"“
Then the hero Lemminkainen,
Made from cares the fleetest racers,
Sable racers from his sorrows,
Reins he made from days of evil,
From his sacred pains made saddles.
To the saddle, quickly springing,
Galloped he away from trouble,
To his dear and aged mother;
And his comrade, faithful Tiera,
Galloped to his Island-dwelling.
Now departs wild Lemminkainen,
Brave and reckless Kaukomieli,
From these ancient songs and legends;
Only guides his faithful Kura
To his waiting bride and kindred,
While these lays and incantations
Shall be turned to other heroes.

RUNE XXXI. KULLERWOINEN SON OF EVIL.

In the ancient times a mother
Hatched and raised some swans and chickens,
Placed the chickens in the brushwood,
Placed her swans upon the river;
Came an eagle, hawk, and falcon,
Scattered all her swans and chickens,
One was carried to Karyala,
And a second into Ehtland,
Left a third at home in Pohya.
And the one to Ehtland taken
Soon became a thriving merchant;
He that journeyed to Karyala
Flourished and was called Kalervo;
He that hid away in Pohya
Took the name of Untamoinen,
Flourished to his father's sorrow,
To the heart-pain of his mother.
Untamoinen sets his fish-nets
In the waters of Kalervo;
Kullerwoinen sees the fish-nets,
Takes the fish home in his basket.
Then Untamo, evil-minded,
Angry grew and sighed for vengeance,
Clutched his fingers for the combat,
Bared his mighty arms for battle,
For the stealing of his salmon,
For the robbing of his fish-nets.
Long they battled, fierce the struggle,
Neither one could prove the victor;
Should one beat the other fiercely,
He himself was fiercely beaten.
Then arose a second trouble;
On the second and the third days,

Kalerwoinen sowed some barley
Near the barns of Untamoinen;
Untamoinen's sheep in hunger
Ate the crop of Kullerwoinen;
Kullerwoinen's dog in malice
Tore Untamo's sheep in pieces;
Then Untamo sorely threatened
To annihilate the people
Of his brother, Kalerwoinen,
To exterminate his tribe-folk,
To destroy the young and aged,
To out-root his race and kingdom;
Conjures men with broadswords girded,
For the war he fashions heroes,
Fashions youth with spears adjusted,
Bearing axes on their shoulders,
Conjures thus a mighty army,
Hastens to begin a battle,
Bring a war upon his brother.
Kalerwoinen's wife in beauty
Sat beside her chamber-window,
Looking out along the highway,
Spake these words in wonder guessing:
"Do I see some smoke arising,
Or perchance a heavy storm-cloud,
Near the border of the forest,
Near the ending of the prairie?"
It was not some smoke arising,
Nor indeed a heavy storm-cloud,
It was Untamoinen's soldiers
Marching to the place of battle.
Warriors of Untamoinen
Came equipped with spears and arrows,
Killed the people of Kalervo,
Slew his tribe and all his kindred,
Burned to ashes many dwellings,
Levelled many courts and cabins,
Only, left Kalervo's daughter,
With her unborn child, survivors
Of the slaughter of Untamo;
And she led the hostile army
To her father's halls and mansion,
Swept the rooms and made them cheery,
Gave the heroes home-attentions.
Time had gone but little distance,
Ere a boy was born in magic
Of the virgin, Untamala,
Of a mother, trouble-laden,
Him the mother named Kullervo,
"Pearl of Combat," said Untamo.
Then they laid the child of wonder,
Fatherless, the magic infant,
In the cradle of attention,
To be rocked, and fed, and guarded;
But he rocked himself at pleasure,

Rocked until his locks stood endwise;
Rocked one day, and then a second,
Rocked the third from morn till noontide;
But before the third day ended,
Kicks the boy with might of magic,
Forwards, backwards, upwards, downwards,
Kicks in miracles of power,
Bursts with might his swaddling garments
Creeping from beneath his blankets,
Knocks his cradle into fragments,
Tears to tatters all his raiment,
Seemed that he would grow a hero,
And his mother, Untamala,
Thought that be, when full of stature,
When he found his strength and reason,
Would become a great magician,
First among a thousand heroes.
When three months the boy had thriven,
He began to speak as follows:
"When my form is full of stature,
When these arms grow strong and hardy,
Then will I avenge the murder
Of Kalervo and his people!"
Untamoinen bears the saying,
Speaks these words to those about him;
"To my tribe he brings destruction,
In him grows a new Kalervo!"
Then the heroes well considered,
And the women gave their counsel,
How to kill the magic infant,
That their tribe may live in safety.
It appeared the boy would prosper;
Finally, they all consenting,
He was placed within a basket,
And with willows firmly fastened,
Taken to the reeds and rushes,
Lowered to the deepest waters,
In his basket there to perish.
When three nights had circled over,
Messengers of Untamoinen
Went to see if he had perished
In his basket in the waters;
But the prodigy, was living,
Had not perished in the rushes;
He had left his willow-basket,
Sat in triumph on a billow,
In his hand a rod of copper,
On the rod a golden fish-line,
Fishing for the silver whiting,
Measuring the deeps beneath him;
In the sea was little water,
Scarcely would it fill three measures.
Untamoinen then reflected,
This the language of the wizard:
"Whither shall we take this wonder,

Lay this prodigy of evil,
That destruction may o’ertake him,
Where the boy will sink and perish?“
Then his messengers he ordered
To collect dried poles of brushwood,
Birch-trees with their hundred branches,
Pine-trees full of pitch and resin,
Ordered that a pyre be builded,
That the boy might be cremated,
That Kullervo thus might perish.
High they piled the and branches,
Dried limbs from the sacred birch-tree,
Branches from a hundred fir-trees,
Knots and branches full of resin;
Filled with bark a thousand sledges,
Seasoned oak, a hundred measures;
Piled the brushwood to the tree-tops,
Set the boy upon the summit,
Set on fire the pile of brushwood,
Burned one day, and then a second,
Burned the third from morn till evening.
When Untamo sent his heralds
To inspect the pyre and wizard,
There to learn if young Kullervo
Had been burned to dust and ashes,
There they saw the young boy sitting
On a pyramid of embers,
In his band a rod of copper,
Raking coals of fire about him,
To increase their heat and power;
Not a hair was burned nor injured,
Not a ringlet singed nor shrivelled.
Then Untamo, evil-humored,
Thus addressed his trusted heralds:
”Whither shall the boy be taken,
To what place this thing of evil,
That destruction may o’ertake him.
That the boy may sink and perish?“
Then they hung him to an oak-tree,
Crucified him in the branches,
That the wizard there might perish.
When three days and nights had ended,
Untamoinen spake as follows:
”It is time to send my heralds
To inspect the mighty oak-tree,
There to learn if young Kullervo
Lives or dies among the branches.“
Thereupon he sent his servants,
And the heralds brought this message:
”Young Kullervo has not perished,
Has not died among the branches
Of the oak-tree where we hung him.
In the oak he maketh pictures
With a wand between his fingers;
Pictures hang from all the branches,

Carved and painted by Kullervo;
And the heroes, thick as acorns,
With their swords and spears adjusted,
Fill the branches of the oak-tree,
Every leaf becomes a soldier.“
Who can help the grave Untamo
Kill the boy that threatens evil
To Untamo’s tribe and country,
Since he will not die by water,
Nor by fire, nor crucifixion?
Finally it was decided
That his body was immortal,
Could not suffer death nor torture.
In despair grave Untamoinen
Thus addressed the boy, Kullervo:
”Wilt thou live a life becoming,
Always do my people honor,
Should I keep thee in my dwelling?
Shouldst thou render servant’s duty,
Then thou wilt receive thy wages,
Reaping whatsoe’er thou sowest;
Thou canst wear the golden girdle,
Or endure the tongue of censure.“
When the boy had grown a little,
Had increased in strength and stature,
He was given occupation,
He was made to tend an infant,
Made to rock the infant’s cradle.
These the words of Untamoinen:
”Often look upon the young child,
Feed him well and guard from danger,
Wash his linen in the river,
Give the infant good attention.“
Young Kullervo, wicked wizard,
Nurses one day then a second;
On the morning of the third day,
Gives the infant cruel treatment,
Blinds its eyes and breaks its fingers;
And when evening shadows gather,
Kills the young child while it slumbers,
Throws its body to the waters,
Breaks and burns the infant’s cradle.
Untamoinen thus reflected:
”Never will this fell Kullervo
Be a worthy nurse for children,
Cannot rock a babe in safety;
Do not know how I can use him,
What employment I can give him!“
Then he told the young magician
He must fell the standing forest,
And Kullervo gave this answer:
”Only will I be a hero,
When I wield the magic hatchet;
I am young, and fair, and mighty,
Far more beautiful than others,

Have the skill of six magicians.“
Thereupon he sought the blacksmith,
This the order of Kullervo:
”Listen, O thou metal-artist,
Forge for me an axe of copper,
Forge the mighty axe of heroes,
Wherewith I may fell the forest,
Fell the birch, and oak, and aspen.“
This behest the blacksmith honors,
Forges him an axe of copper,
Wonderful the blade he forges.
Kullerwoinen grinds his hatchet,
Grinds his blade from morn till evening,
And the next day makes the handle;
Then he hastens to the forest,
To the upward-sloping mountain,
To the tallest of the birches,
To the mightiest of oak-trees;
There he swings his axe of copper,
Swings his blade with might of magic,
Cuts with sharpened edge the aspen,
With one blow he fells the oak-tree,
With a second blow, the linden;
Many trees have quickly fallen,
By the hatchet of Kullervo.
Then the wizard spake as follows:
”This the proper work of Lempo,
Let dire Hisi fell the forest!“
In the birch he sank his hatchet,
Made an uproar in the woodlands,
Called aloud in tones, of thunder,
Whistled to the distant mountains,
Till they echoed to his calling,
When Kullervo spake as follows:
”May the forest, in the circle
Where my voice rings, fall and perish,
In the earth be lost forever!
May no tree remain unlevelled,
May no saplings grow in spring-time,
Never while the moonlight glimmers,
Where Kullervo’s voice has echoed,
Where the forest hears my calling;
Where the ground with seed is planted,
And the grain shall sprout and flourish,
May it never come to ripeness,
Mar the ears of corn be blasted!“
When the strong man, Untamoinen,
Went to look at early evening,
How Kullervo was progressing,
In his labors in the forest;
Little was the work accomplished,
Was not worthy of a here;
Untamoinen thus reflected:
”Young Kullervo is not fitted
For the work of clearing forests,

Wastes the best of all the timber,
To my lands he brings destruction;
I shall set him making fences.“
Then the youth began the building
Of a fence for Untamoinen;
Took the trunks of stately fir-trees,
Trimmed them with his blade for fence-posts,
Cut the tallest in the woodlands,
For the railing of his fences;
Made the smaller poles and cross-bars
From the longest of the lindens;
Made the fence without a pass-way,
Made no wicket in his fences,
And Kullervo spake these measures.
”He that does not rise as eagles,
Does not sail on wings through ether,
Cannot cross Kullervo’s pickets,
Nor the fences he has builded.“
Untamoinen left his mansion
To inspect the young boy’s labors,
View the fences of Kullervo;
Saw the fence without a pass-way,
Not a wicket in his fences;
From the earth the fence extended
To the highest clouds of heaven.
These the words of Untamoinen:
”For this work he is not fitted,
Useless is the fence thus builded;
Is so high that none can cross it,
And there is no passage through it:
He shall thresh the rye and barley.“
Young Kullervo, quick preparing
Made an oaken flail for threshing,
Threshed the rye to finest powder,
Threshed the barley into atoms,
And the straw to worthless fragments.
Untamoinen went at evening,
Went to see Kullervo’s threshing,
View the work of Kullerwoinen;
Found the rye was ground to powder,
Grains of barley crushed to atoms,
And the straw to worthless rubbish.
Untamoinen then grew angry,
Spake these words in bitter accents:
”Kullerwoinen as a workman
Is a miserable failure;
Whatsoever work he touches
Is but ruined by his witchcraft;
I shall carry him to Ehtsland,
In Karyala I shall sell him
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
There to swing the heavy hammer.“
Untamoinen sells Kullervo,
Trades him off in far Karyala,
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,

To the master of the metals,
 This the sum received in payment:
 Seven worn and worthless sickles,
 Three old caldrons worse than useless,
 Three old scythes, and hoes, and axes,
 Recompense, indeed, sufficient
 For a boy that will not labor
 For the good of his employer.

RUNE XXXII. KULLERVO AS A SHEPHERD.

Kullerwoinen, wizard-servant
 Of the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
 Purchased slave from Untamoinen,
 Magic son with sky-blue stockings,
 With a head of golden ringlets,
 In his shoes of marten-leather,
 Waiting little, asked the blacksmith,
 Asked the host for work at morning,
 In the evening asked the hostess,
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:
 "Give me work at early morning,
 In the evening, occupation,
 Labor worthy of thy servant."
 Then the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
 Thinking long, and long debating,
 How to give the youth employment,
 How the purchased slave could labor;
 Finally a shepherd made him,
 Made him keeper of her pastures;
 But the over-scornful hostess,
 Baked a biscuit for the herdsman,
 Baked a loaf of wondrous thickness,
 Baked the lower-half of oat-meal,
 And the upper-half of barley,
 Baked a flint-stone in the centre,
 Poured around it liquid butter,
 Then she gave it to the shepherd,
 Food to still the herdsman's hunger;
 Thus she gave the youth instructions:
 "Do not eat the bread in hunger,
 Till the herd is in the woodlands!"
 Then the wife of Ilmarinen
 Sent her cattle to the pasture,
 Thus addressing Kullerwoinen:
 "Drive the cows to yonder bowers,
 To the birch-trees and the aspens,
 That they there may feed and fatten,
 Fill themselves with milk and butter,
 In the open forest-pastures,
 On the distant hills and mountains,
 In the glens among the birch-trees,
 In the lowlands with the aspens,
 In the golden pine-tree forests,

In the thickets silver-laden.
"Guard them, thou O kind Creator,
Shield them, omnipresent Ukko,
Shelter them from every danger,
And protect them from all evil,
That they may not want, nor wander
From the paths of peace and plenty.
As at home Thou didst protect them
In the shelters and the hurdles,
Guard them now beneath the heavens,
Shelter them in woodland pastures,
That the herds may live and prosper
To the joy of Northland's hostess,
And against the will of Lempo.
"If my herdsman prove unworthy,
If the shepherd-maids seem evil,
Let the pastures be their shepherds,
Let the alders guard the cattle,
Make the birch-tree their protector,
Let the willow drive them homeward,
Ere the hostess go to seek them,
Ere the milkmaids wait and worry.
Should the birch-tree not protect them,
Nor the aspen lend assistance,
Nor the linden be their keeper,
Nor the willow drive them homeward,
Wilt thou give them better herdsman,
Let Creation's beauteous daughters
Be their kindly shepherdesses.
Thou hast many lovely maidens,
Many hundreds that obey thee,
In the Ether's spacious circles,
Beauteous daughters of creation.
"Summer-daughter, magic maiden,
Southern mother of the woodlands,
Pine-tree daughter, Kateyatar,
Pihlayatar, of the aspen,
Alder-maiden, Tapio's daughter,
Daughter of the glen, Millikki,
And the mountain-maid, Tellervo,
Of my herds be ye protectors,
Keep them from the evil-minded,
Keep them safe in days of summer,
In the times of fragrant flowers,
While the tender leaves are whispering,
While the Earth is verdure-laden.
"Summer-daughter, charming maiden,
Southern mother of the woodlands,
Spread abroad thy robes of safety,
Spread thine apron o'er the forest,
Let it cover all my cattle,
And protect the unprotected,
That no evil winds may harm them,
May not suffer from the storm-clouds.
Guard my flocks from every danger,

Keep them from the hands of wild-beasts,
From the swamps with sinking pathways,
From the springs that bubble trouble,
From the swiftly running waters,
From the bottom of the whirlpool,
That they may not find misfortune,
May not wander to destruction,
In the marshes sink and perish,
Though against God's best intentions,
Though against the will of Ukko.
"From a distance bring a bugle,
Bring a shepherd's horn from heaven,
Bring the honey-flute of Ukko,
Play the music of creation,
Blow the pipes of the magician,
Play the flowers on the highlands,
Charm the hills, and dales, and mount
Charm the borders of the forest,
Fill the forest-trees with honey,
Fill with spice the fountain-borders.
"For my herds give food and shelter,
Feed them all on honeyed pastures,
Give them drink at honeyed fountains
Feed them on thy golden grasses,
On the leaves of silver saplings,
From the springs of life and beauty,
From the crystal-waters flowing,
From the waterfalls of Rutya,
From the uplands green and golden,
From the glens enriched in silver.
Dig thou also golden fountains
On the four sides of the willow,
That the cows may drink in sweetness,
And their udders swell with honey,
That their milk may flow in streamlets;
Let the milk be caught in vessels,
Let the cow's gift be not wasted,
Be not given to Manala.
"Many are the sons of evil,
That to Mana take their milkings,
Give their milk to evil-doers,
Waste it in Tuoni's empire;
Few there are, and they the worthy,
That can get the milk from Mana;
Never did my ancient mother
Ask for counsel in the village,
Never in the courts for wisdom;
She obtained her milk from Mana,
Took the sour-milk from the dealers,
Sweet-milk from the greater distance,
From the kingdom of Manala,
From Tuoni's fields and pastures;
Brought it in the dusk of evening,
Through the by-ways in the darkness,
That the wicked should not know it,

That it should not find destruction.
"This the language of my mother,
And these words I also echo:
Whither does the cow's gift wander,
Whither has the milk departed?
Has it gone to feed the strangers,
Banished to the distant village,
Gone to feed the hamlet-lover,
Or perchance to feed the forest,
Disappeared within the woodlands,
Scattered o'er the hills and mountains,
Mingled with the lakes and rivers?
It shall never go to Mana,
Never go to feed the stranger,
Never to the village-lover;
Neither shall it feed the forest,
Nor be lost upon the mountains,
Neither sprinkled in the woodlands,
Nor be mingled with the waters;
It is needed for our tables,
Worthy food for all our children.'
Summer-daughter, maid of beauty,
Southern daughter of Creation,
Give Suotikki tender fodder,
To Watikki, give pure water,
To Hermikki milk abundant,
Fresh provisions to Tuorikki,
From Mairikki let the milk flow,
Fresh milk from my cows in plenty,
Coming from the tips of grasses,
From the tender herbs and leaflets,
From the meadows rich in honey,
From the mother of the forest,
From the meadows sweetly dripping,
From the berry-laden branches,
From the heath of flower-maidens,
From the verdure, maiden bowers,
From the clouds of milk-providers,
From the virgin of the heavens,
That the milk may flow abundant
From the cows that I have given
To the keeping of Kullervo.
"Rise thou virgin of the valley,
From the springs arise in beauty,
Rise thou maiden of the fountain,
Beautiful, arise in ether,
Take the waters from the cloudlets,
And my roaming herds besprinkle,
That my cows may drink and flourish,
May be ready for the coming
Of the shepherdess of evening.
"O Millikki, forest-hostess,
Mother of the herds at pasture,
Send the tallest of thy servants,
Send the best of thine assistants,

That my herds may well be guarded,
Through the pleasant days of summer,
Given us by our Creator.
"Beauteous virgin of the woodlands,
Tapio's most charming daughter,
Fair Tellervo, forest-maiden,
Softly clad in silken raiment,
Beautiful in golden ringlets,
Do thou give my herds protection,
In the Metsola dominions,
On the hills of Tapiola;
Shield them with thy hands of beauty,
Stroke them gently with thy fingers,
Give to them a golden lustre,
Make them shine like fins of salmon,
Grow them robes as soft as ermine.
"When the evening star brings darkness,
When appears the hour of twilight,
Send my lowing cattle homeward,
Milk within their vessels coursing,
Water on their backs in lakelets.
When the Sun has set in ocean,
When the evening-bird is singing,
Thus address my herds of cattle:
"Ye that carry horns, now hasten
To the sheds of Ilmarinen;
Ye enriched in milk go homeward,
To the hostess now in waiting,
Home, the better place for sleeping,
Forest-beds are full of danger;
When the evening comes in darkness,
Straightway journey to the milkmaids
Building fires to light the pathway
On the turf enriched in honey,
In the pastures berry-laden!
"Thou, O Tapio's son, Nyrikki,
Forest-son, enrobed in purple,
Cut the fir-trees on the mountains,
Cut the pines with cones of beauty,
Lay them o'er the streams for bridges,
Cover well the sloughs of quicksand,
In the swamps and in the lowlands,
That my herd may pass in safety,
On their long and dismal journey,
To the clouds of smoke may hasten,
Where the milkmaids wait their coming.
If the cows heed not this order,
Do not hasten home at evening,
Then, O service-berry maiden,
Cut a birch-rod from the glenwood,
From the juniper, a whip-stick,
Near to Tapio's spacious mansion,
Standing on the ash-tree mountain,
Drive my wayward, lowing cattle,
Into Metsola's wide milk-yards,

When the evening-star is rising,
"Thou, O Otso, forest-apple,
Woodland bear, with honeyed fingers,
Let us make a lasting treaty,
Make a vow for future ages,
That thou wilt not kill my cattle,
Wilt not eat my milk-providers;
That I will not send my hunters
To destroy thee and thy kindred,
Never in the days of summer,
The Creator's warmest season.
"Dost thou hear the tones of cow-bells,
Hear the calling of the bugles,
Ride thyself within the meadow,
Sink upon the turf in slumber,
Bury both thine ears in clover,
Crouch within some alder-thicket
Climb between the mossy ledges,
Visit thou some rocky cavern,
Flee away to other mountains,
Till thou canst not hear the cow-bells,
Nor the calling of the herdsmen.
"Listen, Otso of the woodlands,
Sacred bear with honeyed fingers,
To approach the herd of cattle
Thou thyself art not forbidden,
But thy tongue, and teeth, and fingers,
Must not touch my herd in summer,
Must not harm my harmless creatures.
Go around the scented meadows,
Amble through the milky pastures,
From the tones of bells and shepherds.
should the herd be on the mountain,
Go thou quickly to the marshes;
Should my cattle browse the lowlands,
Sleep thou then within the thicket;
Should they feed upon the uplands,
Thou must hasten to the valley;
Should the herd graze at the bottom,
Thou must feed upon the summit.
"Wander like the golden cuckoo,
Like the dove of silver brightness,
Like a little fish in ocean;
Ride thy claws within thy hair-foot,
Shut thy wicked teeth in darkness,
That my herd may not be frightened,
May not think themselves in danger.
Leave my cows in peace and plenty,
Let them journey home in order,
Through the vales and mountain by-ways,
Over plains and through the forest,
Harming not my harmless creatures.
"Call to mind our former pledges,
At the river of Tuoni,
Near the waterfall and whirlpool,

In the ears of our Creator.
Thrice to Otso was it granted,
In the circuit of the summer,
To approach the land of cow-bells,
Where the herdsmen's voices echo;
But to thee it was not granted,
Otso never had permission
To attempt a wicked action,
To begin a work of evil.
Should the blinding thing of malice
Come upon thee in thy roamings,
Should thy bloody teeth feel hunger,
Throw thy malice to the mountains,
And thy hunger to the pine-trees,
Sink thy teeth within the aspens,
In the dead limbs of the birches,
Prune the dry stalks from the willows.
Should thy hunger still impel thee,
Go thou to the berry-mountain,
Eat the fungus of the forest,
Feed thy hunger on the ant-hills,
Eat the red roots of the bear-tree,
Metsola's rich cakes of honey,
Not the grass my herd would feed on.
Or if Metsola's rich honey
Should ferment before the eating,
On the hills of golden color,
On the mountains filled with silver,
There is other food for hunger,
Other drink for thirsting Otso,
Everlasting will the food be,
And the drink be never wanting.
"Let us now agree in honor,
And conclude a lasting treaty
That our lives may end in pleasure,
May be, merry in the summer,
Both enjoy the woods in common,
Though our food must be distinctive
Shouldst thou still desire to fight me,
Let our contests be in winter,
Let our wars be, on the snow-fields.
Swamps will thaw in days of summer,
Warm, the water in the rivers.
Therefore shouldst thou break this treaty,
Shouldst thou come where golden cattle
Roam these woodland hills and valleys,
We will slay thee with our cross-bows;
Should our arrow-men be absent,
We have here some archer-women,
And among them is the hostess,
That can use the fatal weapon,
That can bring thee to destruction,
Thus will end the days of trouble
That thou bringest to our people,
And against the will of Ukko.

“Ukko, ruler in the heavens,
Lend an ear to my entreaty,
Metamorphose all my cattle,
Through the mighty force of magic,
Into stumps and stones convert them,
If the enemy should wander,
Near my herd in days of summer.
”If I had been born an Otso,
I would never stride and amble
At the feet of aged women;
Elsewhere there are hills and valleys,
Farther on are honey-pastures,
Where the lazy bear may wander,
Where the indolent may linger;
Sneak away to yonder mountain,
That thy tender flesh may lessen,
In the blue-glen’s deep recesses,
In the bear-dens of the forest,
Thou canst move through fields of acorns,
Through the sand and ocean-pebbles,
There for thee is tracked a pathway,
Through the woodlands on the sea-coast,
To the Northland’s farthest limits,
To the dismal plains of Lapland,
There ’tis well for thee to lumber,
There to live will be a pleasure.
Shoeless there to walk in summer,
Stockingless in days of autumn,
On the blue-back of the mountain,
Through the swamps and fertile lowlands.
“If thou canst not journey thither,
Canst not find the Lapland-highway,
Hasten on a little distance,
In the bear-path leading northward.
To the grove of Tuonela,
To the honey-plains of Kalma,
Swamps there are in which to wander,
Heaths in which to roam at pleasure,
There are Kiryos, there are Karyos,
And of beasts a countless number,
With their fetters strong as iron,
Fattening within the forest.
Be ye gracious, groves and mountains,
Full of grace, ye darksome thickets,
Peace and, plenty to my cattle,
Through the pleasant days of summer,
The Creator’s warmest season.
”Knippana, O King of forests,
Thou the gray-beard of the woodlands,
Watch thy dogs in fen and fallow,
Lay a sponge within one nostril,
And an acorn in the other,
That they may not scent my cattle;
Tie their eyes with silken fillets,
That they may not see my herdlings,

May not see my cattle grazing.
 "Should all this seem inefficient,
 Drive away thy barking children,
 Let them run to other forests,
 Let them hunt in other marshes,
 From these verdant strips of meadow,
 From these far outstretching borders,
 Hide thy dogs within thy caverns,
 Firmly tie thy yelping children,
 Tie them with thy golden fetters,
 With thy chains adorned with silver,
 That they may not do me damage,'
 May not do a deed of mischief.
 Should all this prove inefficient,
 Thou, O Ukko, King of heaven.
 Wise director, full of mercy,
 Hear the golden words I utter,
 Hear a voice that breathes affection,
 From the alder make a muzzle,
 For each dog, within the kennel;
 Should the alder prove too feeble,
 Cast a band of purest copper;
 Should the copper prove a failure,
 Forge a band of ductile iron;
 Should the iron snap asunder,
 In each nose a small-ring fasten,
 Made of molten gold and silver,
 Chain thy dogs in forest-caverns,
 That my herd may not be injured.
 Then the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Life-companion of the blacksmith,
 Opened all her yards and stables,
 Led her herd across the meadow,
 Placed them in the herdsman's keeping,
 In the care of Kullerwoinen.

RUNE XXXIII. KULLERVO AND THE CHEAT-CAKE.

Thereupon the lad, Kullervo,
 Laid his luncheon in his basket,
 Drove the herd to mountain-pastures,
 O'er the hills and through the marshes,
 To their grazings in the woodlands,
 Speaking as he careless wandered:
 "Of the youth am I the poorest,
 Hapless lad and full of trouble,
 Evil luck to me befallen!
 I alas! must idly wander
 O'er the hills and through the valleys,
 As a watch-dog for the cattle!"
 Then she sat upon the greensward,
 In a sunny spot selected,
 Singing, chanting words as follow:
 "Shine, O shine, thou Sun of heaven,
 Cast thy rays, thou fire of Ukko,

On the herdsman of the blacksmith,
On the head of Kullerwoinen,
On this poor and luckless shepherd,
Not in Ilmarinen's smithy,
Nor the dwellings of his people;
Good the table of the hostess,
Cuts the best of wheaten biscuit,
Honey-cakes she cuts in slices,
Spreading each with golden butter;
Only dry bread has the herdsman,
Eats with pain the oaten bread-crusts,
Filled with chaff his and biscuit,
Feeds upon the worst of straw-bread,
Pine-tree bark, the broad he feeds on,
Sipping water from the birch-bark,
Drinking from the tips of grasses I
Go, O Sun, and go, O barley,
Haste away, thou light of Ukko,
Hide within the mountain pine-trees,
Go, O wheat, to yonder thickets,
To the trees of purple berries,
To the junipers and alders,
Safely lead the herdsman homeward
To the biscuit golden-buttered,
To the honeyed cakes and viands!"
While the shepherd lad was singing
Kullerwoinen's song and echo,
Ilmarinen's wife was feasting
On the sweetest bread of Northland,
On the toothsome cakes of barley,
On the richest of provisions;
Only laid aside some cabbage,
For the herdsman, Kullerwoinen;
Set apart some wasted fragments,
Leavings of the dogs at dinner,
For the shepherd, home returning.
From the woods a bird came flying,
Sang this song to Kullerwoinen:
"Tis the time for forest-dinners,
For the fatherless companion
Of the herds to eat his viands,
Eat the good things from his basket!"
Kullerwoinen heard the songster,
Looked upon the Sun's long shadow,
Straightway spake the words that follow:
"True, the singing of the song-bird,
It is time indeed for feasting,
Time to eat my basket-dinner."
Thereupon young Kullerwoinen
Called his herd to rest in safety,
Sat upon a grassy hillock,
Took his basket from his shoulders,
Took therefrom the and oat-loaf,
Turned it over in his fingers,
Carefully the loaf inspected,

Spake these words of ancient wisdom:
"Many loaves are fine to look on,
On the outside seem delicious,
On the inside, chaff and tan-bark!"
Then the shepherd, Kullerwoinen,
Drew his knife to cut his oat-loaf,
Cut the hard and arid biscuit;
Cuts against a stone imprisoned,
Well imbedded in the centre,
Breaks his ancient knife in pieces;
When the shepherd youth, Kullervo,
Saw his magic knife had broken,
Weeping sore, he spake as follows:
"This, the blade that I bold sacred,
This the one thing that I honor,
Relic of my mother's people!
On the stone within this oat-loaf,
On this cheat-cake of the hostess,
I my precious knife have broken.
How shall I repay this insult,
How avenge this woman's malice,
What the wages for deception?"
From a tree the raven answered:
"O thou little silver buckle,
Only son of old Kalervo,
Why art thou in evil humor,
Wherefore sad in thy demeanor?
Take a young shoot from the thicket,
Take a birch-rod from the valley,
Drive thy herd across the lowlands,
Through the quicksands of the marshes;
To the wolves let one half wander,
To the bear-dens, lead the other;
Sing the forest wolves together,
Sing the bears down from the mountains,
Call the wolves thy little children,
And the bears thy standard-bearers;
Drive them like a cow-herd homeward,
Drive them home like spotted cattle,
Drive them to thy master's milk-yards;
Thus thou wilt repay the hostess
For her malice and derision."
Thereupon the wizard answered,
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
"Wait, yea wait, thou bride of Hisi!
Do I mourn my mother's relic,
Mourn the keep-sake thou hast broken?
Thou thyself shalt mourn as sorely
When thy, cows come home at evening!"
From the tree he cuts a birch-wand,
From the juniper a whip-stick,
Drives the herd across the lowlands,
Through the quicksands of the marshes,
To the wolves lets one half wander,
To the bear-dens leads the other;

Calls the wolves his little children,
Calls the bears his standard-bearers,
Changes all his herd of cattle
Into wolves and bears by magic.
In the west the Sun is shining,
Telling that the night is coming.
Quick the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
Wanders o'er the pine-tree mountain,
Hastens through the forest homeward,
Drives the wolves and bears before him
Toward the milk-yards of the hostess;
To the herd he speaks as follows,
As they journey on together:
"Tear and kill the wicked hostess,
Tear her guilty flesh in pieces,
When she comes to view her cattle,
When she stoops to do her milking!"
Then the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
From an ox-bone makes a bugle,
Makes it from Tuonikki's cow-horn,
Makes a flute from Kiryo's shin-bone,
Plays a song upon his bugle,
Plays upon his flute of magic,
Thrice upon the home-land hill-tops,
Six times near the coming gate-ways.
Ilmarinen's wife and hostess
Long had waited for the coming
Of her herd with Kullerwoinen,
Waited for the milk at evening,
Waited for the new-made butter,
Heard the footsteps in the cow-path,
On the heath she beard the bustle,
Spake these joyous words of welcome:
"Be thou praised, O gracious Ukko,
That my herd is home returning!
But I hear a bugle sounding,
'Tis the playing of my herdsman,
Playing on a magic cow-horn,
Bursting all our ears with music!"
Kullerwoinen, drawing nearer,
To the hostess spake as follows:
"Found the bugle in the woodlands,
And the flute among the rushes;
All thy herd are in the passage,
All thy cows within the hurdles,
This the time to build the camp-fire,
This the time to do the milking!"
Ilmarinen's wife, the hostess,
Thus addressed an aged servant:
"Go, thou old one, to the milking,
Have the care of all my cattle,
Do not ask for mine assistance,
Since I have to knead the biscuit."
Kullerwoinen spake as follows:
"Always does the worthy hostess,

Ever does the wisdom-mother
Go herself and do the milking,
Tend the cows within the hurdles!“
Then the wife of Ilmarinen
Built a field-fire in the passage,
Went to milk her cows awaiting,
Looked upon her herd in wonder,
Spake these happy words of greeting:
”Beautiful, my herd of cattle,
Glistening like the skins of lynxes,
Hair as soft as fur of ermine,
Peaceful waiting for the milk-pail!“
On the milk-stool sits the hostess,
Milks one moment, then a second,
Then a third time milks and ceases;
When the bloody wolves disguising,
Quick attack the hostess milking,
And the bears lend their assistance,
Tear and mutilate her body
With their teeth and sharpened fingers.
Kullerwoinen, cruel wizard,
Thus repaid the wicked hostess,
Thus repaid her evil treatment.
Quick the wife of Ilmarinen
Cried aloud in bitter anguish,
Thus addressed the youth, Kullervo:
”Evil son, thou bloody herdsman,
Thou hast brought me wolves in malice,
Driven bears within my hurdles!
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
“Have I evil done as shepherd,
Worse the conduct of the hostess;
Baked a stone inside my oat-cake,
On the inside, rock and tan-bark,
On the stone my knife, was broken,
Treasure of my mother’s household,
Broken virtue of my people!”
Ilmarinen’s wife made answer:
“Noble herdsman, Kullerwoinen,
Change, I pray thee, thine opinion,
Take away thine incantations,
From the bears and wolves release me,
Save me from this spell of torture
I will give thee better raiment,
Give the best of milk and butter,
Set for thee the sweetest table;
Thou shalt live with me in welcome,
Need not labor for thy keeping.
If thou dost not free me quickly,
Dost not break this spell of magic,
I shall sink into the Death-land,
Shall return to Tuonela.”
This is Kullerwoinen’s answer:
“It is best that thou shouldst perish,
Let destruction overtake thee,

There is ample room in Mana,
Room for all the dead in Kalma,
There the worthiest must slumber,
There must rest the good and evil.”
Ilmarinen’s wife made answer:
“Ukko, thou O God in heaven,
Span the strongest of thy cross-bows,
Test the weapon by thy wisdom,
Lay an arrow forged from copper,
On the cross-bow of thy forging;
Rightly aim thy flaming arrow,
With thy magic hurl the missile,
Shoot this wizard through the vitals,
Pierce the heart of Kullerwoinen
With the lightning of the heavens,
With thine arrows tipped with copper.”
Kullerwoinen prays as follows:
“Ukko, God of truth and justice.
Do not slay thy magic servant,
Slay the wife of Ilmarinen,
Kill in her the worst of women,
In these hurdles let her perish,
Lest she wander hence in freedom,
To perform some other mischief,
Do some greater deed of malice!”
Quick as lightning fell the hostess,
Quick the wife of Ilmarinen
Fell and perished in the hurdles,
On the ground before her cottage
Thus the death of Northland’s hostess,
Cherished wife of Ilmarinen,
Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Wooed and watched for many summers,
Pride and joy of Kalevala!

RUNE XXXIV. KULLERVO FINDS HIS TRIBE-FOLK.

Kullerwoinen, young magician,
In his beauteous, golden ringlets,
In his magic shoes of deer-skin,
Left the home of Ilmarinen
Wandered forth upon his journey,
Ere the blacksmith heard the tidings
Of the cruel death and torture
Of his wife and joy-companion,
Lest a bloody fight should follow.
Kullerwoinen left the smithy,
Blowing on his magic bugle,
Joyful left the lands of Ilma,
Blowing blithely on the heather,
Made the distant hills re-echo,
Made the swamps and mountains tremble,
Made the heather-blossoms answer
To the music of his cow-horn,
In its wild reverberations,

To the magic of his playing.
Songs were heard within the smithy,
And the blacksmith stopped and listened,
Hastened to the door and window,
Hastened to the open court-yard,
If perchance he might discover
What was playing on the heather,
What was sounding through the forest.
Quick he learned the cruel story,
Learned the cause of the rejoicing,
Saw the hostess dead before him,
Knew his beauteous wife had perished,
Saw the lifeless form extended,
In the court-yard of his dwelling.
Thereupon the metal-artist
Fell to bitter tears and wailings,
Wept through all the dreary night-time,
Deep the grief that settled o'er him,
Black as night his darkened future,
Could not stay his tears of sorrow.
Kullerwoinen hastened onward,
Straying, roaming, hither, thither,
Wandered on through field and forest,
O'er the Hisi-plains and woodlands.
When the darkness settled o'er him,
When the bird of night was flitting,
Sat the fatherless at evening,
The forsaken sat and rested
On a hillock of the forest.
Thus he murmured, heavy-hearted:
"Why was I, alas! created,
Why was I so ill-begotten,
Since for months and years I wander,
Lost among the ether-spaces?
Others have their homes to dwell in,
Others hasten to their firesides
As the evening gathers round them:
But my home is in the forest,
And my bed upon the heather,
And my bath-room is the rain-cloud.
"Never didst thou, God of mercy,
Never in the course of ages,
Give an infant birth unwisely;
Wherefore then was I created,
Fatherless to roam in ether,
Motherless and lone to wander?
Thou, O Ukko, art my father,
Thou hast given me form and feature;
As the sea-gull on the ocean,
As the duck upon the waters,
Shines the Sun upon the swallow,
Shines as bright upon the sparrow,
Gives the joy-birds song and gladness,
Does not shine on me unhappy;
Nevermore will shine the sunlight,

Never will the moonlight glimmer
On this hapless son and orphan;
Do not know my hero-father,
Cannot tell who was my mother;
On the shore, perhaps the gray-duck
Left me in the sand to perish.
Young was I and small of stature,
When my mother left me orphaned;
Dead, my father and my mother,
Dead, my honored tribe of heroes;
Shoes they left me that are icy,
Stockings filled with frosts of ages,
Let me on the freezing ice-plains
Fall to perish in the rushes;
From the giddy heights of mountains
Let me tumble to destruction.
"O, thou wise and good Creator,
Why my birth and what my service?
I shall never fall and perish
On the ice-plains, in the marshes,
Never be a bridge in swamp-land,
Not while I have arms of virtue
That can serve my honored kindred!"
Then Kullervo thought to journey
To the village of Untamo,
To avenge his father's murder,
To avenge his mother's tortures,
And the troubles of his tribe-folk.
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
"Wait, yea wait, thou Untamoinen,
Thou destroyer of my people;
When I meet thee in the combat,
I will slay thee and thy kindred,
I will burn thy homes to ashes!"
Came a woman on the highway,
Dressed in blue, the aged mother,
To Kullervo spake as follows:
"Whither goest, Kullerwoinen,
Whither hastes the wayward hero?
Kullerwoinen gave this answer:
"I have thought that I would journey
To the far-off land of strangers,
To the village of Untamo,
To avenge my father's murder,
To avenge my mother's tortures,
And the troubles of my tribe-folk."
Thus the gray-haired woman answered:
"Surely thou dost rest in error,
For thy tribe has never perished,
And thy mother still is living
With thy father in the Northland,
Living with the old Kalervo."
"O, thou ancient dame beloved,
Worthy mother of the woodlands,
Tell me where my father liveth,

Where my loving mother lingers!“
”Yonder lives thine aged father,
And thy loving mother with him,
On the farthest shore of Northland,
On the long-point of the fish-lake!“
”Tell me, O thou woodland-mother,
How to journey to my people,
How to find mine honored tribe-folk.“
”Easy is the way for strangers:
Thou must journey through the forest,
Hasten to the river-border,
Travel one day, then a second,
And the third from morn till even,
To the north-west, thou must journey.
If a mountain comes to meet thee,
Go around the nearing mountain,
Westward bold thy weary journey,
Till thou comest to a river,
On thy right hand flowing eastward;
Travel to the river border,
Where three water-falls will greet thee;
When thou comest to a headland,
On the point thou’lt see a cottage
Where the fishermen assemble;
In this cottage is thy father,
With thy mother and her daughters,
Beautiful thy maiden sisters.“
Kullerwoinen, the magician,
Hastens northward on his journey,
Walks one day, and then a second,
Walks the third from morn till evening;
To the north-west walks Kullervo,
Till a mountain comes to meet him,
Walks around the nearing mountain;
Westward, westward, holds his journey,
Till he sees a river coming;
Hastens to the river border,
Walks along the streams and rapids
Till three waterfalls accost him;
Travels till he meets a headland,
On the point he spies a cottage,
Where the fishermen assemble.
Quick he journeys to the cabin,
Quick he passes through the portals
Of the cottage on the headland,
Where he finds his long-lost kindred;
No one knows the youth, Kullervo,
No one knows whence comes the stranger,
Where his home, nor where he goeth.
These the words of young Kullervo:
”Dost thou know me not, my mother,
Dost thou know me not, my father?
I am hapless Kullerwoinen
Whom the heroes of Untamo
Carried to their distant country,

When my height was but a hand-breadth.“
Quick the hopeful mother answers:
”O my worthy son, beloved,
O my precious silver-buckle,
Hast thou with thy mind of magic,
Wandered through the fields of Northland
Searching for thy home and kindred?
As one dead I long have mourned thee,
Had supposed thee, in Manala.
Once I had two sons and heroes,
Had two good and beauteous daughters,
Two of these have long been absent,
Elder son and elder daughter;
For the wars my son departed,
While my daughter strayed and perished
If my son is home returning,
Yet my daughter still is absent,
Kullerwoinen asked his mother:
”Whither did my sister wander,
What direction did she journey?
This the answer of the mother:
”This the story of thy sister:
Went for berries to the woodlands,
To the mountains went my daughter,
Where the lovely maiden vanished,
Where my pretty berry perished,
Died some death beyond my knowledge,
Nameless is the death she suffered.
Who is mourning for the daughter?
No one mourns her as her mother,
Walks and wanders, Mourns and searches,
For her fairest child and daughter;
Therefore did the mother wander,
Searching for thy lovely sister,
Like the bear she roamed the forest,
Ran the glenways like the adder,
Searched one day and then a second,
Searched the third from morn till even,
Till she reached the mountain-summit,
There she called and called her daughter,
Till the distant mountains answered,
Called to her who had departed:
I Where art thou, my lovely maiden,
Come my daughter to thy mother!’
”Thus I called, and sought thy sister,
This the answer of the mountains,
Thus the hills and valleys echoed:
’Call no more, thou weeping mother,
Weep no more for the departed;
Nevermore in all thy lifetime,
Never in the course of ages,
Will she join again her kindred,
At her brother’s landing-places,
In her father’s humble dwelling.”

RUNE XXXV. KULLERVO'S EVIL DEEDS.

Kullerwionen, youthful wizard,
In his blue and scarlet stockings,
Henceforth lingered with his parents;
But he could not change his nature,
Could not gain a higher wisdom,
Could not win a better judgment;
As a child he was ill-nurtured,
Early rocked in stupid cradles,
By a nurse of many follies,
By a minister of evil.
To his work went Kullerwoinen,
Strove to make his labors worthy;
First, Kullervo went a-fishing,
Set his fishing-nets in ocean;
With his hands upon the row-locks,
Kullerwoinen spake as follows:
"Shall I pull with all my forces,
Pull with strength of youthful heroes,
Or with weakness of the aged?"
From the stern arose a gray-beard,
And he answered thus Kullervo:
"Pull with all thy youthful vigor;
Shouldst thou row with magic power,
Thou couldst not destroy this vessel,
Couldst not row this boat to fragments."
Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Rowed with all his youthful vigor,
With the mighty force of magic,
Rowed the bindings from the vessel,
Ribs of juniper he shattered,
Rowed the aspen-oars to pieces.
When the aged sire, Kalervo,
Saw the work of Kullerwoinen,
He addressed his son as follows:
"Dost not understand the rowing;
Thou hast burst the bands asunder,
Bands of juniper and willow,
Rowed my aspen-boat to pieces;
To the fish-nets drive the salmon,
This, perchance, will suit thee better."
Thereupon the son, Kullervo,
Hastened to his work as bidden,
Drove the salmon to the fish-nets,
Spake in innocence as follows:
"Shall I with my youthful vigor
Scare the salmon to the fish-nets,
Or with little magic vigor
Shall I drive them to their capture?
Spake the master of the fish-nets:
"That would be but work of women,
Shouldst thou use but little power
In the frightening of the salmon!"
Kullerwoinen does as bidden,

Scares the salmon with the forces
Of his mighty arms and shoulders,
With the strength of youth and magic,
Stirs the water thick with black-earth,
Beats the scare-net into pieces,
Into pulp he beats the salmon.
When the aged sire, Kalervo,
Saw the work of Kullerwoinen,
To his son these words he uttered:
"Dost not understand this labor,
For this work thou art not suited,
Canst not scare the perch and salmon
To the fish-nets of thy father;
Thou hast ruined all my fish-nets,
Torn my scare-net into tatters,
Beaten into pulp the whiting,
Torn my net-props into fragments,
Beaten into bits my wedges.
Leave the fishing to another;
See if thou canst pay the tribute,
Pay my yearly contribution;
See if thou canst better travel,
On the way show better judgment!"
Thereupon the son, Kullervo,
Hapless youth in purple vestments,
In his magic shoes of deer-skin,
In his locks of golden color,
Sallied forth to pay the taxes,
Pay the tribute for his people.
When the youth had paid the tribute,
Paid the yearly contribution,
He returned to join the snow-sledge,
Took his place upon the cross-bench,
Snapped his whip above the courser,
And began his journey homeward;
Rattled on along the highway,
Measured as he galloped onward
Wainamoinen's hills and valleys,
And his fields in cultivation.
Came a golden maid to meet him,
On her snow-shoes came a virgin,
O'er the hills of Wainamoinen,
O'er his cultivated lowlands.
Quick the wizard-son, Kullervo,
Checked the motion of his racer,
Thus addressed the charming maiden
"Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge,
In my fur-robies rest and linger!"
As she ran, the maiden answered:
"Let the Death-maid sit beside thee,
Rest and linger in thy fur-robies!"
Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Snapped his whip above the courser;
Fleet as wind he gallops homeward,
Dashes down along the highway;

With the roar of falling waters,
Gallops onward, onward, onward,
O'er the broad-back of the ocean,
O'er the icy plains of Lapland.
Comes a winsome maid to meet him,
Golden-haired, and wearing snow-shoes,
On the far outstretching ice-plains;
Quick the wizard checks his racer,
Charmingly accosts the maiden,
Chanting carefully these measures:
"Come, thou beauty, to my snow-sledge,
Hither come, and rest, and linger!
Tauntingly the maiden answered:
"Take Tuoni to thy snow-sledge,
At thy side let Manalainen
Sit with thee, and rest, and linger!"
Quick the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
Struck his fiery, prancing racer,
With the birch-whip of his father.
Like the lightning flew the fleet-foot,
Galloped on the highway homeward;
O'er the hills the snow-sledge bounded,
And the coming mountains trembled.
Kullerwoinen, wild magician,
Measures, on his journey homeward,
Northland's far-extending borders,
And the fertile plains of Pohya.
Comes a beauteous maid to meet him,
With a tin-pin on her bosom,
On the heather of Pohyola,
O'er the Pohya-hills and moorlands.
Quick the wizard son, Kullervo,
Holds the bridle of his courser,
Charmingly intones these measures:
"Come, fair maiden, to my snow-sledge,
In these fur-robres rest, and linger;
Eat with me the golden apples,
Eat the hazel-nut in joyance,
Drink with me the beer delicious,
Eat the dainties that I give thee."
This the answer of the maiden
With the tin-pin on her bosom:
"I have scorn to give thy snow-sledge,
Scorn for thee, thou wicked wizard;
Cold is it beneath thy fur-robres,
And thy sledge is chill and cheerless.
Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Wicked wizard of the Northland,
Drew the maiden to his snow-sledge,
Drew her to a seat beside him,
Quickly in his furs enwrapped her;
And the tin-adorned maid answer,
These the accents of the maiden:
"Loose me from thy magic power,
Let me leave at once thy presence,

Lest I speak in wicked accents,
Lest I say the prayer of evil;
Free me now as I command thee,
Or I'll tear thy sledge to pieces,
Throw these fur-robcs to the north-winds."
Straightway wicked Kullerwoinen,
Evil wizard and magician,
Opens all his treasure-boxes,
Shows the maiden gold and silver,
Shows her silken wraps of beauty,
Silken hose with golden borders,
Golden belts with silver buckles,
Jewelry that dims the vision,
Blunts the conscience of the virgin.
Silver leads one to destruction,
Gold entices from uprightness.
Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
Flatters lovingly the maiden,
One hand on the reins of leather,
One upon the maiden's shoulder;
Thus they journey through the evening,
Pass the night in merry-making.
When the day-star led the morning,
When the second day was dawning,
Then the maid addressed Kullervo,
Questioned thus the wicked wizard:
"Of what tribe art thou descended,
Of what race thy hero-father?
Tell thy lineage and kindred.'
This, Kullervo's truthful answer:
"Am not from a mighty nation,
Not the greatest, nor the smallest,
But my lineage is worthy:
Am Kalervo's son of folly,
Am a child of contradictions,
Hapless son of cold misfortune.
Tell me of thy race of heroes,
Tell thine origin and kindred."
This the answer of the maiden:
"Came not from a race primeval,
Not the largest, nor the smallest,
But my lineage is worthy;
Am Kalervo's wretched daughter,
Am his long-lost child of error,
Am a maid of contradictions,
Hapless daughter of misfortune.
"When a child I lived in plenty
In the dwellings of my mother;
To the woods I went for berries,
Went for raspberries to uplands,
Gathered strawberries on mountains,
Gathered one day then a second;
But, alas! upon the third day,
Could not find the pathway homeward,
Forestward the highways led me,

All the footpaths, to the woodlands.
Long I sat in bitter weeping,
Wept one day and then a second,
Wept the third from morn till even.
Then I climbed a lofty mountain,
There I called in wailing accents,
And the woodlands gave this answer,
Thus the distant hills re-echoed:
'Call no longer, foolish virgin,
All thy calls and tears are useless;
There is none to give thee answer,
Far away, thy home and people.'
"On the third and on the fourth days,
On the fifth, and sixth, and seventh,
Constantly I sought to perish;
But in vain were all my efforts,
Could not die upon the mountains.
If this wretched maid had perished,
In the summer of the third year,
She had fed earth's vegetation,
She had blossomed as a flower,
Knowing neither pain nor sorrow."
Scarcely had the maiden spoken,
When she bounded from the snow-sledge,
Rushed upon the rolling river,
To the cataract's commotion,
To the fiery stream and whirlpool.
Thus Kullervo's lovely sister
Hastened to her own destruction,
To her death by fire and water,
Found her peace in Tuonela,
In the sacred stream of Mana.
Then the wicked Kullerwoinen
Fell to weeping, sorely troubled,
Wailed, and wept, and heavy-hearted,
Spake these words in bitter sorrow:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
I have slain my virgin-sister,
Shamed the daughter of my mother;
Woe to thee, my ancient father!
Woe to thee, my gray-haired mother!
Wherefore was I born and nurtured,
Why this hapless child's existence?
Better fate to Kullerwoinen,
Had he never seen the daylight,
Or, if born, had never thriven
In these mournful days of evil!
Death has failed to do his duty,
Sickness sinned in passing by me,
Should have slain me in the cradle,
When the seventh day had ended!"
Thereupon he slips the collar
Of his prancing royal racer,
Mounts the silver-headed fleet-foot,
Gallops like the lightning homeward;

Gallops only for a moment,
When he halts his foaming courser
At the cabin of his father.
In the court-yard stood the mother,
Thus the wicked son addressed her:
"Faithful mother, fond and tender,
Hadst thou slain me when an infant,
Smoked my life out in the chamber,
In a winding-sheet hadst thrown me
To the cataract and whirlpool,
In the fire hadst set my cradle,
After seven nights had ended,
Worthy would have been thy service.
Had the village-maidens asked thee:
'Where is now the little cradle,
Wherefore is the bath-room empty?'
This had been a worthy answer:
'I have burned the wizard's cradle,
Cast the infant to the fire-dogs;
In the bath-room corn is sprouting,
From the barley malt is brewing.'"
Thereupon the aged mother
Asks her wizard-son these questions:
"What has happened to my hero,
What new fate has overcome thee?
Comest thou as from Tuoni,
From the castles of Manala?"
This, Kullervo's frank confession:
"Infamous the tale I bring thee,
My confession is dishonor:
On the way I met a maiden,
Met thy long-lost, wayward daughter,
Did not recognize my sister,
Fatal was the sin committed!
When the taxes had been settled,
When the tribute had been gathered,
Came a matchless maid to meet me,
Whom I witless led to sorrow,
This my mother's long-lost daughter.
When she saw in me her brother,
Quick she bounded from the snow-sledge,
Hastened to the roaring waters,
To the cataract's commotion,
To the fiery stream and whirlpool,
Hastened to her full destruction.
"Now, alas! must I determine,
Now must find a spot befitting,
Where thy sinful son may perish;
Tell me, all-forgiving mother,
Where to end my life of trouble;
Let me stop the black-wolf's howling,
Let me satisfy the hunger
Of the vicious bear of Northland;
Let the shark or hungry sea-dog
Be my dwelling-place hereafter!"

This the answer of the mother:
 "Do not go to stop the howling
 Of the hungry wolf of Northland;
 Do not haste to still the black-bear
 Growling in his forest-cavern;
 Let not shark, nor vicious sea-dog
 Be thy dwelling-place hereafter.
 Spacious are the rooms of Suomi,
 Limitless the Sawa-borders,
 Large enough to hide transgression,
 Man's misdeeds to hide for ages,
 With his sins and evil actions.
 Six long years man's sins lie hidden
 In the border-land of Kalma,
 Even nine for magic heroes,
 Till the years bring consolation,
 Till they quiet all his mourning."
 Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
 Answers thus his grieving mother:
 "I can never hide from sorrow,
 Cannot flee from my misconduct;
 To the jaws of death I hasten,
 To the open courts of Kalma,
 To the hunting-grounds of Pohya,
 To the battle-fields of heroes.
 Untamoinen still is living,
 Unmolested roams the wicked,
 Unavenged my father's grievance,
 Unavenged my mother's tortures,
 Unavenged the wrongs I suffer!"

RUNE XXXVI. KULLERWOINEN'S VICTORY AND DEATH.

Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
 In his purple-colored stockings,
 Now prepares himself for battle;
 Grinds a long time on his broadsword,
 Sharpens well his trusty weapon,
 And his mother speaks as follows:
 "Do not go, my son beloved,
 Go not to the wars, my hero,
 Struggle not with hostile spearsmen.
 Whoso goes to war for nothing,
 Undertakes a fearful combat,
 Undertakes a fatal issue;
 Those that war without a reason
 Will be slaughtered for their folly,
 Easy prey to bows and arrows.
 Go thou with a goat to battle,
 Shouldst thou go to fight the roebuck,
 'Tis the goat that will be vanquished,
 And the roebuck will be slaughtered;
 With a frog thou'lt journey homeward,
 Victor, with but little honor!"
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:

"Shall not journey through the marshes,
Shall not sink upon the heather,
On the home-land of the raven,
Where the eagles scream at day-break.
When I yield my life forever,
Bravely will I fall in battle,
Fall upon the field of glory,
Beautiful to die in armor,
And the clang and clash of armies,
Beautiful the strife for conquest!
Thus Kullervo soon will hasten
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the realm of the departed,
Undeformed by wasting sickness."
This the answer of the mother:
"If thou diest in the conflict,
Who will stay to guard thy father,
Who will give thy sire protection?"
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
"Let him die upon the court-yard,
Sleeping out his life of sorrow!"
"Who then will protect thy mother,
Be her shield in times of danger?"
"Let her die within the stable,
Or the cabin where she lingers!"
"Who then will defend thy brother,
Give him aid in times of trouble?"
"Let him die within the forest,
Sleep his life away unheeded!"
"Who will comfort then thy sister,
Who will aid her in affliction?"
"Let her sink beneath the waters,
Perish in the crystal fountain,
Where the brook flows on in beauty,
Like a silver serpent winding
Through the valley to the ocean!"
Thereupon the wild Kullervo
Hastens from his home to battle,
To his father speaks, departing:
"Fare thou well, my aged father!
Wilt thou weep for me, thy hero,
When thou hearest I have perished,
Fallen from thy tribe forever,
Perished on the field of glory?"
Thus the father speaks in answer:
"I shall never mourn the downfall
Of my evil son, Kullervo;
Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
Shall beget a second hero
That will do me better service,
That will think and act in wisdom."
Kullerwoinen gives this answer:
"Neither shall I mourn thy downfall,
Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
I shall make a second father,

Make the head from loam and sandstone,
 Make the eyes from swamp-land berries,
 Make the beard from withered sea-grass,
 Make the feet from roots of willow,
 Make the form from birch-wood fungus.“
 Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
 To his brother speaks as follows:
 ”Fare thou well, beloved brother!
 Wilt thou weep for me departed,
 Shouldst thou hear that I have perished,
 Fallen on the field of battle?“
 This the answer of the brother:
 ”I shall never mourn the downfall
 Of my brother, Kullerwoinen,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall find a second brother;
 Find one worthier and wiser!“
 This is Kullerwoinen’s answer:
 ”Neither shall I mourn thy downfall,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall form a second brother,
 Make the head from dust and ashes,
 Make the eyes from pearls of ocean,
 Make the beard from withered verdure,
 Make the form from pulp of birch-wood.“
 To his sister speaks Kullervo:
 ”Fare thou well, beloved sister!
 Surely thou wilt mourn my downfall,
 Weep for me when I have perished,
 When thou hearest I have fallen
 In the heat and din of battle,
 Fallen from thy race forever!“
 But the sister makes this answer:
 ”Never shall I mourn thy downfall,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall seek a second brother,
 Seek a brother, purer, better,
 One that will not shame his sister!“
 Kullerwoinen thus makes answer:
 ”Neither shall I mourn thee fallen,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall form a second sister,
 Make the head from whitened marble,
 Make the eyes from golden moonbeams,
 Make the tresses from the rainbow,
 Make the ears from ocean-flowers,
 And her form from gold and silver.
 “Fare thou well, beloved mother,
 Mother, beautiful and faithful!
 Wilt thou weep when I have perished,
 Fallen on the field of glory,
 Fallen from thy race forever?“
 Thus the mother speaks in answer:
 “Canst not fathom love maternal,
 Canst not smother her affection;

Bitterly I'll mourn thy downfall,
I would weep if thou shouldst perish,
Shouldst thou leave my race forever;
I would weep in court or cabin,
Sprinkle all these fields with tear-drops,
Weep great rivers to the ocean,
Weep to melt the snows of Northland,
Make the hillocks green with weeping,
Weep at morning, weep at evening,
Weep three years in bitter sorrow
O'er the death of Kullerwoinen!"
Thereupon the wicked wizard
Went rejoicing to the combat;
In delight to war he hastened
O'er the fields, and fens, and fallows,
Shouting loudly on the heather,
Singing o'er the hills and mountains,
Rushing through the glens and forests,
Blowing war upon his bugle.
Time had gone but little distance,
When a messenger appearing,
Spake these words to Kullerwoinen:
"Lo! thine aged sire has perished,
Fallen from thy race forever;
Hasten home and do him honor,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma."
Kullerwoinen inade this answer:
"Has my aged father perished,
There is home a sable stallion
That will take him to his slumber,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma."
Then Kullervo journeyed onward,
Calling war upon his bugle,
Till a messenger appearing,
Brought this word to Kullerwoinen:
"Lo! thy brother too has perished,
Dead he lies within the forest,
Manalainen's trumpet called him;
Home return and do him honor,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma."
Kullerwoinen thus replying:
"Has my hero-brother perished,
There is home a sable stallion
That will take him' to his slumber,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma."
Young Kullervo journeyed onward
Over vale and over mountain,
Playing on his reed of battle,
Till a messenger appearing
Brought the warrior these tidings:
"Lo! thy sister too has perished,
Perished in the crystal fountain,
Where the waters flow in beauty,
Like a silver serpent winding
Through the valley to the ocean;

Home return and do her honor,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
“Has my beauteous sister perished,
Fallen from my race forever,
There is home a sable filly
That will take her to her resting,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”
Still Kullervo journeyed onward,
Through the fens he went rejoicing,
Sounding war upon his bugle,
Till a messenger appearing
Brought to him these words of sorrow:
“Lo! thy mother too has perished,
Died in anguish, broken-hearted;
Home return and do her honor,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”
These the measures of Kullervo:
“Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
That my mother too has perished,
She that nursed me in my cradle,
Made my couch a golden cover,
Twirled for me the spool and spindle!
Lo! Kullervo was not present
When his mother’s life departed;
May have died upon the mountains,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
Lave the dead form of my mother
In the crystal waters flowing;
Wrap her in the robes of ermine,
Tie her hands with silken ribbon,
Take her to the grave of ages,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.
Bury her with songs of mourning,
Let the singers chant my sorrow;
Cannot leave the fields of battle
While Untamo goes unpunished,
Fell destroyer of my people.”
Kullerwoinen journeyed onward,
Still rejoicing, to the combat,
Sang these songs in supplication:
“Ukko, mightiest of rulers,
Loan to me thy sword of battle,
Grant to me thy matchless weapon,
And against a thousand armies
I will war and ever conquer.”
Ukko, gave the youth his broadsword,
Gave his blade of magic powers
To the wizard, Kullerwoinen.
Thus equipped, the mighty hero
Slew the people of Untamo,
Burned their villages to ashes;
Only left the stones and ovens,
And the chimneys of their hamlets.
Then the conqueror, Kullervo,

Turned his footsteps to his home-land,
To the cabin of his father;
To his ancient fields and forests.
Empty did he find the cabin,
And the forests were deserted;
No one came to give him greeting,
None to give the hand of welcome;
Laid his fingers on the oven,
But he found it cold and lifeless;
Then he knew to satisfaction
That his mother lived no longer;
Laid his hand upon the fire-place,
Cold and lifeless were the hearth-stones;
Then he knew to satisfaction
That his sister too had perished;
Then he sought the landing-places,
Found no boats upon the rollers;
Then he knew to satisfaction
That his brother too had perished;
Then he looked upon the fish-nets,
And he found them torn and tangled;
And he knew to satisfaction
That his father too had perished.
Bitterly he wept and murmured,
Wept one day, and then a second,
On the third day spake as follows:
"Faithful mother, fond and tender,
Why hast left me here to sorrow
In this wilderness of trouble?
But thou dost not hear my calling,
Though I sing in magic accents,
Though my tear-drops speak lamenting,
Though my heart bemoans thine absence.
From her grave awakes the mother,
To Kullervo speaks these measures:
"Thou has still the dog remaining,
He will lead thee to the forest;
Follow thou the faithful watcher,
Let him lead thee to the woodlands,
To the farthest woodland border,
To the caverns of the wood-nymphs;
Kullerwoinen's Victory and Death
There the forest maidens linger,
They will give thee food and shelter,
Give my hero joyful greetings."
Kullerwoinen, with his watch-dog,
Hastens onward through the forest,
Journeys on through fields and fallows;
Journeys but a little distance,
Till he comes upon the summit
Where he met his long-lost sister;
Finds the turf itself is weeping,
Finds the glen-wood filled with sorrow,
Finds the heather shedding tear-drops,
Weeping are the meadow-flowers,

O'er the ruin of his sister.
 Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
 Grasps the handle of his broadsword,
 Asks the blade this simple question:
 "Tell me, O my blade of honor,
 Dost thou wish to drink my life-blood,
 Drink the blood of Kullerwoinen?"
 Thus his trusty sword makes answer,
 Well divining his intentions:
 Why should I not drink thy life-blood,
 Blood of guilty Kullerwoinen,
 Since I feast upon the worthy,
 Drink the life-blood of the righteous?"
 Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
 Wicked wizard of the Northland,
 Lifts the mighty sword of Ukko,
 Bids adieu to earth and heaven;
 Firmly thrusts the hilt in heather,
 To his heart he points the weapon,
 Throws his weight upon his broadsword,
 Pouring out his wicked life-blood,
 Ere be journeys to Manala.
 Thus the wizard finds destruction,
 This the end of Kullerwoinen,
 Born in sin, and nursed in folly.
 Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
 As he hears the joyful tidings,
 Learns the death of fell Kullervo,
 Speaks these words of ancient wisdom:
 "O, ye many unborn nations,
 Never evil nurse your children,
 Never give them out to strangers,
 Never trust them to the foolish!
 If the child is not well nurtured,
 Is not rocked and led uprightly,
 Though he grow to years of manhood,
 Bear a strong and shapely body,
 He will never know discretion,
 Never eat the bread of honor,
 Never drink the cup of wisdom."

RUNE XXXVII. ILMARINEN'S BRIDE OF GOLD.

Ilmarinen, metal-worker,
 Wept one day, and then a second,
 Wept the third from morn till evening,
 O'er the death of his companion,
 Once the Maiden of the Rainbow;
 Did not swing his heavy hammer,
 Did not touch its copper handle,
 Made no sound within his smithy,
 Made no blow upon his anvil,
 Till three months had circled over;
 Then the blacksmith spake as follows:
 "Woe is me, unhappy hero!

Do not know how I can prosper;
Long the days, and cold, and dreary,
Longer still the nights, and colder;
I am weary in the evening,
In the morning still am weary,
Have no longing for the morning,
And the evening is unwelcome;
Have no pleasure in the future,
All my pleasures gone forever,
With my faithful life-companion
Slaughtered by the hand of witchcraft!
Often will my heart-strings quiver
When I rest within my chamber,
When I wake at dreamy midnight,
Half-unconscious, vainly searching
For my noble wife departed.”
Wifeless lived the mourning blacksmith,
Altered in his form and features;
Wept one month and then another,
Wept three months in full succession.
Then the magic metal-worker
Gathered gold from deeps of ocean,
Gathered silver from the mountains,
Gathered many heaps of birch-wood.
Filled with faggots thirty sledges,
Burned the birch-wood into ashes,
Put the ashes in the furnace,
Laid the gold upon the embers,
Lengthwise laid a piece of silver
Of the size of lambs in autumn,
Or the fleet-foot hare in winter;
Places servants at the bellows,
Thus to melt the magic metals.
Eagerly the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen
Fan the flames within the furnace.
Ilmarinen, magic blacksmith,
Works unceasing at his forging,
Thus to mould a golden image,
Mould a bride from gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithless stand they at the bellows.
Wow the artist, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flame with force of magic,
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows the third from morn till even;
Then he looks within the furnace,
Looks around the oven-border,
Hoping there to see an image
Rising from the molten metals.
Comes a lambkin from the furnace,
Rising from the fire of magic,
Wearing hair of gold and copper,
Laced with many threads of silver;
All rejoice but Ilmarinen

At the beauty of the image.
This the language of the blacksmith:
“May the wolf admire thy graces;
I desire a bride of beauty
Born from molten gold and silver!”
Ilmarinen, the magician,
To the furnace threw the lambkin;
Added gold in great abundance,
And increased the mass of silver,
Added other magic metals,
Set the workmen at the bellows;
Zealously the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen
Fan the flames within the furnace.
Ilmarinen, wizard-forgeman,
Works unceasing with his metals,
Moulding well a golden image,
Wife of molten gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithless do they ply the bellows.
Now the artist, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flames by force of magic;
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows a third from morn till evening,
When he looks within the furnace,
Looks around the oven-border,
Hoping there, to see an image
Rising from the molten metals.
From the flames a colt arises,
Golden-maned and silver-headed,
Hoofs are formed of shining copper.
All rejoice but Ilmarinen
At the wonderful creation;
This the language of the blacksmith;
“Let the bears admire thy graces;
I desire a bride of beauty
Born of many magic metals.”
Thereupon the wonder-forged
Drives the colt back to the furnace,
Adds a greater mass of silver,
And of gold the rightful measure,
Sets the workmen at the bellows.
Eagerly the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen
Fan the flames within the furnace.
Ilmarinen, the magician,
Works unceasing at his witchcraft,
Moulding well a golden maiden,
Bride of molten gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithlessly they ply the bellows.
Now the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flames with magic powers,
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows a third from morn till even;

Then he looks within his furnace,
Looks around the oven-border,
Trusting there to see a maiden
Coming from the molten metals.
From the fire a virgin rises,
Golden-haired and silver-headed,
Beautiful in form and feature.
All are filled with awe and wonder,
But the artist and magician.
Ilmarinen, metal-worker,
Forges nights and days unceasing,
On the bride of his creation;
Feet he forges for the maiden,
Hands and arms, of gold and silver;
But her feet are not for walking,
Neither can her arms embrace him.
Ears he forges for the virgin,
But her ears are not for hearing;
Forges her a mouth of beauty,
Eyes he forges bright and sparkling;
But the magic mouth is speechless,
And the eyes are not for seeing.
Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"This, indeed, a priceless maiden,
Could she only speak in wisdom,
Could she breathe the breath of Ukko!"
Thereupon he lays the virgin
On his silken couch of slumber,
On his downy place of resting.
Ilmarinen heats his bath-room,
Makes it ready for his service,
Binds together silken brushes,
Brings three cans of crystal water,
Wherewithal to lave the image,
Lave the golden maid of beauty.
When this task had been completed,
Ilmarinen, hoping, trusting,
Laid his golden bride to slumber,
On his downy couch of resting;
Ordered many silken wrappings,
Ordered bear-skins, three in number,
Ordered seven lambs-wool blankets,
Thus to keep him warm in slumber,
Sleeping by the golden image
Re had forged from magic metals.
Warm the side of Ilmarinen
That was wrapped in furs and blankets;
Chill the parts beside the maiden,
By his bride of gold and silver;
One side warm, the other lifeless,
Turning into ice from coldness.
Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"Not for me was born this virgin
From the magic molten metals;
I shall take her to Wainola,

Give her to old Wainamoinen,
As a bride and life-companion,
Comfort to him in his dotage.”
Ilmarinen, much disheartened,
Takes the virgin to Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala,
To his brother speaks as follows:
“O, thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Look with favor on this image;
Make the maiden fair and lovely,
Beautiful in form and feature,
Suited to thy years declining!”
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Looked in wonder on the virgin,
On the golden bride of beauty,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
“Wherefore dost thou bring this maiden,
Wherefore bring to Wainamoinen
Bride of molten gold and silver?
Spake in answer Ilmarinen:
”Wherefore should I bring this image,
But for purposes the noblest?
I have brought her as companion
To thy life in years declining,
As a joy and consolation,
When thy days are full of trouble!”
Spake the good, old Wainamoinen:
”Magic brother, wonder-forged,
Throw the virgin to the furnace,
To the flames, thy golden image,
Forge from her a thousand trinkets.
Take the image into Ehtland,
Take her to the plains of Pohya,
That for her the mighty powers
May engage in deadly contest,
Worthy trophy for the victor;
Not for me this bride of wonder,
Neither for my worthy people.
I shall never wed an image
Born from many magic metals,
Never wed a silver maiden,
Never wed a golden virgin.”
Then the hero of the waters
Called together all his people,
Spake these words of ancient wisdom:
”Every child of Northland, listen,
Whether poor, or fortune-favored:
Never bow before an image
Born of molten gold and silver:
Never while the sunlight brightens,
Never while the moonlight glimmers,
Choose a maiden of the metals,
Choose a bride from gold created
Cold the lips of golden maiden,
Silver breathes the breath of sorrow.”

RUNE XXXVIII. ILMARINEN'S FRUITLESS WOOING.

Ilmarinen, the magician,
The eternal metal-artist,
Lays aside the golden image,
Beauteous maid of magic metals;
Throws the harness on his courser,
Binds him to his sledge of birch-wood,
Seats himself upon the cross-bench,
Snaps the whip above the racer,
Thinking once again to journey
To the mansions of Pohyola,
There to woo a bride in honor,
Second daughter of the Northland.
On he journeyed, restless, northward,
Journeyed one day, then a second,
So the third from morn till evening,
When he reached a Northland-village
On the plains of Sariola.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Standing in the open court-yard,
Spied the hero, Ilmarinen,
Thus addressed the metal-worker:
"Tell me how my child is living,
How the Bride of Beauty prospers,
As a daughter to thy mother."
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Head bent down and brow dejected,
Thus addressed the Northland hostess:
"O, thou dame of Sariola,
Do not ask me of thy daughter,
Since, alas I in Tuonela
Sleeps the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Sleeps in death the Bride, of Beauty,
Underneath the fragrant heather,
In the kingdom of Manala.
Come I for a second daughter,
For the fairest of thy virgins.
Beauteous hostess of Pohyola,
Give to me thy youngest maiden,
For my former wife's compartments,
For the chambers of her sister."
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
"Foolish was the Northland-hostess,
When she gave her fairest virgin,
In the bloom of youth and beauty
To the blacksmith of Wainola,
Only to be led to Mana,
Like a lambkin to the slaughter!
I shall never give my daughter,
Shall not give my youngest maiden
Bride of thine to be hereafter,
Life-companion at thy fireside.

Sooner would I give the fair one
To the cataract and whirlpool,
To the river of Manala,
To the waters of Tuoni!“
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Drew away his head, disdainful,
Shook his sable locks in anger,
Entered to the inner court-room,
Where the maiden sat in waiting,
Spake these measures to the daughter:
”Come with me, thou bright-eyed maiden,
To the cottage where thy sister
Lived and lingered in contentment,
Baked for me the toothsome biscuit,
Brewed for me the beer of barley,
Kept my dwelling-place in order.“
On the floor a babe was lying,
Thus he sang to Ilmarinen:
”Uninvited, leave this mansion,
Go, thou stranger, from this dwelling;
Once before thou camest hither,
Only bringing pain and trouble,
Filling all our hearts with sorrow.
Fairest daughter of my mother,
Do not give this suitor welcome,
Look not on his eyes with pleasure,
Nor admire his form and features.
In his mouth are only wolf-teeth,
Cunning fox-claws in his mittens,
In his shoes art only bear-claws,
In his belt a hungry dagger;
Weapons these of blood and murder,
Only worn by the unworthy.“
Then the daughter spake as follows
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
”Follow thee this maid will never,
Never heed unworthy suitors;
Thou hast slain the Bride of Beauty,
Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Thou wouldst also slay her sister.
I deserve a better suitor,
Wish a truer, nobler husband,
Wish to ride in richer sledges,
Have a better home-protection;
Never will I sweep the cottage
And the coal-place of a blacksmith.“
Then the hero, Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-artist,
Turned his head away, disdainful,
Shook his sable locks in anger,
Quickly seized the trembling maiden,
Held her in his grasp of iron,
Hastened from the court of Louhi
To his sledge upon the highway.
In his sleigh he seats the virgin,

Snugly wraps her in his far-robcs,
Snaps his whip above the racer,
Gallops on the high-road homeward;
With one hand the reins be tightens,
With the other holds the maiden.
Speaks the virgin-daughter, weeping:
We have reached the lowland-berries,
Here the herbs of water-borders;
Leave me here to sink and perish
As a child of cold misfortune.
Wicked Ilmarinen, listen!
If thou dost not quickly free me,
I will break thy sledge to pieces,
Throw thy fur-robcs to the north-winds.”
Ilmarinen makes this answer:
“When the blacksmith builds his snow-sledge,
All the parts are hooped with iron;
Therefore will the beauteous maiden
Never beat my sledge to fragments.”
Then the silver-tinselled daughter
Wept and wailed in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake again to Ilmarinen:
“If thou dost not quickly free me,
I shall change to ocean-salmon,
Be a whiting of the waters.”
“Thou wilt never thus escape me,
As a pike I’ll fleetly follow.”
Then the maiden of Pohyola
Wept and wailed in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake again to Ilmarinen;
“If thou dost not quickly free me,
I shall hasten to the forest,
Mid the rocks become an ermine!”
“Thou wilt never thus escape me,
As a serpent I will follow.”
Then the beauty of the Northland,
Wailed and wept in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake once more to Ilmarinen:
“Surely, if thou dost not free me,
As a lark I’ll fly the ether,
Hide myself within the storm-clouds.”
“Neither wilt thou thus escape me,
As an eagle I will follow.”
They had gone but little distance,
When the courser shied and halted,
Frighted at some passing object;
And the maiden looked in wonder,
In the snow beheld some foot-prints,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
Who has run across our highway?”
”Tis the timid hare“, he answered.
Thereupon the stolen maiden

Sobbed, and moaned, in deeps of sorrow,
Heavy-hearted, spake these measures:
"Woe is me, ill-fated virgin!
Happier far my life hereafter,
If the hare I could but follow
To his burrow in the woodlands!
Crook-leg's fur to me is finer
Than the robes of Ilmarinen."
Ilmarinen, the magician,
Tossed his head in full resentment,
Galoped on the highway homeward,
Travelled but a little distance,
When again his courser halted,
Frighted at some passing stranger.
Quick the maiden looked and wondered,
In the snow beheld some foot-prints,
Spake these measures to the blacksmith:
Who has crossed our snowy pathway?"
"Tis a fox", replied the minstrel.
Thereupon the beauteous virgin
Moaned again in depths of anguish,
Sang these accents, heavy-hearted:
"Woe is me, ill-fated maiden!
Happier far my life hereafter,
With the cunning fox to wander,
Than with this ill-mannered suitor;
Reynard's fur to me is finer
Than the robes of Ilmarinen."
Thereupon the metal-worker
Shut his lips in sore displeasure,
Hastened on the highway homeward;
Travelled but a little distance,
When again his courser halted.
Quick the maiden looked in wonder,
in the snow beheld some foot-prints,
Spake these words to the magician:
Who again has crossed our pathway?"
"Tis the wolf", said Ilmarinen.
Thereupon the fated daughter
Fell again to bitter weeping,
And intoned these words of sorrow:
"Woe is me, a hapless maiden!
Happier far my life hereafter,
Brighter far would be my future,
If these tracks I could but follow;
On the wolf the hair is finer
Than the furs of Ilmarinen,
Faithless suitor of the Northland."
Then the minstrel of Wainola
Closed his lips again in anger,
Shook his sable locks, resentful,
Snapped the whip above the racer,
And the steed flew onward swiftly,
O'er the way to Kalevala,
To the village of the blacksmith.

Sad and weary from his journey,
Ilmarinen, home-returning,
Fell upon his couch in slumber,
And the maiden laughed derision.
In the morning, slowly waking,
Head confused, and locks dishevelled,
Spake the wizard, words as follow:
"Shall I set myself to singing
Magic songs and incantations?
Shall I now enchant this maiden
To a black-wolf on the mountains,
To a salmon of the ocean?
Shall not send her to the woodlands,
All the forest would be frightened;
Shall not send her to the waters,
All the fish would flee in terror;
This my sword shall drink her life-blood,
End her reign of scorn and hatred."
Quick the sword feels his intention,
Quick divines his evil purpose,
Speaks these words to Ilmarinen:
"Was not born to drink the life-blood
Of a maiden pure and lovely,
Of a fair but helpless virgin."
Thereupon the magic minstrel,
Filled with rage, began his singing;
Sang the very rocks asunder,
Till the distant hills re-echoed;
Sang the maiden to a sea-gull,
Croaking from the ocean-ledges,
Calling from the ocean-islands,
Screeching on the sandy sea-coast,
Flying to the winds opposing.
When his conjuring had ended,
Ilmarinen joined his snow-sledge,
Whipped his steed upon a gallop,
Hastened to his ancient smithy,
To his home in Kalevala.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Comes to meet him on the highway,
Speaks these words to the magician:
"Ilmarinen, worthy brother,
Wherefore comest heavy-hearted
From the dismal Sariola?
Does Pohyola live and prosper?
Spake the minstrel, Ilmarinen:
"Why should not Pohyola prosper?
There the Sampo grinds unceasing,
Noisy rocks the lid in colors;
Grinds one day the flour for eating,
Grinds the second flour for selling,
Grinds the third day flour for keeping;
Thus it is Pohyola prospers.
While the Sampo is in Northland,
There is plowing, there is sowing,

There is growth of every virtue,
 There is welfare never-ending.”
 Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
 “Ilmarinen, artist-brother,
 Where then is the Northland-daughter,
 Far renowned and beauteous maiden,
 For whose hand thou hast been absent?
 These the words of Ilmarinen:
 ”I have changed the hateful virgin
 To a sea-gull on the ocean;
 Now she calls above the waters,
 Screeches from the ocean-islands;
 On the rocks she calls and murmurs
 Vainly calling for a suitor.”

RUNE XXXIX. WAINAMOINEN’S SAILING.

Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
 Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
 ”O thou wonder-working brother,
 Let us go to Sariola,
 There to gain the magic Sampo,
 There to see the lid in colors.”
 Ilmarinen gave this answer:
 ”Hard indeed to seize the Sampo,
 Neither can the lid be captured
 From the never-pleasant Northland,
 From the dismal Sariola.
 Louhi took away the Sampo,
 Carried off the lid in colors
 To the stone-mount of Pohyola;
 Hid it in the copper mountain,
 Where nine locks secure the treasure.
 Many young roots sprout around it,
 Grow nine fathoms deep in sand-earth,
 One great root beneath the mountain,
 In the cataract a second,
 And a third beneath the castle
 Built upon the mount of ages.”
 Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
 ”Brother mine, and wonder-worker,
 Let us go to Sariola,
 That we may secure the Sampo;
 Let us build a goodly vessel,
 Bring the Sampo to Wainola,
 Bring away the lid in colors,
 From the stone-berg of Pohyola,
 From the copper-bearing mountain.
 Where the miracle lies anchored.”
 Ilmarinen thus made answer:
 ”By the land the way is safer,
 Lempo travels on the ocean,
 Ghastly Death upon his shoulder;
 On the sea the waves will drift us,
 And the storm-winds wreck our vessel;

Then our bands must do the rowing,
And our feet must steer us homeward.“
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
”Safe indeed by land to journey,
But the way is rough and trying,
Long the road and full of turnings;
Lovely is the ship on ocean,
Beautiful to ride the billows,
Journey easy o’er the waters,
Sailing in a trusty vessel;
Should the West-wind cross our pathway,
Will the South-wind drive us northward.
Be that as it may, my brother,
Since thou dost not love the water,
By the land then let us journey.
Forge me now the sword of battle,
Forge for me the mighty fire-sword,
That I may destroy the wild-beasts,
Frighten all the Northland people,
As we journey for the Sampo
To the cold and dismal village,
To the never-pleasant Northland,
To the dismal Sariola.“
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
The eternal forger-artist,
Laid the metals in the furnace,
In the fire laid steel and iron,
In the hot-coals, gold and silver,
Rightful measure of the metals;
Set the workmen at the furnace,
Lustily they plied the bellows.
Like the wax the iron melted,
Like the dough the hard steel softened,
Like the water ran the silver,
And the liquid gold flowed after.
Then the minstrel, Ilmarinen,
The eternal wonder-forger,
Looks within his magic furnace,
On the border of his oven,
There beholds the fire-sword forming,
Sees the blade with golden handle;
Takes the weapon from the furnace,
Lays it on his heavy anvil
For the falling of the hammer;
Forges well the blade of magic,
Well the heavy sword be tempers,
Ornaments the hero-weapon
With the finest gold and silver.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Comes to view the blade of conquest,
Lifts admiringly the fire-sword,
Then these words the hero utters:
”Does the weapon match the soldier,
Does the handle suit the bearer?
Yea, the blade and hilt are molded

To the wishes of the minstrel.“
On the sword-point gleams the moonlight,
On the blade the sun is shining,
On the hilt the bright stars twinkle,
On the edge a horse is neighing,
On the handle plays a kitten,
On the sheath a dog is barking.
Wainamoinen wields his fire-sword,
Tests it on the iron-mountain,
And these words the hero utters:
”With this broadsword I could quickly
Cleave in twain the mount of Pohya,
Cut the flinty rocks asunder.“
Spake the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
”Wherewith shall I guard from danger,
How protect myself from evil,
From the ills by land and water?
Shall I wear an iron armor,
Belt of steel around my body?
Stronger is a man in armor,
Safer in a mail of copper.“
Now the time has come to journey
To the never-pleasant Northland;
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
And his brother, Ilmarinen,
Hasten to the field and forest,
Searching for their fiery coursers,
In each shining belt a bridle,
With a harness on their shoulders.
In the woods they find a race;
In the glen a steed of battle,
Ready for his master’s service.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
And the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Throw the harness on the courser,
Hitch him to the sledge of conquest,
Hasten on their journey Northward;
Drive along the broad-sea’s margin
Till they bear some one lamenting
On the strand hear something wailing
Near the landing-place of vessels.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Speaks these words in wonder, guessing,
”This must be some maiden weeping,
Some fair daughter thus lamenting;
Let us journey somewhat nearer,
To discover whence this wailing.“
Drew they nearer, nearer, nearer,
Hoping thus to find a maiden
Weeping on the sandy sea-shore.
It was not a maiden weeping,
But a vessel, sad, and lonely,
Waiting on the shore and wailing.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
”Why art weeping, goodly vessel,

What the cause of thy lamenting?
Art thou mourning for thy row-locks,
Is thy rigging ill-adjusted?
Dost thou weep since thou art anchored
On the shore in times of trouble?"
Thus the war-ship spake in answer:
"To the waters would this vessel
Haste upon the well-tarred rollers,
As a happy maiden journeys
To the cottage of her husband.
I, alas! a goodly vessel,
Weep because I lie at anchor,
Weep and wail because no hero
Sets me free upon the waters,
Free to ride the rolling billows.
It was said when I was fashioned,
Often sung when I was building,
That this bark should be for battle,
Should become a mighty war-ship,
Carry in my hull great treasures,
Priceless goods across the ocean.
Never have I sailed to conquest,
Never have I carried booty;
Other vessels not as worthy
To the wars are ever sailing,
Sailing to the songs of battle.
Three times in the summer season
Come they home with treasures laden,
In their hulls bring gold and silver;
I, alas! a worthy vessel,
Many months have lain at anchor,
I, a war-ship well constructed,
Am decaying in the harbor,
Never having sailed to conquest;
Worms are gnawing at my vitals,
In my hull their dwelling-places,
And ill-omened birds of heaven
Build their nests within my rigging;
Frogs and lizards of the forest
Play about my oars and rudder;
Three times better for this vessel
Were he but a valley birch-tree,
Or an aspen on the heather,
With the squirrels in his branches,
And the dogs beneath them barking!"
Wainamoinen, old and faithfull
Thus addressed the ship at anchor:
"Weep no more, thou goodly vessel,
Man-of-war, no longer murmur;
Thou shalt sail to Sariola,
Sing the war-songs of the Northland,
Sail with us to deadly combat.
Wert thou built by the Creator,
Thou canst sail the roughest waters,
Sidewise journey o'er the ocean;

Dost not need the hand to touch thee,
 Dost not need the foot to turn thee,
 Needing nothing to propel thee."
 Thus the weeping boat made answer:
 "Cannot sail without assistance,
 Neither can my brother-vessels
 Sail unaided o'er the waters,
 Sail across the waves undriven."
 Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
 "Should I lead thee to the broad-sea,
 Wilt thou journey north unaided,
 Sail without the help of rowers,
 Sail without the aid of south-winds,
 Sail without the helm to guide thee?
 Thus the wailing ship replying:
 Cannot sail without assistance,
 Neither can my brother-vessels
 Sail without the aid of rowers,
 Sail without the help of south-winds,
 Nor without the helm to guide them."
 These the words of Wainamoinen:
 "Wilt thou run with aid of oarsmen
 When the south-winds give assistance,
 Guided by a skillful pilot?"
 This the answer of the war-ship:
 "Quickly can I course these waters,
 When my oars are manned by rowers,
 When my sails are filled with south-winds,
 All my goodly brother-vessels
 Sail the ocean with assistance,
 When the master holds the rudder."
 Then the ancient Wainamoinen
 Left the racer on the sea-side,
 Tied him to the sacred birch-tree,
 Hung the harness on a willow,
 Rolled the vessel to the waters,
 Sang the ship upon the broad-sea,
 Asked the boat this simple question:
 "O thou vessel, well-appearing
 From the mighty oak constructed,
 Art thou strong to carry treasures
 As in view thou art commanding?
 Thus the goodly ship made answer:
 "Strong am I to carry treasures,
 In my hull a golden cargo;
 I can bear a hundred oarsmen,
 And of warriors a thousand."
 Wainamoinen, the magician,
 Then began his wondrous singing.
 On one side the magic vessel,
 Sang he youth with golden virtues,
 Bearded youth with strength of heroes,
 Sang them into mail of copper.
 On the other side the vessel,
 Sang he silver-tinselled maidens,

Girded them with belts of copper,
Golden rings upon their fingers.
Sings again the great magician,
Fills the magic ship with heroes,
Ancient heroes, brave and mighty;
Sings them into narrow limits,
Since the young men came before them.
At the helm himself be seated,
Near the last beam of the vessel,
Steered his goodly boat in joyance,
Thus addressed the willing war-ship:
"Glide upon the trackless waters,
Sail away, my ship of magic,
Sail across the waves before thee,
Speed thou like a dancing bubble,
Like a flower upon the billows!"
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Set the young men to the rowing,
Let the maidens sit in waiting.
Eagerly the youthful heroes
Bend the oars and try the row-locks,
But the distance is not lessened.
Then the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Set the maidens to the rowing,
Let the young men rest in waiting.
Eagerly the merry maidens
Bend the aspen-oars in rowing,
But the distance is not lessened.
Then the master, Wainamoinen,
Set the old men to the rowing,
Let the youth remain in waiting.
Lustily the aged heroes
Bend and try the oars of aspen,
But the distance is not lessened.
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Grasped the oars with master-magic,
And the boat leaped o'er the surges,
Swiftly sped across the billows;
Far and wide the oars resounded,
Quickly was the distance lessened.
With a rush and roar of waters
Ilmarinen sped his vessel,
Benches, ribs, and row-locks creaking,
Oars of aspen far resounding;
Flap the sails like wings of moor-cocks,
And the prow dips like a white-swan;
In the rear it croaks like ravens,
Loud the oars and rigging rattle.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Sitting by the bending rudder,
Turns his magic vessel landward,
To a jutting promontory,
Where appears a Northland-village.
On the point stands Lemminkainen,
Kaukomeli, black magician,

Ahti, wizard of Wainola,
Wishing for the fish of Pohya,
Weeping for his fated dwelling,
For his perilous adventures,
Hard at work upon a vessel,
On the sail-yards of a fish-boat,
Near the hunger-point and island,
Near the village-home deserted.
Good the ears of the magician,
Good the wizard's eyes for seeing;
Casts his vision to the South-east,
Turns his eyes upon the sunset,
Sees afar a wondrous rainbow,
Farther on, a cloudlet hanging;
But the bow was a deception,
And the cloudlet a delusion;
'Tis a vessel swiftly sailing,
'Tis a war-ship flying northward,
O'er the blue-back of the broad-sea,
On the far-extending waters,
At the helm the master standing,
At the oars a mighty hero.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Do not know this wondrous vessel,
Not this well-constructed war-ship,
Coming from the distant Suomi,
Rowing for the hostile Pohya."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Called aloud in tones of thunder
O'er the waters to the vessel;
Made the distant hills re-echo
With the music of his calling:
"Whence this vessel on the waters,
Whose the war-ship sailing hither?"
Spake the master of the vessel
To the reckless Lemminkainen:
"Who art thou from fen or forest,
Senseless wizard from the woodlands,
That thou dost not know this vessel,
Magic war-ship of Wainola?
Dost not know him at the rudder,
Nor the hero at the row-locks?"
Spake the wizard, Lemminkainen:
"Well I know the helm-director,
And I recognize the rower;
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
At the helm directs the vessel;
Ilmarinen does the rowing.
Whither is the vessel sailing,
Whither wandering, my heroes?
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"We are sailing to the Northland,
There to gain the magic Sampo,
There to get the lid in colors,
From the stone-berg of Pohyola,

From the copper-bearing mountain.“
Spake the evil Lemminkainen:
”O, thou good, old Wainamoinen,
Take me with thee to Pohyola,
Make me third of magic heroes,
Since thou goest for the Sampo,
Goest for the lid in colors;
I shall prove a valiant soldier,
When thy wisdom calls for fighting;
I am skilled in arts of warfare!“
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Gave assent to Ahti’s wishes;
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Hastened to Wainola’s war-ship,
Bringing floats of aspen-timber,
To the ships of Wainamoinen.
Thus the hero of the Northland
Speaks to reckless Lemminkainen:
”There is aspen on my vessel,
Aspen-floats in great abundance,
And the boat is heavy-laden.
Wherefore dost thou bring the aspen
To the vessel of Wainola?“
Lemminkainen gave this answer:
”Not through caution sinks a vessel,
Nor a hay-stack by its proppings;
Seas abound in hidden dangers,
Heavy storms arise and threaten
Fell destruction to the sailor
That would brave the angry billows.“
Spake the good, old Wainamoinen:
”Therefore is this warlike vessel
Built of trusty steel and copper,
Trimmed and bound in toughest iron,
That the winds may, not destroy it,
May not harm my ship of magic.“

RUNE XL. BIRTH OF THE HARP.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Onward steered his goodly vessel,
From the isle of Lemminkainen,
From the borders of the village;
Steered his war-ship through the waters,
Sang it o’er the ocean-billows,
Joyful steered it to Pohyola.
On the banks were maidens standing,
And the daughters spake these measures:
”List the music on the waters!
What this wonderful rejoicing,
What this singing on the billows?
Far more beautiful this singing,
This rejoicing on the waters,
Than our ears have heard in Northland.“
Wainamoinen, the magician,

Steered his wonder-vessel onward,
Steered one day along the sea-shore,
Steered the next through shallow waters,
Steered the third day through the rivers.
Then the reckless Lemminkainen
Suddenly some words remembered,
He had heard along the fire-stream
Near the cataract and whirlpool,
And these words the hero uttered:
"Cease, O cataract, thy roaring,
Cease, O waterfall, thy foaming!
Maidens of the foam and current,
Sitting on the rocks in water,
On the stone-blocks in the river,
Take the foam and white-capped billows
In your arms and still their anger,
That our ships may pass in safety!
Aged dame beneath the eddy,
Thou that livest in the sea-foam,
Swimming, rise above the waters,
Lift thy head above the whirlpool,
Gather well the foam and billows
In thine arms and still their fury,
That our ship may pass in safety!
Ye, O rocks beneath the current,
Underneath the angry waters,
Lower well your heads of danger,
Sink below our magic vessel,
That our ship may pass in safety!
"Should this prayer prove inefficient,
Kimmo, hero son of Kammo,
Bore an outlet with thine auger,
Cut a channel for this vessel
Through the rocks beneath the waters,
That our ship may pass in safety!
Should all this prove unavailing,
Hostess of the running water,
Change to moss these rocky ledges,
Change this vessel to an air-bag,
That between these rocks and billows
It may float, and pass in safety!
"Virgin of the sacred whirlpool,
Thou whose home is in the river,
Spin from flax of strongest fiber,
Spin a thread of crimson color,
Draw it gently through the water,
That the thread our ship may follow,
And our vessel pass in safety!
Goddess of the helm, thou daughter
Of the ocean-winds and sea-foam,
Take thy helm endowed with mercy,
Guide our vessel through these dangers,
Hasten through these floods enchanted,
Passing by the house of envy,
By the gates of the enchanters,

That our ship may pass in safety!
"Should this prayer prove inefficient,
Ukko, Ruler of creation,
Guide our vessel with thy fire-sword,
Guide it with thy blade of lightning,
Through the dangers of these rapids,
Through the cataract and whirlpool,
That our ship may pass in safety!"
Thereupon old Wainamoinen
Steered his boat through winds and waters,
Through the rocky chinks and channels,
Through the surges wildly tossing;
And the vessel passed in safety
Through the dangers of the current,
Through the sacred stream and whirlpool.
As it gains the open waters,
Gains at length the broad-lake's bosom,
Suddenly its motion ceases,
On some object firmly anchored.
Thereupon young Ilmarinen,
With the aid of Lemminkainen,
Plunges in the lake the rudder,
Struggles with the aid of magic;
But he cannot move the vessel,
Cannot free it from its moorings.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Thus addresses his companion:
"O thou hero, Lemminkainen,
Stoop and look beneath this war-ship,
See on what this boat is anchored,
See on what our craft is banging,
In this broad expanse of water,
In the broad-lake's deepest soundings,
If upon some rock or tree-snap,
Or upon some other hindrance."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Looked beneath the magic vessel,
Peering through the crystal waters,
Spake and these the words be uttered:
"Does not rest upon a sand-bar,
Nor upon a rock, nor tree-snap,
But upon the back and shoulders
Of the mighty pike of Northland,
On the fin-bones of the monster."
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:
"Many things we find in water,
Rocks, and trees, and fish, and sea-duck;
Are we on the pike's broad shoulders,
On the fin-bones of the monster,
Pierce the waters with thy broadsword,
Cut the monster into pieces."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen,
Reckless wizard, filled with courage,
Pulls his broadsword from his girdle,

From its sheath, the bone-divider,
Strikes with might of magic hero,
Headlong falls into the water;
And the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Lifts the wizard from the river,
Speaks these words to dripping Ahti:
“Accidents will come to mortals,
Accidents will come to heroes,
By the hundreds, by the thousands,
Even to the gods above us!”
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Drew his broadsword from his girdle,
From its sheath his blade of honor,
Tried to slay the pike of Northland
With the weapon of his forging;
But he broke his sword in pieces,
Did not harm the water-monster.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Thus addresses his companions
“Poor apologies for heroes!
When occasion calls for victors,
When we need some great magician,
Need a hero filled with valor,
Then the arm that comes is feeble,
And the mind insane or witless,
Strength and reason gone to others!”
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen,
Miracle of strength and wisdom,
Draws his fire-sword from his girdle,
Wields the mighty blade of magic,
Strikes the waters as the lightning,
Strikes the pike beneath the vessel,
And impales, the mighty monster;
Raises him above the surface,
In the air the pike he circles,
Cuts the monster into pieces;
To the water falls the pike-tail,
To the ship the head and body;
Easily the ship moves onward.
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
To the shore directs his vessel,
On the strand the boat he anchors,
Looks in every nook and corner
For the fragments of the monster;
Gathers well the parts together,
Speaks these words to those about him:
“Let the oldest of the heroes
Slice for me the pike of Northland,
Slice the fish to fitting morsels.”
Answered all the men and heroes,
And the maidens spake, assenting:
“Worthier the catcher’s fingers,
Wainamoinen’s hands are sacred!”
Thereupon the wise magician
Drew a fish-knife from his girdle,

Sliced the pike to fitting morsels,
Spake again to those about him:
“Let the youngest of the maidens
Cook for me the pike of Northland,
Set for me a goodly dinner!”
All the maidens quick responded,
All the virgins vied in cooking;
Neither could outdo the other,
Thus the pike was rendered toothsome.
Feasted all the old magicians,
Feasted all the younger heroes,
Feasted all the men and maidens;
On the rocks were left the fish-bones,
Only relics of their feasting.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Looked upon the pile of fragments,
On the fish-bones looked and pondered,
Spake these words in meditation:
“Wondrous things might be constructed
From the relies of this monster,
Were they in the blacksmith’s furnace,
In the hands of the magician,
In the hands of Ilmarinen.”
Spake the blacksmith of Wainola:
“Nothing fine can be constructed
From the bones and teeth of fishes
By the skillful forger-artist,
By the hands of the magician.”
These the words of Wainamoinen:
“Something wondrous might be builded
From these jaws, and teeth, and fish-bones;
Might a magic harp be fashioned,
Could an artist be discovered
That could shape them to my wishes.”
But he found no fish-bone artist
That could shape the harp of joyance
From the relies of their feasting,
From the jaw-bones of the monster,
To the will of the magician.
Thereupon wise Wainamoinen
Set himself at work designing;
Quick became a fish-bone artist,
Made a harp of wondrous beauty,
Lasting joy and pride of Suomi.
Whence the harp’s enchanting arches?
From the jaw-bones of the monster.
Whence the necessary harp-pins?
From the pike-teeth firmly fastened.
Whence the sweetly singing harp-strings?
From the tail of Lempo’s stallion.
Thus was born the harp of magic
From the mighty pike of Northland,
From the relies from the feasting
Of the heroes of Wainola.
All the young men came to view it,

All the aged with their children,
Mothers with their beauteous daughters,
Maidens with their golden tresses;
All the people on the islands
Came to view the harp of joyance,
Pride and beauty of the Northland.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Let the aged try the harp-strings,
Gave it to the young magicians,
To the dames and to their daughters,
To the maidens, silver-tinselled,
To the singers of Wainola.
When the young men touched the harp-strings,
Then arose the notes of discord;
When the aged played upon it,
Dissonance their only music.
Spake the wizard, Lemminkainen:
“O ye witless, worthless children,
O ye senseless, useless maidens,
O ye wisdom-lacking heroes,
Cannot play this harp of magic,
Cannot touch the notes of concord!
Give to me this thing or beauty,
Hither bring the harp of fish-bones,
Let me try my skillful fingers.”
Lemminkainen touched the harp-strings,
Carefully the strings adjusted,
Turned the harp in all directions,
Fingered all the strings in sequence,
Played the instrument of wonder,
But it did not speak in concord,
Did not sing the notes of joyance.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“There is none among these maidens,
None among these youthful heroes,
None among the old magicians
That can play the harp of magic,
Touch the notes of joy and pleasure.
Let us take the harp to Pohya,
There to find a skillful player
That can touch the strings in concord.”
Then they sailed to Sariola,
To Pohyola took the wonder,
There to find the harp a master.
All the heroes of Pohyola,
All the boys and all the maidens,
Ancient dames, and bearded minstrels,
Vainly touched the harp of beauty.
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Took the harp-strings in her fingers;
All the youth of Sariola,
Youth of every tribe and station,
Vainly touched the harp of fish-bone;
Could not find the notes of joyance,
Dissonance their only pleasure;

Shrieked the harp-strings like the whirlwinds,
All the tones wore harsh and frightful.
In a corner slept a blind man,
Lay a gray-beard on the oven,
Rousing from his couch of slumber,
Murmured thus within his corner:
“Cease at once this wretched playing,
Make an end of all this discord;
It benumbs mine ears for hearing,
Racks my brain, despoils my senses,
Robs me of the sweets of sleeping.
If the harp of Suomi’s people
True delight cannot engender,
Cannot bring the notes of pleasure,
Cannot sing to sleep the aged,
Cast the thing upon the waters,
Sink it in the deeps of ocean,
Take it back to Kalevala,
To the home of him that made it,
To the bands of its creator.”
Thereupon the harp made answer,
To the blind man sang these measures:
“Shall not fall upon the waters,
Shall not sink within the ocean;
I will play for my creator,
Sing in melody and concord
In the fingers of my master.”
Carefully the harp was carried
To the artist that had made it
To the hands of its creator,
To the feet of Wainamoinen.

RUNE XLI. WAINAMOINEN’S HARP-SONGS.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
Laves his hands to snowy whiteness,
Sits upon the rock of joyance,
On the stone of song he settles,
On the mount of silver clearness,
On the summit, golden colored;
Takes the harp by him created,
In his hands the harp of fish-bone,
With his knee the arch supporting,
Takes the harp-strings in his fingers,
Speaks these words to those assembled:
“Hither come, ye Northland people,
Come and listen to my playing,
To the harp’s entrancing measures,
To my songs of joy and gladness.”
Then the singer of Wainola
Took the harp of his creation,
Quick adjusting, sweetly tuning,
Deftly plied his skillful fingers
To the strings that he had fashioned.

Now was gladness rolled on gladness,
And the harmony of pleasure
Echoed from the hills and mountains:
Added singing to his playing,
Out of joy did joy come welling,
Now resounded marvelous music,
All of Northland stopped and listened.
Every creature in the forest,
All the beasts that haunt the woodlands,
On their nimble feet came bounding,
Came to listen to his playing,
Came to hear his songs of joyance.
Leaped the squirrels from the branches,
Merrily from birch to aspen;
Climbed the ermines on the fences,
O'er the plains the elk-deer bounded,
And the lynxes purred with pleasure;
Wolves awoke in far-off swamp-lands,
Bounded o'er the marsh and heather,
And the bear his den deserted,
Left his lair within the pine-wood,
Settled by a fence to listen,
Leaned against the listening gate-posts,
But the gate-posts yield beneath him;
Now he climbs the fir-tree branches
That he may enjoy and wonder,
Climbs and listens to the music
Of the harp of Wainamoinen.
Tapiola's wisest senior,
Metsola's most noble landlord,
And of Tapio, the people,
Young and aged, men and maidens,
Flew like red-deer up the mountains
There to listen to the playing,
To the harp, of Wainamoinen.
Tapiola's wisest mistress,
Hostess of the glen and forest,
Robed herself in blue and scarlet,
Bound her limbs with silken ribbons,
Sat upon the woodland summit,
On the branches of a birch-tree,
There to listen to the playing,
To the high-born hero's harping,
To the songs of Wainamoinen.
All the birds that fly in mid-air
Fell like snow-flakes from the heavens,
Flew to hear the minstrel's playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen.
Eagles in their lofty eyrie
Heard the songs of the enchanter;
Swift they left their unfledged young ones,
Flew and perched around the minstrel.
From the heights the hawks descended,
From the clouds down swooped the falcon,
Ducks arose from inland waters,

Swans came gliding from the marshes;
Tiny finches, green and golden,
Flew in flocks that darkened sunlight,
Came in myriads to listen;
Perched upon the head and shoulders
Of the charming Wainamoinen,
Sweetly singing to the playing
Of the ancient bard and minstrel.
And the daughters of the welkin,
Nature's well-beloved daughters,
Listened all in rapt attention;
Some were seated on the rainbow,
Some upon the crimson cloudlets,
Some upon the dome of heaven.
In their hands the Moon's fair daughters
Held their weaving-combs of silver;
In their hands the Sun's sweet maidens
Grasped the handles of their distaffs,
Weaving with their golden shuttles,
Spinning from their silver spindles,
On the red rims of the cloudlets,
On the bow of many colors.
As they hear the minstrel playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen,
Quick they drop their combs of silver,
Drop the spindles from their fingers,
And the golden threads are broken,
Broken are the threads of silver.
All the fish in Suomi-waters
Heard the songs of the magician,
Came on flying fins to listen
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Came the trout with graceful motions,
Water-dogs with awkward movements,
From the water-cliffs the salmon,
From the sea-caves came the whiting,
From the deeper caves the bill-fish;
Came the pike from beds of sea-fern,
Little fish with eyes of scarlet,
Leaning on the reeds and rushes,
With their heads above the surface;
Came to bear the harp of joyance,
Hear the songs of the enchanter.
Ahto, king of all the waters,
Ancient king with beard of sea-grass,
Raised his head above the billows,
In a boat of water-lilies,
Glided to the coast in silence,
Listened to the wondrous singing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
These the words the sea-king uttered:
"Never have I heard such playing,
Never heard such strains of music,
Never since the sea was fashioned,
As the songs of this enchanter,

This sweet singer, Wainamoinen.”
Satko’s daughters from the blue-deep,
Sisters of the wave-washed ledges,
On the colored strands were sitting,
Smoothing out their sea-green tresses
With the combs of molten silver,
With their silver-handled brushes,
Brushes forged with golden bristles.
When they hear the magic playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen,
Fall their brushes on the billows,
Fall their combs with silver handles
To the bottom of the waters,
Unadorned their heads remaining,
And uncombed their sea-green tresses.
Came the hostess of the waters,
Ancient hostess robed in flowers,
Rising from her deep sea-castle,
Swimming to the shore in wonder,
Listened to the minstrel’s playing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
As the magic tones re-echoed,
As the singer’s song out-circled,
Sank the hostess into slumber,
On the rocks of many colors,
On her watery couch of joyance,
Deep the sleep that settled o’er her.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Played one day and then a second,
Played the third from morn till even.
There was neither man nor hero,
Neither ancient dame, nor maiden,
Not in Metsola a daughter,
Whom he did not touch to weeping;
Wept the young, and wept the aged,
Wept the mothers, wept the daughters
Wept the warriors and heroes
At the music of his playing,
At the songs of the magician.
Wainamoinen’s tears came flowing,
Welling from the master’s eyelids,
Pearly tear-drops coursing downward,
Larger than the whortle-berries,
Finer than the pearls of ocean,
Smoother than the eggs of moor-hens,
Brighter than the eyes of swallows.
From his eyes the tear-drops started,
Flowed adown his furrowed visage,
Falling from his beard in streamlets,
Trickled on his heaving bosom,
Streaming o’er his golden girdle,
Coursing to his garment’s border,
Then beneath his shoes of ermine,
Flowing on, and flowing ever,
Part to earth for her possession,

Part to water for her portion.
As the tear-drops fall and mingle,
Form they streamlets from the eyelids
Of the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
To the blue-mere's sandy margin,
To the deeps of crystal waters,
Lost among the reeds and rushes.
Spake at last the ancient minstrel:
"Is there one in all this concourse,
One in all this vast assembly
That can gather up my tear-drops
From the deep, pellucid waters?"
Thus the younger heroes answered,
Answered thus the bearded seniors:
"There is none in all this concourse,
None in all this vast assembly,
That can gather up thy tear-drops
From the deep, pellucid waters."
Spake again wise Wainamoinen:
"He that gathers up my tear-drops
From the deeps of crystal waters
Shall receive a beauteous plumage."
Came a raven, flying, croaking,
And the minstrel thus addressed him:
"Bring, O raven, bring my tear-drops
From the crystal lake's abysses;
I will give thee beauteous plumage,
Recompense for golden service."
But the raven failed his master.
Came a duck upon the waters,
And the hero thus addressed him:
"Bring O water-bird, my tear-drops;
Often thou dost dive the deep-sea,
Sink thy bill upon the bottom
Of the waters thou dost travel;
Dive again my tears to gather,
I will give thee beauteous plumage,
Recompense for golden service."
Thereupon the duck departed,
Hither, thither, swam, and circled,
Dived beneath the foam and billow,
Gathered Wainamoinen's tear-drops
From the blue-sea's pebbly bottom,
From the deep, pellucid waters;
Brought them to the great magician,
Beautifully formed and colored,
Glistening in the silver sunshine,
Glimmering in the golden moonlight,
Many-colored as the rainbow,
Fitting ornaments for heroes,
Jewels for the maids of beauty.
This the origin of sea-pearls,
And the blue-duck's beauteous plumage.

RUNE XLII. CAPTURE OF THE SAMPO.

Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
With the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
With the reckless son of Lempo,
Handsome hero, Kaukomiel,
On the sea's smooth plain departed,
On the far-extending waters,
To the village, cold and dreary,
To the never-pleasant Northland,
Where the heroes fall and perish.
Ilmarinen led the rowers
On one side the magic war-ship,
And the reckless Lemminkainen
Led the rowers on the other.
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Laid his hand upon the rudder,
Steered his vessel o'er the waters,
Through the foam and angry billows
To Pohyola's place of landing,
To the cylinders of copper,
Where the war-ships lie at anchor.
When they had arrived at Pohya,
When their journey they had ended,
On the land they rolled their vessel,
On the copper-banded rollers,
Straightway journeyed to the village,
Hastened to the halls and hamlets
Of the dismal Sariola.
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Thus addressed the stranger-heroes:
Magic heroes of Wainola,
What the tidings ye are bringing
To the people of my village?"
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Gave this answer to the hostess:
"All the hosts of Kalevala
Are inquiring for the Sampo,
Asking for the lid in colors;
Hither have these heroes journeyed
To divide the priceless treasure.
Thus the hostess spake in answer:
"No one would divide a partridge,
Nor a squirrel, with three heroes;
Wonderful the magic Sampo,
Plenty does it bring to Northland;
And the colored lid re-echoes
From the copper-bearing mountains,
From the stone-berg of Pohyola,
To the joy of its possessors."
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Thus addressed the ancient Louhi:
"If thou wilt not share the Sampo,
Give to us an equal portion,
We will take it to Wainola,

With its lid of many colors,
Take by force the hope of Pohya.”
Thereupon the Northland hostess
Angry grew and sighed for vengeance;
Called her people into council,
Called the hosts of Sariola,
Heroes with their trusted broadswords,
To destroy old Wainamoinen
With his people of the Northland.
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Hastened to his harp of fish-bone,
And began his magic playing;
All of Pohya stopped and listened,
Every warrior was silenced
By the notes of the magician;
Peaceful-minded grew the soldiers,
All the maidens danced with pleasure,
While the heroes fell to weeping,
And the young men looked in wonder.
Wainamoinen plays unceasing,
Plays the maidens into slumber,
Plays to sleep the young and aged,
All of Northland sleeps and listens.
Wise and wondrous Wainamoinen,
The eternal bard and singer,
Searches in his pouch of leather,
Draws therefrom his slumber-arrows,
Locks the eyelids of the sleepers,
Of the heroes of Pohyola,
Sings and charms to deeper slumber
All the warriors of the Northland.
Then the heroes of Wainola
Hasten to obtain the Sampo,
To procure the lid in colors
From the copper-bearing mountains.
From behind nine locks of copper,
In the stone-berg of Pohyola.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Then began his wondrous singing,
Sang in gentle tones of magic,
At the entrance to the mountain,
At the border of the stronghold;
Trembled all the rocky portals,
And the iron-banded pillars
Fell and crumbled at his singing.
Ilmarinen, magic blacksmith,
Well anointed all the hinges,
All the bars and locks anointed,
And the bolts flew back by magic,
All the gates unlocked in silence,
Opened for the great magician.
Spake the minstrel Wainamoinen:
“O thou daring Lemminkainen,
Friend of mine in times of trouble,
Enter thou within the mountain,

Bring away the wondrous Sampo,
Bring away the lid in colors!"

Quick the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Ever ready for a venture,
Hastens to the mountain-caverns,
There to find the famous Sampo,
There to get the lid in colors;
Strides along with conscious footsteps,
Thus himself he vainly praises:
"Great am I and full of glory,
Wonder-hero, son of Ukko,
I will bring away the Sampo,
Turn about the lid in colors,
Turn it on its magic hinges!"

Lemminkainen finds the wonder,
Finds the Sampo in the mountain,
Labors long with strength heroic,
Tugs with might and main to turn it;
Motionless remains the treasure,
Deeper sinks the lid in colors,
For the roots have grown about it,
Grown nine fathoms deep in sand-earth.
Lived a mighty ox in Northland,
Powerful in bone and sinew,
Beautiful in form and color,
Horns the length of seven fathoms,
Mouth and eyes of wondrous beauty.
Lemminkainen, reckless hero,
Harnesses the ox in pasture,
Takes the master-plow of Pohya,
Plows the roots about the Sampo,
Plows around the lid in colors,
And the sacred Sampo loosens,
Falls the colored lid in silence.

Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Brings the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Brings the daring Lemminkainen,
Lastly brings the magic Sampo,
From the stone-berg of Pohyola,
From the copper-bearing mountain,
Hides it in his waiting vessel,
In the war-ship of Wainola.

Wainamoinen called his people,
Called his crew of men and maidens,
Called together all his heroes,
Rolled his vessel to the water,
Into billowy deeps and dangers.
Spake the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
"Whither shall we take the Sampo,
Whither take the lid in colors,
From the stone-berg of Pohyola,
From this evil spot of Northland?"

Wainamoinen, wise and faithful,
Gave this answer to the question:

“Thither shall we take the Sampo,
Thither take the lid in colors,
To the fog-point on the waters,
To the island forest-covered;
There the treasure may be hidden,
May remain in peace for ages,
Free from trouble, free from danger,
Where the sword will not molest it.”
Then the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Joyful, left the Pohya borders,
Homeward sailed, and happy-hearted,
Spake these measures on departing:
“Turn, O man-of-war, from Pohya,
Turn thy back upon the strangers,
Turn thou to my distant country!
Rock, O winds, my magic vessel,
Homeward drive my ship, O billows,
Lend the rowers your assistance,
Give the oarsmen easy labor,
On this vast expanse of waters!
Give me of thine oars, O Ahto,
Lend thine aid, O King of sea-waves,
Guide as with thy helm in safety,
Lay thy hand upon the rudder,
And direct our war-ship homeward;
Let the hooks of metal rattle
O’er the surging of the billows,
On the white-capped waves’ commotion.”
Then the master, Wainamoinen,
Guided home his willing vessel;
And the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
With the lively Lemminkainen,
Led the mighty host of rowers,
And the war-ship glided homeward
O’er the sea’s unruffled surface,
O’er the mighty waste of waters.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
“Once before I rode these billows,
There were viands for the heroes,
There was singing for the maidens;
But to-day I hear no singing,
Hear no songs upon the vessel,
Hear no music on the waters.”
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Answered thus wild Lemminkainen:
“Let none sing upon the blue-sea,
On the waters, no rejoicing;
Singing would prolong our journey,
Songs disturb the host of rowers;
Soon will die the silver sunlight,
Darkness soon will overtake us,
On this evil waste of waters,
On this blue-sea, smooth and level.”
These the words of Lemminkainen:
“Time will fly on equal pinions

Whether we have songs or silence;
Soon will disappear the daylight,
And the night as quickly follow,
Whether we be sad or joyous.”
Wainamoinen, the magician,
O’er the blue backs of the billows,
Steered one day, and then a second,
Steered the third from morn till even,
When the wizard, Lemminkainen,
Once again addressed the master:
“Why wilt thou, O famous minstrel,
Sing no longer for thy people,
Since the Sampo thou hast captured,
Captured too the lid in colors?”
These the words of Wainamoinen:
“Tis not well to sing too early!
Time enough for songs of joyance
When we see our home-land mansions,
When our journeyings have ended!”
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:
“At the helm, if I were sitting,
I would sing at morn and evening,
Though my voice has little sweetness;
Since thy songs are not forthcoming
Listen to my wondrous singing!”
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Raised his voice above the waters,
O’er the sea his song resounded;
But his measures were discordant,
And his notes were harsh and frightful.
Sang the wizard, Lemminkainen,
Screeched the reckless Kaukomieli,
Till the mighty war-ship trembled;
Far and wide was heard his singing,
Heard his songs upon the waters,
Heard within the seventh village,
Heard beyond the seven oceans.
Sat a crane within the rushes,
On a hillock clothed in verdure,
And the crane his toes was counting;
Suddenly he heard the singing
Of the wizard, Lemminkainen;
And the bird was justly frightened
At the songs of the magician.
Then with horrid voice, and screeching,
Flew the crane across the broad-sea
To the lakes of Sariola,
O’er Pohyola’s hills and hamlets,
Screeching, screaming, over Northland,
Till the people of the darkness
Were awakened from their slumbers.
Louhi hastens to her hurdles,
Hastens to her droves of cattle,
Hastens also to her garners,

Counts her herds, inspects her store-house;
Undisturbed she finds her treasures.
Quick she journeys to the entrance
To the copper-bearing mountain,
Speaks these words as she approaches:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
Woe to Louhi, broken-hearted!
Here the tracks of the destroyers,
All my locks and bolts are broken
By the hands of cruel strangers!
Broken are my iron hinges,
Open stand the mountain-portals
Leading to the Northland-treasure.
Has Pohyola lost her Sampo?"
Then she hastened to the chambers
Where the Sampo had been grinding;
But she found the chambers empty,
Lid and Sampo gone to others,
From the stone-berg of Pohyola,
From behind nine locks of copper,
In the copper-bearing mountain.
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Angry grew and cried for vengeance;
As she found her fame departing,
Found her-strength fast disappearing,
Thus addressed the sea-fog virgin:
"Daughter of the morning-vapors,
Sift thy fogs from distant cloud-land,
Sift the thick air from the heavens,
Sift thy vapors from the ether,
On the blue-back of the broad-sea,
On the far extending waters,
That the ancient Wainamoinen,
Friend of ocean-wave and billow,
May not baffle his pursuers!
"Should this prayer prove unavailing,
Iku-Turso, son of Old-age,
Raise thy head above the billows,
And destroy Wainola's heroes,
Sink them to thy deep sea-castles,
There devour them at thy pleasure;
Bring thou back the golden Sampo
To the people of Pohyola!
"Should these words be ineffective,
Ukko, mightiest of rulers,
Golden king beyond the welkin,
Sitting on a throne of silver,
Fill thy skies with heavy storm-clouds,
Call thy fleetest winds about thee,
Send them o'er the seven broad-seas,
There to find the fleeing vessel,
That the ancient Wainamoinen
May not baffle his pursuers!"
Quick the virgin of the vapors
Breathed a fog upon the waters,

Made it settle on the war-ship
Of the heroes of the Northland,
Held the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Anchored in the fog and darkness;
Bound him one day, then a second,
Then a third till dawn of morning,
In the middle of the blue-sea,
Whence he could not flee in safety
From the wrath of his pursuers.
When the third night had departed,
Resting in the sea, and helpless,
Wainamoinen spake as follows,
“Not a man of strength and courage,
Not the weakest of the heroes,
Who upon the sea will suffer,
Sink and perish in the vapors,
Perish in the fog and darkness!”
With his sword he smote the billows,
From his magic blade flowed honey;
Quick the vapor breaks, and rises,
Leaves the waters clear for rowing;
Far extend the sky and waters,
Large the ring of the horizon,
And the troubled sea enlarges.
Time had journeyed little distance,
Scarce a moment had passed over,
When they heard a mighty roaring,
Heard a roaring and a rushing
Near the border of the vessel,
Where the foam was shooting skyward
O’er the boat of Wainamoinen.
Straightway youthful Ilmarinen
Sank in gravest apprehension,
From his cheeks the blood departed;
Pulled his cap down o’er his forehead,
Shook and trembled with emotion.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Casts his eyes upon the waters
Near the broad rim of his war-ship;
There perceives an ocean-wonder
With his head above the sea-foam.
Wainamoinen, brave and mighty,
Seizes quick the water-monster,
Lifts him by his ears and questions:
“Iku-Turso, son of Old-age,
Why art rising from the blue-sea?
Wherefore dost thou leave thy castle,
Show thyself to mighty heroes,
To the heroes of Wainola?”
Iku-Turso, son of Old-age,
Ocean monster, manifested
Neither pleasure, nor displeasure,
Was not in the least affrighted,
Did not give the hero answer.
Whereupon the ancient minstrel,

Asked the second time the monster,
Urgently inquired a third time:
"Iku-Turso, son of Old-age,
Why art rising from the waters,
Wherefore dost thou leave the blue-sea?
Iku-Turso gave this answer:
For this cause I left my castle
Underneath the rolling billows:
Came I here with the intention
To destroy the Kalew-heroes,
And return the magic Sampo
To the people of Pohyola.
If thou wilt restore my freedom,
Spare my life, from pain and sorrow,
I will quick retrace my journey,
Nevermore to show my visage
To the people of Wainola,
Never while the moonlight glimmers
On the hills of Kalevala!"

Then the singer, Wainamoinen,
Freed the monster, Iku-Turso,
Sent him to his deep sea-castles,
Spake these words to him departing:
"Iku-Turso, son of Old-age,
Nevermore arise from ocean,
Nevermore let Northland-heroes
See thy face above the waters I
Nevermore has Iku-Turso
Risen to the ocean-level;
Never since have Northland sailors
Seen the head of this sea-monster.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Onward rowed his goodly vessel,
Journeyed but a little distance,
Scarce a moment had passed over,
When the King of all creators,
Mighty Ukko of the heavens,
Made the winds blow full of power,
Made the storms arise in fury,
Made them rage upon the waters.
From the west the winds came roaring,
From the north-east came in anger,
Winds came howling from the south-west,
Came the winds from all directions,
In their fury, rolling, roaring,
Tearing branches from the lindens,
Hurling needles from the pine-trees,
Blowing flowers from the heather,
Grasses blowing from the meadow,
Tearing up the very bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea.
Roared the winds and lashed the waters
Till the waves were white with fury;
Tossed the war-ship high in ether,
Tossed away the harp of fish-bone,

Magic harp of Wainamoinen,
To the joy of King Wellamo,
To the pleasure of his people,
To the happiness of Ahto,
Ahto, rising from his caverns,
On the floods beheld his people
Carry off the harp of magic
To their home below the billows.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Heavy-hearted, spake these measures:
"I have lost what I created,
I have lost the harp of joyance;
Now my strength has gone to others,
All my pleasure too departed,
All my hope and comfort vanished!
Nevermore the harp of fish-bone
Will enchant the hosts of Suomi!"
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Sorrow-laden, spake as follows:
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Would that I had never journeyed
On these waters filled with dangers,
On the rolling waste before me,
In this war-ship false and feeble.
Winds and storms have I encountered,
Wretched days of toil and trouble,
I have witnessed in the Northland;
Never have I met such dangers
On the land, nor on the ocean,
Never in my hero life-time!"
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Spake and these the words he uttered:
"Weep no more, my goodly comrades,
In my bark let no one murmur;
Weeping cannot mend disaster,
Tears can never still misfortune,
Mourning cannot save from evil.
"Sea, command thy warring forces,
Bid thy children cease their fury!
Ahto, still thy surging billows!
Sink, Wellamo, to thy slumber,
That our boat may move in safety.
Rise, ye storm-winds, to your kingdoms,
Lift your heads above the waters,
To the regions of your kindred,
To your people and dominions;
Cut the trees within the forest,
Bend the lindens of the valley,
Let our vessel sail in safety!"
Then the reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome wizard, Kaukomieli,
Spake these words in supplication:
"Come, O eagle, Turyalander,
Bring three feathers from thy pinions,
Three, O raven, three, O eagle,

To protect this bark from evil!"
All the heroes of Wainola
Call their forces to the rescue,
And repair the sinking vessel.
By the aid of master-magic,
Wainamoinen saved his war-ship,
Saved his people from destruction,
Well repaired his ship to battle
With the roughest seas of Northland;
Steers his mighty boat in safety
Through the perils of the whirlpool,
Through the watery deeps and dangers.

RUNE XLIII. THE SAMPO LOST IN THE SEA.

Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Called her many tribes together,
Gave the archers bows and arrows,
Gave her brave men spears and broadswords;
Fitted out her mightiest war-ship,
In the vessel placed her army,
With their swords a hundred heroes,
With their bows a thousand archers;
Quick erected masts and sail-yards,
On the masts her sails of linen
Hanging like the clouds of heaven,
Like the white-clouds in the ether,
Sailed across the seas of Pohya,
To re-take the wondrous Sampo
From the heroes of Wainola.
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Sailed across the deep, blue waters,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:
"O thou daring son of Lempo,
Best of all my friends and heroes,
Mount the highest of the topmasts,
Look before you into ether,
Look behind you at the heavens,
Well examine the horizon,
Whether clear or filled with trouble."
Climbed the daring Lemminkainen,
Ever ready for a venture,
To the highest of the mastheads;
Looked he eastward, also westward,
Looked he northward, also southward,
Then addressed wise Wainamoinen.
"Clear the sky appears before me,
But behind a dark horizon;
In the north a cloud is rising,
And a longer cloud at north-west."
Wainamoinen thus made answer:
Art thou speaking truth or fiction?
I am fearful that the war-ships
Of Pohyola are pursuing;
Look again with keener vision."

Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Looked again and spake as follows:
"In the distance seems a forest,
In the south appears an island,
Aspen-groves with falcons laden,
Alders laden with the wood-grouse."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Surely thou art speaking falsehood;
'Tis no forest in the distance,
Neither aspen, birch, nor alders,
Laden with the grouse, or falcon;
I am fearful that Pohyola
Follows with her magic armies;
Look again with keener vision."
Then the daring Lemminkainen
Looked the third time from the topmast,
Spake and these the words be uttered:
"From the north a boat pursues us,
Driven by a hundred rowers,
Carrying a thousand heroes!"
Knew at last old Wainamoinen,
Knew the truth of his inquiry,
Thus addressed his fleeing people:
"Row, O blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Row, O mighty Lemminkainen,
Row, all ye my noble oarsmen,
That our boat may skim the waters,
May escape from our pursuers!"
Rowed the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Rowed the mighty Lemminkainen,
With them rowed the other heroes;
Heavily groaned the helm of birch-wood,
Loudly rattled all the row-locks;
All the vessel shook and trembled,
Like a cataract it thundered
As it plowed the waste of waters,
Tossing sea-foam to the heavens.
Strongly rowed Wainola's forces,
Strongly were their arms united;
But the distance did not widen
Twixt the boat and their pursuers.
Quick the hero, Wainamoinen,
Saw misfortune hanging over,
Saw destruction in the distance
Heavy-hearted, long reflecting,
Trouble-laden, spake as follows:
"Only is there one salvation,
Know one miracle for safety!"
Then he grasped his box of tinder,
From the box he took a flint-stone,
Of the tinder took some fragments,
Cast the fragments on the waters,
Spake these words of master-magic.
"Let from these arise a mountain
From the bottom of the deep-sea,

Let a rock arise in water,
That the war-ship of Pohyola,
With her thousand men and heroes,
May be wrecked upon the summit,
By the aid of surging billows."
Instantly a reef arises,
In the sea springs up a mountain,
Eastward, westward, through the waters.
Came the war-ship of the Northland,
Through the floods the boat came steering,
Sailed against the mountain-ledges,
Fastened on the rocks in water,
Wrecked upon the Mount of Magic.
In the deep-sea fell the topmasts,
Fell the sails upon the billows,
Carried by the winds and waters
O'er the waves of toil and trouble.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Tries to free her sinking vessel,
Tries to rescue from destruction;
But she cannot raise the war-ship,
Firmly fixed upon the mountain;
Shattered are the ribs and rudder,
Ruined is the ship of Pohya.
Then the hostess of the Northland,
Much disheartened, spake as follows:
"Where the force, in earth or heaven,
That will help a soul in trouble?"
Quick she changes form and feature,
Makes herself another body;
Takes five sharpened scythes of iron,
Also takes five goodly sickles,
Shapes them into eagle-talons;
Takes the body of the vessel,
Makes the frame-work of an eagle;
Takes the vessel's ribs and flooring
Makes them into wings and breastplate;
For the tail she shapes the rudder;
In the wings she plants a thousand
Seniors with their bows and arrows;
Sets a thousand magic heroes
In the body, armed with broadswords
In the tail a hundred archers,
With their deadly spears and cross-bows,
Thus the bird is hero-feathered.
Quick she spreads her mighty pinions,
Rises as a monster-eagle,
Flies on high, and soars, and circles
With one wing she sweeps the heavens,
While the other sweeps the waters.
Spake the hero's ocean-mother:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Turn thy vision to the north-east,
Cast thine eyes upon the sunrise,
Look behind thy fleeing vessel,

See the eagle of misfortune!“
Wainamoinen turned as bidden,
Turned his vision to the north-east,
Cast his eyes upon the sunrise,
There beheld the Northland-hostess,
Wicked witch of Sariola,
Flying as a monster-eagle,
Swooping on his mighty war-ship;
Flies and perches on the topmast,
On the sail-yards firmly settles;
Nearly overturns the vessel
Of the heroes of Wainola,
Underneath the weight of envy.
Then the hero, Ilmarinen,
Turned to Ukko as his refuge,
Thus entreated his Creator:
”Ukko, thou O God in heaven,
Thou Creator full of mercy,
Guard us from impending danger,
That thy children may not perish,
May not meet with fell destruction.
Hither bring thy magic fire-cloak,
That thy people, thus protected,
May resist Pohyola’s forces,
Well may fight against the hostess
Of the dismal Sariola,
May not fall before her weapons,
May not in the deep-sea perish!“
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Thus addressed the ancient Louhi:
”O thou hostess of Pohyola,
Wilt thou now divide the Sampo,
On the fog-point in the water,
On the island forest-covered?
Thus the Northland hostess answered:
”I will not divide the Sampo,
Not with thee, thou evil wizard,
Not with wicked Wainamoinen!”
Quick the mighty eagle, Louhi,
Swoops upon the lid in colors,
Grasps the Sampo in her talons;
But the daring Lemminkainen
Straightway draws his blade of battle,
Draws his broadsword from his girdle,
Cleaves the talons of the eagle,
One toe only is uninjured,
Speaks these magic words of conquest:
”Down, ye spears, and down, ye broadswords,
Down, ye thousand witless heroes,
Down, ye feathered hosts of Louhi!”
Spake the hostess of Pohyola,
Calling, screeching, from the sail-yards:
”O thou faithless Lemminkainen,
Wicked wizard, Kaukomieli,
To deceive thy trusting mother!

Thou didst give to her thy promise,
Not to go to war for ages,
Not to war for sixty summers,
Though desire for gold impels thee,
Though thou wishest gold and silver!
Wainamoinen, ancient hero,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
Thinking he had met destruction,
Snatched the rudder from the waters,
With it smote the monster-eagle,
Smote the eagle's iron talons,
Smote her countless feathered heroes.
From her breast her hosts descended,
Spearmen fell upon the billows,
From the wings descend a thousand,
From the tail, a hundred archers.
Swoops again the bird of Pohya
To the bottom of the vessel,
Like the hawk from birch or aspen,
Like the falcon from the linden;
Grasps the Sampo with one talon,
Drags the treasure to the waters,
Drops the magic lid in colors
From the red rim of the war-ship
To the bottom of the deep-sea,
Where the Sampo breaks in pieces,
Scatters through the Alue-waters,
In the mighty deeps for ages,
To increase the ocean's treasures,
Treasures for the hosts of Ahto.
Nevermore will there be wanting
Richness for the Ahto-nation,
Never while the moonlight brightens
On the waters of the Northland.
Many fragments of the Sampo
Floated on the purple waters,
On the waters deep and boundless,
Rocked by winds and waves of Suomi,
Carried by the rolling billows
To the sea-sides of Wainola.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Saw the fragments of the treasure
Floating on the billows landward,
Fragments of the lid in colors,
Much rejoicing, spake as follows:
"Thence will come the sprouting seed-grain,
The beginning of good fortune,
The unending of resources,
From the plowing and the sowing,
From the glimmer of the moonlight,
From the splendor of the sunshine,
On the fertile plains of Suomi,
On the meads of Kalevala."
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Thus addressed old Wainamoinen:

"Know I other mighty measures,
Know I means that are efficient,
And against thy golden moonlight,
And the splendor of thy sunshine,
And thy plowing, and thy reaping;
In the rocks I'll sink the moonbeams,
Hide the sun within the mountain,
Let the frost destroy thy sowings,
Freeze the crops on all thy corn-fields;
Iron-hail I'll send from heaven,
On the richness of thine acres,
On the barley of thy planting;
I will drive the bear from forests,
Send thee Otso from the thickets,
That he may destroy thy cattle,
May annihilate thy sheep-folds,
May destroy thy steeds at pasture.
I will send thee nine diseases,
Each more fatal than the other,
That will sicken all thy people,
Make thy children sink and perish,
Nevermore to visit Northland,
Never while the moonlight glimmers
On the plains of Kalevala!"

Thus the ancient bard made answer:
"Not a Laplander can banish
Wainamoinen and his people;
Never can a Turyalander
Drive my tribes from Kalevala;
God alone has power to banish,
God controls the fate of nations,
Never trusts the arms of evil,
Never gives His strength to others.
As I trust in my Creator,
Call upon benignant Ukko,
He will guard my crops from danger
Drive the Frost-fiend from my corn-fields,
Drive great Otso to his caverns.

"Wicked Louhi of Pohyola,
Thou canst banish evil-doers,
In the rocks canst hide the wicked,
In thy mountains lock the guilty;
Thou canst never hide the moonlight,
Never bide the silver sunshine,
In the caverns of thy kingdom.
Freeze the crops of thine own planting,
Freeze the barley of thy sowing,
Send thine iron-hail from heaven
To destroy the Lapland corn-fields,
To annihilate thy people,
To destroy the hosts of Pohya;
Send great Otso from the heather,
Send the sharp-tooth from the forest,
To the fields of Sariola,
On the herds and flocks of Louhi!"

Thus the wicked hostess answered:
“All my power has departed,
All my strength has gone to others,
All my hope is in the deep-sea;
In the waters lies my Sampo!”
Then the hostess of Pohyola
Home departed, weeping, wailing,
To the land of cold and darkness;
Only took some worthless fragments
Of the Sampo to her people;
Carried she the lid to Pohya,
In the blue-sea left the handle;
Hence the poverty of Northland,
And the famines of Pohyola.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Hastened to the broad-sea’s margin,
Stepped upon the shore in joyance;
Found there fragments of the Sampo,
Fragments of the lid in colors,
On the borders of the waters,
On the curving sands and sea-sides;
Gathered well the Sampo-relics
From the waters near the fog-point,
On the island forest-covered.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen,
Spake these words in supplication:
“Grant, O Ukko, our Creator,
Grant to us, thy needful children,
Peace, and happiness, and plenty,
That our lives may be successful,
That our days may end in honor,
On the vales and hills of Suomi,
On the prairies of Wainola,
In the homes of Kalevala!
”Ukko, wise and good Creator,
Ukko, God of love and mercy,
Shelter and protect thy people
From the evil-minded heroes,
From the wiles of wicked women,
That our country’s plagues may leave us,
That thy faithful tribes may prosper.
Be our friend and strong protector,
Be the helper of thy children,
In the night a roof above them,
In the day a shield around them,
That the sunshine may not vanish,
That the moonlight may not lessen,
That the killing frosts may leave them,
And destructive hail pass over.
Build a metal wall around us,
From the valleys to the heavens;
Build of stone a mighty fortress
On the borders of Wainola,
Where thy people live and labor,
As their dwelling-place forever,

Sure protection to thy people,
Where the wicked may not enter,
Nor the thieves break through and pilfer,
Never while the moonlight glistens,
And the Sun brings golden blessings
To the plains of Kalevala.“

RUNE XLIV. BIRTH OF THE SECOND HARP.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Long reflecting, sang these measures:
”It is now the time befitting
To awaken joy and gladness,
Time for me to touch the harp-strings,
Time to sing the songs primeval,
In these spacious halls and mansions,
In these homes of Kalevala;
But, alas! my harp lies hidden,
Sunk upon the deep-sea’s bottom,
To the salmon’s hiding-places,
To the dwellings of the whiting,
To the people of Wellamo,
Where the Northland-pike assemble.
Nevermore will I regain it,
Ahto never will return it,
Joy and music gone forever!
“O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Forge for me a rake of iron,
Thickly set the teeth of copper,
Many fathoms long the handle;
Make a rake to search the waters,
Search the broad-sea to the bottom,
Rake the weeds and reeds together,
Rake them to the curving sea-shore,
That I may regain my treasure,
May regain my harp of fish-bow
From the whiting’s place of resting,
From the caverns of the salmon,
From the castles of Wellamo.”
Thereupon young Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-worker,
Forges well a rake of iron,
Teeth in length a hundred fathoms,
And a thousand long the handle,
Thickly sets the teeth of copper.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Takes the rake of magic metals,
Travels but a little distance,
To the cylinders of oak-wood,
To the copper-banded rollers,
Where he finds two ships awaiting,
One was new, the other ancient.
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Thus addressed the new-made vessel:
“Go, thou boat of master-magic,

Hasten to the willing waters,
Speed away upon the blue-sea,
And without the hand to move thee;
Let my will impel thee seaward."
Quick the boat rolled to the billows
On the cylinders of oak-wood,
Quick descended to the waters,
Willingly obeyed his master.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Then began to rake the sea-beds,
Raked up all the water-flowers,
Bits of broken reeds and rushes,
Deep-sea shells and colored pebbles,
Did not find his harp of fish-bone,
Lost forever to Wainola!
Thereupon the ancient minstrel
Left the waters, homeward hastened,
Cap pulled clown upon his forehead,
Sang this song with sorrow laden:
"Nevermore shall I awaken
With my harp-strings, joy and gladness!
Nevermore will Wainamoinen
Charm the people of the Northland
With the harp of his creation!
Nevermore my songs will echo
O'er the hills of Kalevala!"
Thereupon the ancient singer
Went lamenting through the forest,
Wandered through the sighing pine-woods,
Heard the wailing of a birch-tree,
Heard a juniper complaining;
Drawing nearer, waits and listens,
Thus the birch-tree he addresses:
"Wherefore, brother, art thou weeping,
Merry birch enrobed in silver,
Silver-leaved and silver-tasselled?
Art thou shedding tears of sorrow,
Since thou art not led to battle,
Not enforced to war with wizards?
Wisely does the birch make answer:
"This the language of the many,
Others speak as thou, unjustly,
That I only live in pleasure,
That my silver leaves and tassels
Only whisper my rejoicings;
That I have no cares, no sorrows,
That I have no hours unhappy,
Knowing neither pain nor trouble.
I am weeping for my smallness,
Am lamenting for my weakness,
Have no sympathy, no pity,
Stand here motionless for ages,
Stand alone in fen and forest,
In these woodlands vast and joyless.
Others hope for coming summers,

For the beauties of the spring-time;
I, alas! a helpless birch-tree,
Dread the changing of the seasons,
I must give my bark to, others,
Lose my leaves and silken tassels.
Men come the Suomi children,
Peel my bark and drink my life-blood:
Wicked shepherds in the summer,
Come and steal my belt of silver,
Of my bark make berry-baskets,
Dishes make, and cups for drinking.
Oftentimes the Northland maidens
Cut my tender limbs for birch-brooms,⁷
Bind my twigs and silver tassels
Into brooms to sweep their cabins;
Often have the Northland heroes
Chopped me into chips for burning;
Three times in the summer season,
In the pleasant days of spring-time,
Foresters have ground their axes
On my silver trunk and branches,
Robbed me of my life for ages;
This my spring-time joy and pleasure,
This my happiness in summer,
And my winter days no better!
When I think of former troubles,
Sorrow settles on my visage,
And my face grows white with anguish;
Often do the winds of winter
And the hoar-frost bring me sadness,
Blast my tender leaves and tassels,
Bear my foliage to others,
Rob me of my silver raiment,
Leave me naked on the mountain,
Lone, and helpless, and disheartened!"
Spake the good, old Wainamoinen:
"Weep no longer, sacred birch-tree,
Mourn no more, my friend and brother,
Thou shalt have a better fortune;
I will turn thy grief to joyance,
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness."
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Made a harp from sacred birch-wood,
Fashioned in the days of summer,
Beautiful the harp of magic,
By the master's hand created
On the fog-point in the Big-Sea,
On the island forest-covered,
Fashioned from the birch the archings,
And the frame-work from the aspen.
These the words of the magician:
"All the archings are completed,
And the frame is fitly finished;
Whence the hooks and pins for tuning,
That the harp may sing in concord?"

Near the way-side grew an oak-tree,
Skyward grew with equal branches,
On each twig an acorn growing,
Golden balls upon each acorn,
On each ball a singing cuckoo.
As each cuckoo's call resounded,
Five the notes of song that issued
From the songster's throat of joyance;
From each throat came liquid music,
Gold and silver for the master,
Flowing to the hills and hillocks,
To the silvery vales and mountains;
Thence he took the merry harp-pins,
That the harp might play in concord.
Spake again wise Wainamoinen:
"I the pins have well completed,
Still the harp is yet unfinished;
Now I need five strings for playing,
Where shall I procure the harp-strings?"
Then the ancient bard and minstrel
Journeyed through the fen and forest.
On a hillock sat a maiden,
Sat a virgin of the valley;
And the maiden was not weeping,
Joyful was the sylvan daughter,
Singing with the woodland songsters,
That the eventide might hasten,
In the hope that her beloved
Would the sooner sit beside her.
Wainamoinen, old and trusted,
Hastened, tripping to the virgin,
Asked her for her golden ringleta,
These the words of the magician.
"Give me, maiden, of thy tresses,
Give to me thy golden ringlets;
I will weave them into harp-strings,
To the joy of Wainamoinen,
To the pleasure of his people."
Thereupon the forest-maiden
Gave the singer of her tresses,
Gave him of her golden ringlets,
And of these he made the harp-strings.
Sources of eternal pleasure
To the people of Wainola.
Thus the sacred harp is finished,
And the minstrel, Wainamoinen,
Sits upon the rock of joyance,
Takes the harp within his fingers,
Turns the arch up, looking skyward;
With his knee the arch supporting,
Sets the strings in tuneful order,
Runs his fingers o'er the harp-strings,
And the notes of pleasure follow.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen,
The eternal wisdom-singer,

Plays upon his harp of birch-wood.
Far away is heard the music,
Wide the harp of joy re-echoes;
Mountains dance and valleys listen,
Flinty rocks are tom asunder,
Stones are hurled upon the waters,
Pebbles swim upon the Big-Sea,
Pines and lindens laugh with pleasure,
Alders skip about the heather,
And the aspen sways in concord.
All the daughters of Wainola
Straightway leave their shining needles,
Hasten forward like the current,
Speed along like rapid rivers,
That they may enjoy and wonder.
Laugh the younger men and maidens,
Happy-hearted are the matrons
Flying swift to bear the playing,
To enjoy the common pleasure,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen.
Aged men and bearded seniors,
Gray-haired mothers with their daughters
Stop in wonderment and listen.
Creeps the babe in full enjoyment
As he hears the magic singing,
Hears the harp of Wainamoinen.
All of Northland stops in wonder,
Speaks in unison these measures:
"Never have we heard such playing,
Never heard such strains of music,
Never since the earth was fashioned,
As the songs of this magician,
This sweet singer, Wainamoinen!"
Far and wide the sweet tones echo,
Ring throughout the seven hamlets,
O'er the seven islands echo;
Every creature of the Northland
Hastens forth to look and listen,
Listen to the songs of gladness,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
All the beasts that haunt the woodlands
Fall upon their knees and wonder
At the playing of the minstrel,
At his miracles of concord.
All the songsters of the forests
Perch upon the trembling branches,
Singing to the wondrous playing
Of the harp of Wainamoinen.
All the dwellers of the waters
Leave their beds, and eaves, and grottoes,
Swim against the shore and listen
To the playing of the minstrel,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
All the little things in nature,
Rise from earth, and fall from ether,

Come and listen to the music,
To the notes of the enchanter,
To the songs of the magician,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Plays the singer of the Northland,
Plays in miracles of sweetness,
Plays one day, and then a second,
Plays the third from morn till even;
Plays within the halls and cabins,
In the dwellings of his people,
Till the floors and ceilings echo,
Till resound the roofs of pine-wood,
Till the windows speak and tremble,
Till the portals echo joyance,
And the hearth-stones sing in pleasure.
As he journeys through the forest,
As he wanders through the woodlands,
Pine and sorb-tree bid him welcome,
Birch and willow bend obeisance,
Beech and aspen bow submission;
And the linden waves her branches
To the measure of his playing,
To the notes of the magician.
As the minstrel plays and wanders,
Sings upon the mead and heather,
Glen and hill his songs re-echo,
Ferns and flowers laugh in pleasure,
And the shrubs attune their voices
To the music of the harp-strings,
To the songs of Wainamoinen.

RUNE XLV. BIRTH OF THE NINE DISEASES.

Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Heard the word in Sariola,
Heard the Dews with ears of envy,
That Wainola lives and prospers,
That Osmoinen's wealth increases,
Through the ruins of the Sampo,
Ruins of the lid in colors.
Thereupon her wrath she kindled,
Well considered, long reflected,
How she might prepare destruction
For the people of Wainola,
For the tribes of Kalevala.
With this prayer she turns to Ukko,
Thus entreats the god of thunder:
"Ukko, thou who art in heaven,
Help me slay Wainola's people
With thine iron-hail of justice,
With thine arrows tipped with lightning,
Or from sickness let them perish,
Let them die the death deserving;
Let the men die in the forest,
And the women in the hurdles!"

The blind daughter of Tuoni,
Old and wicked witch, Lowyatar,
Worst of all the Death-land women,
Ugliest of Mana's children,
Source of all the host of evils,
All the ills and plagues of Northland,
Black in heart, and soul, and visage,
Evil genius of Lappala,
Made her couch along the wayside,
On the fields of sin and sorrow;
Turned her back upon the East-wind,
To the source of stormy weather,
To the chilling winds of morning.
When the winds arose at evening,
Heavy-laden grew Lowyatar,
Through the east-wind's impregnation,
On the sand-plains, vast and barren.
Long she bore her weight of trouble,
Many morns she suffered anguish,
Till at last she leaves the desert,
Makes her couch within the forest,
On a rock upon the mountain;
Labors long to leave her burden
By the mountain-springs and fountains,
By the crystal waters flowing,
By the sacred stream and whirlpool,
By the cataract and fire-stream;
But her burden does not lighten.
Blind Lowyatar, old and ugly,
Knew not where to look for succor,
How to lose her weight of sorrow,
Where to lay her evil children.
Spake the Highest from the heavens,
These, the words of mighty Ukko:
"Is a triangle in Swamp-field,
Near the border of the ocean,
In the never-pleasant Northland,
In the dismal Sariola;
Thither go and lay thy burden,
In Pohyola leave thine offspring;
There the Laplanders await thee,
There will bid thy children welcome."
Thereupon the blind Lowyatar,
Blackest daughter of Tuoni,
Mana's old and ugly maiden,
Hastened on her journey northward,
To the chambers of Pohyola,
To the ancient halls of Louhi,
There to lay her heavy burdens,
There to leave her evil offspring.
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Old and toothless witch of Pohya,
Takes Lowyatar to her mansion;
Silently she leads the stranger
To the bath-rooms of her chamber,

Pours the foaming beer of barley,
Lubricates the bolts and hinges,
That their movements may be secret,
Speaks these measures to Lowyatar:
"Faithful daughter of Creation,
Thou most beautiful of women,
First and last of ancient mothers,
Hasten on thy feet to ocean,
To the ocean's centre hasten,
Take the sea-foam from the waters,
Take the honey of the mermaids,
And anoint thy sacred members,
That thy labors may be lightened.
"Should all this be unavailing,
Ukko, thou who art in heaven,
Hasten hither, thou art needed,
Come thou to thy child in trouble,
Help the helpless and afflicted.
Take thy golden-colored sceptre,
Charm away opposing forces,
Strike the pillars of the stronghold,
Open all resisting portals,
That the great and small may wander
From their ancient hiding-places,
Through the courts and halls of freedom."
Finally the blind Lowyatar,
Wicked witch of Tuonela,
Was delivered of her burden,
Laid her offspring in the cradle,
Underneath the golden covers.
Thus at last were born nine children,
In an evening of the summer,
From Lowyatar, blind and ancient,
Ugly daughter of Tuoni.
Faithfully the virgin-mother
Guards her children in affection,
As an artist loves and nurses
What his skillful hands have fashioned.
Thus Lowyatar named her offspring,
Colic, Pleurisy, and Fever,
Ulcer, Plague, and dread Consumption,
Gout, Sterility, and Cancer.
And the worst of these nine children
Blind Lowyatar quickly banished,
Drove away as an enchanter,
To bewitch the lowland people,
To engender strife and envy.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Banished all the other children
To the fog-point in the ocean,
To the island forest-covered;
Banished all the fatal creatures,
Gave these wicked sons of evil
To the people of Wainola,
To the youth of Kalevala,

For the Kalew-tribe's destruction.
Quick Wainola's maidens sicken,
Young and aged, men and heroes,
With the worst of all diseases,
With diseases new and nameless;
Sick and dying is Wainola.
Thereupon old Wainamoinen,
Wise and wonderful enchanter,
Hastens to his people's rescue,
Hastens to a war with Mana,
To a conflict with Tuoni,
To destroy the evil children
Of the evil maid, Lowyatar.
Wainamoinen heats the bath-rooms,
Heats the blocks of healing-sandstone
With the magic wood of Northland,
Gathered by the sacred river;
Water brings in covered buckets
From the cataract and whirlpool;
Brooms he brings enwrapped with ermine,
Well the bath the healer cleanses,
Softens well the brooms of birch-wood;
Then a honey-heat be wakens,
Fills the rooms with healing vapors,
From the virtue of the pebbles
Glowing in the heat of magic,
Thus he speaks in supplication:
"Come, O Ukko, to my rescue,
God of mercy, lend thy presence,
Give these vapor-baths new virtues,
Grant to them the powers of healing,
And restore my dying people;
Drive away these fell diseases,
Banish them to the unworthy,
Let the holy sparks enkindle,
Keep this heat in healing limits,
That it may not harm thy children,
May not injure the afflicted.
When I pour the sacred waters
On the heated blocks of sandstone,
May the water turn to honey
Laden with the balm of healing.
Let the stream of magic virtues
Ceaseless flow to all my children,
From this bath enrolled in sea-moss,
That the guiltless may not suffer,
That my tribe-folk may not perish,
Till the Master gives permission,
Until Ukko sends his minions,
Sends diseases of his choosing,
To destroy my trusting people.
Let the hostess of Pohyola,
Wicked witch that sent these troubles,
Suffer from a gnawing conscience,
Suffer for her evil doings.

Should the Master of Wainola
Lose his magic skill and weaken,
Should he prove of little service
To deliver from misfortune,
To deliver from these evils,
Then may Ukko be our healer,
Be our strength and wise Physician.
"Omnipresent God of mercy,
Thou who livest in the heavens,
Hasten hither, thou art needed,
Hasten to thine ailing children,
To observe their cruel tortures,
To dispel these fell diseases,
Drive destruction from our borders.
Bring with thee thy mighty fire-sword,
Bring to me thy blade of lightning,
That I may subdue these evils,
That these monsters I may banish,
Send these pains, and ills, and tortures,
To the empire of Tuoni,
To the kingdom of the east-winds,
To the islands of the wicked,
To the caverns of the demons,
To the rocks within the mountains,
To the hidden beds of iron,
That the rocks may fall and sicken,
And the beds of iron perish.
Rocks and metals do not murmur
At the hands of the invader.
"Torture-daughter of Tuoni,
Sitting on the mount of anguish,
At the junction of three rivers,
Turning rocks of pain and torture,
Turn away these fell diseases
Through the virtues of the blue-stone;
Lead them to the water-channels,
Sink them in the deeps of ocean,
Where the winds can never find them,
Where the sunlight never enters.
"Should this prayer prove unavailing,
O, Health-virgin, maid of beauty
Come and heal my dying people,
Still their agonies and anguish,
Give them consciousness and comfort,
Give them healthful rest and slumber;
These diseases take and banish,
Take them in thy copper vessel,
To thy eaves within the mountains,
To the summit of the Pain-rock,
Hurl them to thy boiling caldrons.
In the mountain is a touch-stone,
Lucky-stone of ancient story,
With a hole bored through the centre,
Through this pour these pains and tortures,
Wretched feelings, thoughts of evil,

Human ailments, days unlucky,
 Tribulations, and misfortunes,
 That they may not rise at evening,
 May not see the light of morning."
 Ending thus, old Wainamoinen,
 The eternal, wise enchanter,
 Rubbed his sufferers with balsams,
 Rubbed the tissues, red and painful,
 With the balm of healing flowers,
 Balsams made of herbs enchanted,
 Sprinkled all with healing vapors,
 Spake these words in supplication.
 "Ukko, thou who art in heaven,
 God of justice, and of mercy,
 Send us from the east a rain-cloud,
 Send a dark cloud from the North-west,
 From the north let fall a third one,
 Send us mingled rain and honey,
 Balsam from the great Physician,
 To remove this plague of Northland.
 What I know of healing measures,
 Only comes from my Creator;
 Lend me, therefore, of thy wisdom,
 That I may relieve my people,
 Save them from the fell destroyer,
 If my hands should fall in virtue,
 Let the hands of Ukko follow,
 God alone can save from trouble.
 Come to us with thine enchantment,
 Speak the magic words of healing,
 That my people may not perish;
 Give to all alleviation
 From their sicknesses and sorrows;
 In the morning, in the evening,
 Let their wasting ailments vanish;
 Drive the Death-child from Wainola,
 Nevermore to visit Northland,
 Never in the course of ages,
 Never while the moonlight glimmers
 O'er the lakes of Kalevala."
 Wainamoinen, the enchanter,
 The eternal wisdom-singer,
 Thus expelled the nine diseases,
 Evil children or Lowyatar,
 Healed the tribes of Kalevala,
 Saved his people from destruction.

RUNE XLVI. OTSO THE HONEY-EATER.

Came the tidings to Pohyola,
 To the village of the Northland,
 That Wainola had recovered
 From her troubles and misfortunes,
 From her sicknesses and sorrows.
 Louhi, hostess of the Northland,

Toothless dame of Sariola,
Envy-laden, spake these measures:
"Know I other means of trouble,
I have many more resources;
I will drive the bear before me,
From the heather and the mountain,
Drive him from the fen and forest,
Drive great Otso from the glen-wood
On the cattle of Wainola,
On the flocks of Kalevala."
Thereupon the Northland hostess
Drove the hungry bear of Pohya
From his cavern to the meadows,
To Wainola's plains and pastures.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
To his brother spake as follows:
"O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Forge a spear from magic metals,
Forge a lancet triple-pointed,
Forge the handle out of copper,
That I may destroy great Otso,
Slay the mighty bear of Northland,
That he may not eat my horses,
Nor destroy my herds of cattle,
Nor the flocks upon my pastures."
Thereupon the skillful blacksmith
Forged a spear from magic metals,
Forged a lancet triple-pointed,
Not the longest, nor the shortest,
Forged the spear in wondrous beauty.
On one side a bear was sitting,
Sat a wolf upon the other,
On the blade an elk lay sleeping,
On the shaft a colt was running,
Near the hilt a roebuck bounding.
Snows had fallen from the heavens,
Made the flocks as white as ermine
Or the hare, in days of winter,
And the minstrel sang these measures:
"My desire impels me onward
To the Metsola-dominions,
To the homes of forest-maidens,
To the courts of the white virgins;
I will hasten to the forest,
Labor with the woodland-forces.
"Ruler of the Tapio-forests,
Make of me a conquering hero,
Help me clear these boundless woodlands.
O Mielikki, forest-hostess,
Tapio's wife, thou fair Tellervo,
Call thy dogs and well enchain them,
Set in readiness thy hunters,
Let them wait within their kennels.
"Otso, thou O Forest-apple,
Bear of honey-paws and fur-robies,

Learn that Wainamoinen follows,
That the singer comes to meet thee;
Hide thy claws within thy mittens,
Let thy teeth remain in darkness,
That they may not harm the minstrel,
May be powerless in battle.
Mighty Otso, much beloved,
Honey-eater of the mountains,
Settle on the rocks in slumber,
On the turf and in thy caverns;
Let the aspen wave above thee,
Let the merry birch-tree rustle
O'er thy head for thy protection.
Rest in peace, thou much-loved Otso,
Turn about within thy thickets,
Like the partridge at her brooding,
In the spring-time like the wild-goose."
When the ancient Wainamoinen
Heard his dog bark in the forest,
Heard his hunter's call and echo,
He addressed the words that follow:
"Thought it was the cuckoo calling,
Thought the pretty bird was singing;
It was not the sacred cuckoo,
Not the liquid notes of songsters,
'Twas my dog that called and murmured,
'Twas the echo of my hunter
At the cavern-doors of Otso,
On the border of the woodlands."
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Finds the mighty bear in waiting,
Lifts in joy the golden covers,
Well inspects his shining fur-robcs;
Lifts his honey-paws in wonder,
Then addresses his Creator:
"Be thou praised, O mighty Ukko,
As thou givest me great Otso,
Givest me the Forest-apple,
Thanks be paid to thee unending."
To the bear he spake these measures:
"Otso, thou my well beloved,
Honey-eater of the woodlands,
Let not anger swell thy bosom;
I have not the force to slay thee,
Willingly thy life thou givest
As a sacrifice to Northland.
Thou hast from the tree descended,
Glided from the aspen branches,
Slippery the trunks in autumn,
In the fog-days, smooth the branches.
Golden friend of fen and forest,
In thy fur-robcs rich and beauteous,
Pride of woodlands, famous Light-foot,
Leave thy cold and cheerless dwelling,
Leave thy home within the alders,

Leave thy couch among the willows,
Hasten in thy purple stockings,
Hasten from thy walks restricted,
Come among the haunts of heroes,
Join thy friends in Kalevala.
We shall never treat thee evil,
Thou shalt dwell in peace and plenty,
Thou shalt feed on milk and honey,
Honey is the food of strangers.
Haste away from this thy covert,
From the couch of the unworthy,
To a couch beneath the rafters
Of Wainola's ancient dwellings.
Haste thee onward o'er the snow-plain,
As a leaflet in the autumn;
Skip beneath these birchen branches,
As a squirrel in the summer,
As a cuckoo in the spring-time."
Wainamoinen, the magician,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
O'er the snow-fields hastened homeward,
Singing o'er the hills and mountains,
With his guest, the ancient Otso,
With his friend, the famous Light-foot,
With the Honey-paw of Northland.
Far away was heard the singing,
Heard the playing of the hunter,
Heard the songs of Wainamoinen;
All the people heard and wondered,
Men and maidens, young and aged,
From their cabins spake as follows:
"Hear the echoes from the woodlands,
Hear the bugle from the forest,
Hear the flute-notes of the songsters,
Hear the pipes of forest-maidens!"
Wainamoinen, old and trusty,
Soon appears within the court-yard.
Rush the people from their cabins,
And the heroes ask these questions:
"Has a mine of gold been opened,
Hast thou found a vein of silver,
Precious jewels in thy pathway?
Does the forest yield her treasures,
Give to thee the Honey-eater?
Does the hostess of the woodlands,
Give to thee the lynx and adder,
Since thou comest home rejoicing,
Playing, singing, on thy snow-shoes?"
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Gave this answer to his people:
"For his songs I caught the adder,
Caught the serpent for his wisdom;
Therefore do I come rejoicing,
Singing, playing, on my snow-shoes.
Not the mountain lynx, nor serpent,

Comes, however, to our dwellings;
The Illustrious is coming,
Pride and beauty of the forest,
'Tis the Master comes among us,
Covered with his friendly fur-robe.
Welcome, Otso, welcome, Light-foot,
Welcome, Loved-one from the glenwood!
If the mountain guest is welcome,
Open wide the gates of entry;
If the bear is thought unworthy,
Bar the doors against the stranger.“
This the answer of the tribe-folk:
”We salute thee, mighty Otso,
Honey-paw, we bid thee welcome,
Welcome to our courts and cabins,
Welcome, Light-foot, to our tables
Decorated for thy coming!
We have wished for thee for ages,
Waiting since the days of childhood,
For the notes of Tapio’s bugle,
For the singing of the wood-nymphs,
For the coming of dear Otso,
For the forest gold and silver,
Waiting for the year of plenty,
Longing for it as for summer,
As the shoe waits for the snow-fields,
As the sledge for beaten highways,
As the maiden for her suitor,
And the wife her husband’s coming;
Sat at evening by the windows,
At the gates have, sat at morning,
Sat for ages at the portals,
Near the granaries in winter, Vanished,
Till the snow-fields warmed and
Till the sails unfurled in joyance,
Till the earth grew green and blossomed,
Thinking all the while as follows:
“Where is our beloved Otso,
Why delays our forest-treasure?
Has he gone to distant Ehstland,
To the upper glens of Suomi?”
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
“Whither shall I lead the stranger,
Whither take the golden Light-foot?
Shall I lead him to the garner,
To the house of straw conduct him?”
This the answer of his tribe-folk:
“To the dining-hall lead Otso,
Greatest hero of the Northland.
Famous Light-foot, Forest-apple,
Pride and glory of the woodlands,
Have no fear before these maidens,
Fear not curly-headed virgins,
Clad in silver-tinselled raiment
Maidens hasten to their chambers

When dear Otso joins their number,
When the hero comes among them.”
This the prayer of Wainamoinen:
“Grant, O Ukko, peace and plenty
Underneath these painted rafters,
In this ornamented dwelling;
Thanks be paid to gracious Ukko!”
Spake again the ancient minstrel:
“Whither shall we lead dear Otso,
’Whither take the fur-clad stranger?
This the answer of his people:
”Hither let the fur-robed Light-foot
Be saluted on his coming;
Let the Honey-paw be welcomed
To the hearth-stone of the penthouse,
Welcomed to the boiling caldrons,
That we may admire his fur-robe,
May behold his cloak with joyance.
Have no care, thou much-loved Otso,
Let not anger swell thy bosom
As thy coat we view with pleasure;
We thy fur shall never injure,
Shall not make it into garments
To protect unworthy people.”
Thereupon wise Wainamoinen
Pulled the sacred robe from Otso,
Spread it in the open court-yard,
Cut the members into fragments,
Laid them in the heating caldrons,
In the copper-bottomed vessels—
O’er the fire the crane was hanging,
On the crane were hooks of copper,
On the hooks the broiling-vessels
Filled with bear-steak for the feasting,
Seasoned with the salt of Dwina,
From the Saxon-land imported,
From the distant Dwina-waters,
From the salt-sea brought in shallops.
Ready is the feast of Otso;
From the fire are swung the kettles
On the crane of polished iron;
In the centers of the tables
Is the bear displayed in dishes,
Golden dishes, decorated;
Of the fir-tree and the linden
Were the tables newly fashioned;
Drinking cups were forged from copper,
Knives of gold and spoons of silver;
Filled the vessels to their borders
With the choicest bits of Light-foot,
Fragments of the Forest-apple.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen
”Ancient one with bosom golden,
Potent voice in Tapio’s councils
Metsola’s most lovely hostess,

Hostess of the glen and forest,
Hero-son of Tapiola,
Stalwart youth in cap of scarlet,
Tapio's most beauteous virgin,
Fair Tellervo of the woodlands,
Metsola with all her people,
Come, and welcome, to the feasting,
To the marriage-feast of Otso!
All sufficient, the provisions,
Food to eat and drink abundant,
Plenty for the hosts assembled,
Plenty more to give the village."
This the question of the people:
"Tell us of the birth of Otso!
Was he born within a manger,
Was he nurtured in the bath-room
Was his origin ignoble?"
This is Wainamoinen's answer:
"Otso was not born a beggar,
Was not born among the rushes,
Was not cradled in a manger;
Honey-paw was born in ether,
In the regions of the Moon-land,
On the shoulders of Otava,
With the daughters of creation.
"Through the ether walked a maiden,
On the red rims of the cloudlets,
On the border of the heavens,
In her stockings purple-tinted,
In her golden-colored sandals.
In her hand she held a wool-box,
With a hair-box on her shoulder;
Threw the wool upon the ocean,
And the hair upon the rivers;
These are rocked by winds and waters,
Water-currents bear them onward,
Bear them to the sandy sea-shore,
Land them near the Woods of honey,
On an island forest-covered.
"Fair Mielikki, woodland hostess,
Tapio's most cunning daughter,
Took the fragments from the sea-side,
Took the white wool from the waters,
Sewed the hair and wool together,
Laid the bundle in her basket,
Basket made from bark of birch-wood,
Bound with cords the magic bundle;
With the chains of gold she bound it
To the pine-tree's topmost branches.
There she rocked the thing of magic,
Rocked to life the tender baby,
Mid the blossoms of the pine-tree,
On the fir-top set with needles;
Thus the young bear well was nurtured,
Thus was sacred Otso cradled

On the honey-tree of Northland,
In the middle of the forest.
"Sacred Otso grew and flourished,
Quickly grew with graceful movements,
Short of feet, with crooked ankles,
Wide of mouth and broad of forehead,
Short his nose, his fur-robe velvet;
But his claws were not well fashioned,
Neither were his teeth implanted.
Fair Mielikki, forest hostess,
Spake these words in meditation:
'Claws I should be pleased to give him,
And with teeth endow the wonder,
Would he not abuse the favor.'
"Swore the bear a promise sacred,
On his knees before Mielikki,
Hostess of the glen and forest,
And before omniscient Ukko,
First and last of all creators,
That he would not harm the worthy,
Never do a deed of evil.
Then Mielikki, woodland hostess,
Wisest maid of Tapiola,
Sought for teeth and claws to give him,
From the stoutest mountain-ashes,
From the juniper and oak tree,
From the dry knots of the alder.
Teeth and claws of these were worthless,
Would not render goodly service.
"Grew a fir-tree on the mountain,
Grew a stately pine in Northland,
And the fir had silver branches,
Bearing golden cones abundant;
These the sylvan maiden gathered,
Teeth and claws of these she fashioned
In the jaws and feet of Otso,
Set them for the best of uses.
Then she freed her new-made creature,
Let the Light-foot walk and wander,
Let him lumber through the marshes,
Let him amble through the forest,
Roll upon the plains and pastures;
Taught him how to walk a hero,
How to move with graceful motion,
How to live in ease and pleasure,
How to rest in full contentment,
In the moors and in the marshes,
On the borders of the woodlands;
How unshod to walk in summer,
Stockingless to run in autumn;
How to rest and sleep in winter
In the clumps of alder-bushes
Underneath the sheltering fir-tree,
Underneath the pine's protection,
Wrapped securely in his fur-robcs,

With the juniper and willow.
This the origin of Otso,
Honey-eater of the Northlands,
Whence the sacred booty cometh.
Thus again the people questioned:
Why became the woods so gracious,
Why so generous and friendly?
Why is Tapio so humored,
That he gave his dearest treasure,
Gave to thee his Forest-apple,
Honey-eater of his kingdom?
Was he startled with thine arrows,
Frightened with the spear and broadsword?"

Wainamoinen, the magician,
Gave this answer to the question:
"Filled with kindness was the forest,
Glen and woodland full of greetings,
Tapio showing greatest favor.
Fair Mielikki, forest hostess,
Metsola's bewitching daughter,
Beauteous woodland maid, Tellervo,
Gladly led me on my journey,
Smoothed my pathway through the glen-wood.
Marked the trees upon the mountains,
Pointing me to Otso's caverns,
To the Great Bear's golden island.
"When my journeyings had ended,
When the bear had been discovered,
Had no need to launch my javelins,
Did not need to aim the arrow;
Otso tumbled in his vaulting,
Lost his balance in his cradle,
In the fir-tree where he slumbered;
Tore his breast upon the branches,
Freely gave his life to others.
"Mighty Otso, my beloved,
Thou my golden friend and hero,
Take thy fur-cap from thy forehead,
Lay aside thy teeth forever,
Hide thy fingers in the darkness,
Close thy mouth and still thine anger,
While thy sacred skull is breaking.
"Now I take the eyes of Otso,
Lest he lose the sense of seeing,
Lest their former powers shall weaken;
Though I take not all his members,
Not alone must these be taken.
"Now I take the ears of Otso,
Lest he lose the sense of hearing,
Lest their former powers shall weaken;
Though I take not all his members,
Not alone must these be taken.
"Now I take the nose of Otso,
Lest he lose the sense of smelling,
Lest its former powers shall weaken;

Though I take not all his members,
Not alone must this be taken.
“Now I take the tongue of Otso,
Lest he lose the sense of tasting
Lest its former powers shall weaken;
Though I take not all his members,
Not alone must this be taken.
”Now I take the brain of Otso,
Lest he lose the means of thinking,
Lest his consciousness should fail him,
Lest his former instincts weaken;
Though I take not all his members,
Not alone must this be taken.
“I will reckon him a hero,
That will count the teeth of Light-foot,
That will loosen Otso’s fingers
From their settings firmly fastened.”
None he finds with strength sufficient
To perform the task demanded.
Therefore ancient Wainamoinen
Counts the teeth of sacred Otso;
Loosens all the claws of Light-foot,
With his fingers strong as copper,
Slips them from their firm foundations,
Speaking to the bear these measures:
“Otso, thou my Honey-eater,
Thou my Fur-ball of the woodlands,
Onward, onward, must thou journey
From thy low and lonely dwelling,
To the court-rooms of the village.
Go, my treasure, through the pathway
Near the herds of swine and cattle,
To the hill-tops forest covered,
To the high and rising mountains,
To the spruce-trees filled with needles,
To the branches of the pine-tree;
There remain, my Forest-apple,
Linger there in lasting slumber,
Where the silver bells are ringing,
To the pleasure of the shepherd.”
Thus beginning, and thus ending,
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Hastened from his emptied tables,
And the children thus addressed him:
“Whither hast thou led thy booty,
Where hast left thy Forest-apple,
Sacred Otso of the woodlands?
Hast thou left him on the iceberg,
Buried him upon the snow-field?
Hast thou sunk him in the quicksand,
Laid him low beneath the heather?”
Wainamoinen spake in answer:
“Have not left him on the iceberg,
Have not buried him in snow-fields;
There the dogs would soon devour him,

Birds of prey would feast upon him;
Have not hidden him in Swamp-land,
Have not buried him in heather;
There the worms would live upon him,
Insects feed upon his body.
Thither I have taken Otso,
To the summit of the Gold-hill,
To the copper-bearing mountain,
Laid him in his silken cradle
In the summit of a pine-tree,
Where the winds and sacred branches
Rock him to his lasting slumber,
To the pleasure of the hunter,
To the joy of man and hero.
To the east his lips are pointing,
While his eyes are northward looking;
But dear Otso looks not upward,
For the fierceness of the storm-winds
Would destroy his sense of vision.”
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Touched again his harp of joyance,
Sang again his songs enchanting,
To the pleasure of the evening,
To the joy of morn arising.
Spake the singer of Wainola:
“Light for me a torch of pine-wood,
For the darkness is appearing,
That my playing may be joyous
And my wisdom-songs find welcome.”
Then the ancient sage and singer,
Wise and worthy Wainamoinen,
Sweetly sang and played, and chanted,
Through the long and dreary evening,
Ending thus his incantation:
“Grant, O Ukko, my Creator,
That the people of Wainola
May enjoy another banquet
In the company of Light-foot;
Grant that we may long remember
Kalevala’s feast with Otso!
”Grant, O Ukko, my Creator,
That the signs may guide our footsteps,
That the notches in the pine-tree
May direct my faithful people
To the bear-dens of the woodlands;
That great Tapio’s sacred bugle
May resound through glen and forest;
That the wood-nymph’s call may echo,
May be heard in field and hamlet,
To the joy of all that listen!
Let great Tapio’s horn for ages
Ring throughout the fen and forest,
Through the hills and dales of Northland
O’er the meadows and the mountains,
To awaken song and gladness

In the forests of Wainola,
On the snowy plains of Suomi,
On the meads of Kalevala,
For the coming generations.“

RUNE XLVII. LOUHI STEALS SUN, MOON, AND FIRE.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Touched again his magic harp-strings,
Sang in miracles of concord,
Filled the north with joy and gladness.
Melodies arose to heaven,
Songs arose to Luna's chambers,
Echoed through the Sun's bright windows
And the Moon has left her station,
Drops and settles in the birch-tree;
And the Sun comes from his castle,
Settles in the fir-tree branches,
Comes to share the common pleasure,
Comes to listen to the singing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Northland's old and toothless wizard,
Makes the Sun and Moon her captives;
In her arms she takes fair Luna
From her cradle in the birch-tree,
Calls the Sun down from his station,
From the fir-tree's bending branches,
Carries them to upper Northland,
To the darksome Sariola;
Hides the Moon, no more to glimmer,
In a rock of many colors;
Hides the Sun, to shine no longer,
In the iron-banded mountain;
Thereupon these words she utters:
"Moon of gold and Sun of silver,
Hide your faces in the caverns
Of Pohyola's dismal mountain;
Shine no more to gladden Northland,
Till I come to give ye freedom,
Drawn by coursers nine in number,
Sable coursers of one mother!"
When the golden Moon had vanished,
And the silver Sun had hidden
In the iron-banded caverns,
Louhi stole the fire from Northland,
From the regions of Wainola,
Left the mansions cold and cheerless,
And the cabins full of darkness.
Night was king and reigned unbroken,
Darkness ruled in Kalevala,
Darkness in the home of Ukko.
Hard to live without the moonlight,
Harder still without the sunshine;
Ukko's life is dark and dismal,

When the Sun and Moon desert him.
Ukko, first of all creators,
Lived in wonder at the darkness;
Long reflected, well considered,
Why this miracle in heaven,
What this accident in nature
To the Moon upon her journey;
Why the Sun no more is shining,
Why has disappeared the moonlight.
Then great Ukko walked the heavens,
To the border of the cloudlets,
In his purple-colored vestments,
In his silver-tinselled sandals,
Seeking for the golden moonlight,
Looking for the silver sunshine.
Lightning Ukko struck in darkness
From the edges of his fire-sword;
Shot the flames in all directions,
From his blade of golden color,
Into heaven's upper spaces,
Into Ether's starry pastures.
When a little fire had kindled,
Ukko hid it in the cloud-space,
In a box of gold and silver,
In a case adorned with silver,
Gave it to the ether-maidens,
Called a virgin then to rock it,
That it might become a new-moon,
That a second sun might follow.
On the long-cloud rocked the virgin,
On the blue-edge of the ether,
Rocked the fire of the Creator,
In her copper-colored cradle,
With her ribbons silver-studded.
Lowly bend the bands of silver,
Loud the golden cradle echoes,
And the clouds of Northland thunder,
Low descends the dome of heaven,
At the rocking of the lightning,
Rocking of the fire of Ukko.
Thus the flame was gently cradled
By the virgin of the ether.
Long the fair and faithful maiden
Stroked the Fire-child with her fingers,
Tended it with care and pleasure,
Till in an unguarded moment
It escaped the Ether-virgin,
Slipped the hands of her that nursed it.
Quick the heavens are burst asunder,
Quick the vault of Ukko opens,
Downward drops the wayward Fire-child,
Downward quick the red-ball rushes,
Shoots across the arch of heaven,
Hisses through the startled cloudlets,
Flashes through the troubled welkin,

Through nine starry vaults of ether.
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Spake and these the words he uttered:
"Blacksmith brother, Ilmarinen,
Let us haste and look together,
What the kind of fire that falleth,
What the form of light that shineth
From the upper vault of heaven,
From the lower earth and ocean.
Has a second moon arisen,
Can it be a ball of sunlight?
Thereupon the heroes wandered,
Onward journeyed and reflected,
How to gain the spot illumined,
How to find the sacred Fire-child.
Came a river rushing by them,
Broad and stately as an ocean.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
There began to build a vessel,
Build a boat to cross the river.
With the aid of Ilmarinen,
From the oak he cut the row-locks,
From the pine the oars be fashioned,
From the aspen shapes the rudder.
When the vessel they had finished,
Quick they rolled it to the current,
Hard they rowed and ever forward,
On the Nawa-stream and waters,
At the head of Nawa-river.
Ilmatar, the ether-daughter,
Foremost daughter of creation,
Came to meet them on their journey,
Thus addressed the coming strangers:
"Who are ye of Northland heroes,
Rowing on the Nawa-waters?"
Wainamoinen gave this answer:
"This the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
I the ancient Wainamoinen.
Tell us now thy name and station,
Whither going, whence thou comest,
Where thy tribe-folk live and linger?
Spake the daughter of the Ether:
"I the oldest of the women,
Am the first of Ether's daughters,
Am the first of ancient mothers;
Seven times have I been wedded.
To the heroes of creation.
Whither do ye strangers journey?
Answered thus old Wainamoinen:
"Fire has left Wainola's hearth-stones,
Light has disappeared from Northland;
Have been sitting long in darkness,
Cold and darkness our companions;
Now we journey to discover
What the fire that fell from heaven,

Falling from the cloud's red lining,
To the deeps of earth and ocean."
Ilmatar returned this answer:
"Hard the flame is to discover,
Hard indeed to find the Fire-child;
Has committed many mischiefs,
Nothing good has he accomplished;
Quick the fire-ball fell from ether,
From the red rims of the cloudlets,
From the plains of the Creator,
Through the ever-moving heavens,
Through the purple ether-spaces,
Through the blackened flues of Turi,
To Palwoinen's rooms uncovered.
When the fire had reached the chambers
Of Palwoinen, son of evil,
He began his wicked workings,
He engaged in lawless actions,
Raged against the blushing maidens,
Fired the youth to evil conduct,
Singed the beards of men and heroes.
"Where the mother nursed her baby,
In the cold and cheerless cradle,
Thither flew the wicked Fire-child,
There to perpetrate some mischief;
In the cradle burned the infant,
By the infant burned the mother,
That the babe might visit Mana,
In the kingdom of Tuoni;
Said the child was born for dying,
Only destined for destruction,
Through the tortures of the Fire-child.
Greater knowledge had the mother,
Did not journey to Manala,
Knew the word to check the red-flame,
How to banish the intruder
Through the eyelet of a needle,
Through the death-hole of the hatchet."
Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Questioned Ilmatar as follows:
"Whither did the Fire-child wander,
Whither did the red-flame hasten,
From the border-fields of Turi,
To the woods, or to the waters?
Straightway Ilmatar thus answers:
"When the fire had fled from Turi,
From the castles of Palwoinen,
Through the eyelet of the needle,
Through the death-hole of the hatchet,
First it burned the fields, and forests,
Burned the lowlands, and the heather;
Then it sought the mighty waters,
Sought the Alue-sea and river,
And the waters hissed and sputtered
In their anger at the Fire-child,

Fiery red the boiling Alue!
"Three times in the nights of, summer,
Nine times in the nights of autumn,
Boil the waters to the tree-tops,
Roll and tumble to the mountain,
Through the red-ball's force and fury;
Hurls the pike upon the pastures,
To the mountain-cliffs, the salmon,
Where the ocean-dwellers wonder,
Long reflect and well consider
How to still the angry waters.
Wept the salmon for his grotto,
Mourned the whiting for his cavern,
And the lake-trout for his dwelling,
Quick the crook-necked salmon darted,
Tried to catch the fire-intruder,
But the red-ball quick escaped him;
Darted then the daring whiting,
Swallowed quick the wicked Fire-child,
Swallowed quick the flame of evil.
Quiet grow the Alue-waters,
Slowly settle to their shore-lines,
To their long-accustomed places,
In the long and dismal evening.
"Time had gone but little distance,
When the whiting grow affrighted,
Fear befel the fire-devourer;
Burning pain and writhing tortures
Seized the eater of the Fire-child;
Swam the fish in all directions,
Called, and moaned, and swam, and circled,
Swam one day, and then a second,
Swam the third from morn till even;
Swam she to the whiting-island,
To the caverns of the salmon,
Where a hundred islands cluster;
And the islands there assembled
Thus addressed the fire-devourer:
'There is none within these waters,
In this narrow Alue-lakelet,
That will eat the fated Fire-fish
That will swallow thee in trouble,
In thine agonies and torture
From the Fire-child thou hast eaten.'
"Hearing this a trout forth darting,
Swallowed quick as light the whiting,
Quickly ate the fire-devourer.
Time had gone but little distance,
When the trout became affrighted,
Fear befel the whiting-eater;
Burning pain and writhing torment
Seized the eater of the Fire-fish.
Swam the trout in all directions,
Called, and moaned, and swam, and circled,
Swam one day, and then a second,

Swain the third from morn till even;
Swam she to the salmon-island,
Swam she to the whiting-grottoes,
Where a thousand islands cluster,
And the islands there assembled
Thus addressed the tortured lake-trout:
'There is none within this river,
In these narrow Alue-waters,
That will eat the wicked Fire-fish,
That will swallow thee in trouble,
In thine agonies and tortures,
From the Fire-fish thou hast eaten."
Hearing this the gray-pike darted,
Swallowed quick as light the lake-trout,
Quickly ate the tortured Fire-fish.
"Time had gone but little distance,
When the gray-pike grew affrighted,
Fear befel the lake-trout-eater;
Burning pain and writhing torment
Seized the reckless trout-devourer;
Swam the pike in all directions,
Called, and moaned, and swam, and circled,
Swam one day, and then a second,
Swam the third from morn till even,
To the cave of ocean-swallows,
To the sand-hills of the sea-gull,
Where a hundred islands cluster;
And the islands there assembled
Thus addressed the fire-devourer:
'There is none within this lakelet,
In these narrow Alue-waters,
That will eat the fated Fire-fish,
That will swallow thee in trouble,
In thine agonies and tortures,
From the Fire-fish thou hast eaten.'" "
Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
With the aid of Ilmarinen,
Weaves with skill a mighty fish-net
From the juniper and sea-grass;
Dyes the net with alder-water,
Ties it well with thongs of willow.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Called the maidens to the fish-net,
And the sisters came as bidden.
With the netting rowed they onward,
Rowed they to the hundred islands,
To the grottoes of the salmon,
To the caverns of the whiting,
To the reeds of sable color,
Where the gray-pike rests and watches.
On they hasten to the fishing,
Drag the net in all directions,
Drag it lengthwise, sidewise, crosswise,
And diagonally zigzag;
But they did not catch the Fire-fish.

Then the brothers went a-fishing,
Dragged the net in all directions,
Backwards, forwards, lengthwise, sidewise,
Through the homes of ocean-dwellers,
Through the grottoes of the salmon,
Through the dwellings of the whiting,
Through the reed-beds of the lake-trout,
Where the gray-pike lies in ambush;
But the fated Fire-fish came not,
Came not from the lake's abysses,
Came not from the Alue-waters.
Little fish could not be captured
In the large nets of the masters;
Murmured then the deep-sea-dwellers,
Spake the salmon to the lake-trout,
And the lake-trout to the whiting,
And the whiting to the gray-pike:
Have the heroes of Wainola
Died, or have they all departed
From these fertile shores and waters?
Where then are the ancient weavers,
Weavers of the nets of flax-thread,
Those that frighten us with fish-poles,
Drag us from our homes unwilling?"
Hearing this wise Wainamoinen
Answered thus the deep-sea-dwellers:
"Neither have Wainola's heroes
Died, nor have they all departed
From these fertile shores and waters,
Two are born where one has perished;
Longer poles and finer fish-nets
Have the sons of Kalevala!"

RUNE XLVIII. CAPTURE OF THE FIRE-FISH.

Wainamoinen, the enchanter,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
Long reflected, well considered,
How to weave the net of flax-yarn,
Weave the fish-net of the fathers.
Spake the minstrel of Wainola:
"Who will plow the field and fallow,
Sow the flax, and spin the flax-threads,
That I may prepare the fish-net,
Wherewith I may catch the Fire-pike,
May secure the thing of evil?"
Soon they found a fertile island,
Found the fallow soil befitting,
On the border of the heather,
And between two stately oak-trees.
They prepared the soil for sowing.
Searching everywhere for flax-seed,
Found it in Tuoni's kingdom,
In the keeping of an insect.
Then they found a pile of ashes,

Where the fire had burned a vessel;
In the ashes sowed the seedlings
Near the Alue-lake and border,
In the rich and loamy fallow.
There the seed took root and flourished,
Quickly grew to great proportions,
In a single night in summer.
Thus the flax was sowed at evening,
Placed within the earth by moonlight;
Quick it grew, and quickly ripened,
Quick Wainola's heroes pulled it,
Quick they broke it on the hackles,
Hastened with it to the waters,
Dipped it in the lake and washed it;
Quickly brought it borne and dried it.
Quickly broke, and combed, and smoothed it,
Brushed it well at early morning,
Laid it into laps for spinning
Quick the maidens twirl the spindles,
Spin the flaxen threads for weaving,
In a single night in summer.
Quick the sisters wind and reel it,
Make it ready for the needle.
Brothers weave it into fish-nets,
And the fathers twist the cordage,
While the mothers knit the meshes,
Rapidly the mesh-stick circles;
Soon the fish-net is completed,
In a single night in summer.
As the magic net is finished,
And in length a hundred fathoms,
On the rim three hundred fathoms.
Rounded stones are fastened to it,
Joined thereto are seven float-boards.
Now the young men take the fish-net,
And the old men cheer them onward,
Wish them good-luck at their fishing.
Long they row and drag the flax-seine,
Here and there the net is lowered;
Now they drag it lengthwise, sidewise,
Drag it through the slimy reed-beds;
But they do not catch the Fire-pike,
Only smelts, and luckless red-fish,
Little fish of little value.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"O thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Let us go ourselves a-fishing,
Let us catch the fish of evil!"
To the fishing went the brothers,
Magic heroes of the Northland,
Pulled the fish-net through the waters,
Toward an island in the deep-sea
Then they turn and drag the fish-net
Toward a meadow jutting seaward;
Now they drag it toward Wainola,

Draw it lengthwise, sidewise, crosswise,
Catching fish of every species,
salmon, trout, and pike, and whiting,
Do not catch the evil Fire-fish.
Then the master, Wainamoinen,
Made additions to its borders,
Made it many fathoms wider,
And a hundred fathoms longer,
Then these words the hero uttered
"Famous blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Let us go again a-fishing,
Row again the magic fish-net,
Drag it well through all the waters,
That we may obtain the Fire-pike!"
Thereupon the Northland heroes
Go a second time a-fishing,
Drag their nets across the rivers,
Lakelets, seas, and bays, and inlets,
Catching fish of many species,
But the Fire-fish is not taken.
Wainamoinen, ancient singer,
Long reflecting, spake these measures:
"Dear Wellamo, water-hostess,
Ancient mother with the reed-breast,
Come, exchange thy water-raiment,
Change thy coat of reeds and rushes
For the garments I shall give thee,
Light sea-foam, thine inner vesture,
And thine outer, moss and sea-grass,
Fashioned by the wind's fair daughters,
Woven by the flood's sweet maidens;
I will give thee linen vestments
Spun from flax of softest fiber,
Woven by the Moon's white virgins,
Fashioned by the Sun's bright daughters
Fitting raiment for Wellamo!
"Ahto, king of all the waters,
Ruler of a thousand grottoes,
Take a pole of seven fathoms,
Search with this the deepest waters,
Rummage well the lowest bottoms;
Stir up all the reeds and sea-weeds,
Hither drive a school of gray-pike,
Drive them to our magic fish-net,
From the haunts in pike abounding,
From the caverns, and the trout-holes,
From the whirlpools of the deep-sea,
From the bottomless abysses,
Where the sunshine never enters,
Where the moonlight never visits,
And the sands are never troubled."
Rose a pigmy from the waters,
From the floods a little hero,
Riding on a rolling billow,
And the pigmy spake these measures:

"Dost thou wish a worthy helper,
One to use the pole and frighten
Pike and salmon to thy fish-nets?"
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Answered thus the lake-born hero:
"Yea, we need a worthy helper,
One to hold the pole, and frighten
Pike and salmon to our fish-nets."
Thereupon the water-pigmy
Cut a linden from the border,
Spake these words to Wainamoinen:
"Shall I scare with all my powers,
With the forces of my being,
As thou needest shall I scare them?"
Spake the minstrel, Wainamoinen:
"If thou scarest as is needed,
Thou wilt scare with all thy forces,
With the strength of thy dominions."
Then began the pigmy-hero,
To affright the deep-sea-dwellers;
Drove the fish in countless numbers
To the net of the magicians.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Drew his net along the waters,
Drew it with his ropes of flax-thread,
Spake these words of magic import:
"Come ye fish of Northland waters
To the regions of my fish-net,
As my hundred meshes lower."
Then the net was drawn and fastened,
Many were the gray-pike taken
By he master and magician.
Wainamoinen, happy-hearted,
Hastened to a neighboring island,
To a blue-point in the waters,
Near a red-bridge on the headland;
Landed there his draught of fishes,
Cast the pike upon the sea-shore,
And the Fire-pike was among them,
Cast the others to the waters.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"May I touch thee with my fingers,
Using not my gloves of iron,
Using not my blue-stone mittens?
This the Sun-child hears and answers:
"I should like to carve the Fire-fish,
I should like this pike to handle,
If I had the knife of good-luck."
Quick a knife falls from the heavens,
From the clouds a magic fish-knife,
Silver-edged and golden-headed,
To the girdle of the Sun-child;
Quick he grasps the copper handle,
Quick the hero carves the Fire-pike,
Finds therein the tortured lake-trout;

Carves the lake-trout thus discovered.
Finds therein the fated whiting;
Carves the whiting, finds a blue-ball
In the third cave of his body.
He, the blue-ball quick unwinding,
Finds within a ball of scarlet;
Carefully removes the cover,
Finds the ball of fire within it,
Finds the flame from heaven fallen,
From the heights of the seventh heaven,
Through nine regions of the ether.
Wainamoinen long reflected
How to get the magic fire-ball
To Wainola's fireless hearth-stones,
To his cold and cheerless dwellings.
Quick he snatched the fire of heaven
From the fingers of the Sun-child.
Wainamoinen's beard it sings,
Burns the brow of Ilmarinen,
Burns the fingers of the blacksmith.
Rolling forth it hastens westward,
Hastens to the Alue shore-lines,
Burns the juniper and alder,
Burns the and heath and meadow,
Rises to the lofty linden,
Burns the firs upon the mountains;
Hastens onward, onward, onward,
Burns the islands of the Northland,
Burns the Sawa fields and forests,
Burns the dry lands of Karyala.
Straightway ancient Wainamoinen
Hastens through the fields and fenlands,
Tracks the ranger to the glen-wood,
Finds the Fire-child in an elm-tree,
Sleeping in a bed of fungus.
Thereupon wise Wainamoinen
Wakes the child and speaks these measures:
"Wicked fire that God created,
Flame of Ukko from the heavens,
Thou hast gone in vain to sea-caves,
To the lakes without a reason;
Better go thou to my village,
To the hearth-stones of my people;
Hide thyself within my chimneys,
In mine ashes sleep and linger.
In the day-time I will use thee
To devour the blocks of birch-wood;
In the evening I will hide thee
Underneath the golden circle."
Then he took the willing Panu,
Took the willing fire of Ukko,
Laid it in a box of tinder,
In the punk-wood of a birch-tree,
In a vessel forged from copper;
Carried it with care and pleasure

To the fog-point in the waters,
To the island forest covered.
Thus returned the fire to Northland,
To the chambers of Wainola,
To the hearths of Kalevala.
Ilmarinen, famous blacksmith,
Hastened to the deep-sea's margin,
Sat upon the rock of torture,
Feeling pain the flame had given,
Laved his wounds with briny water,
Thus to still the Fire-child's fury,
Thus to end his persecutions.
Long reflecting, Ilmarinen
Thus addressed the flame of Ukko:
"Evil Panu from the heavens,
Wicked son of God from ether,
Tell me what has made thee angry,
Made thee burn my weary members,
Burn my beard, and face, and fingers,
Made me suffer death-land tortures?
Spake again young Ilmarinen:
"How can I wild Panu conquer,
How shall I control his conduct,
Make him end his evil doings?
Come, thou daughter from Pohyola,
Come, white virgin of the hoar-frost,
Come on shoes of ice from Lapland,
Icicles upon thy garments,
In one band a cup of white-frost,
In the other hand an ice-spoon;
Sprinkle snow upon my members,
Where the Fire-child has been resting,
Let the hoar-frost fall and settle.
"Should this prayer be unavailing,
Come, thou son of Sariola,
Come, thou child of Frost from Pohya,
Come, thou Long-man from the ice-plains,
Of the height of stately pine-trees,
Slender as the trunks of lindens,
On thy hands the gloves of Hoar-frost,
Cap of ice upon thy forehead,
On thy waist a white-frost girdle;
Bring the ice-dust from Pohyola,
From the cold and sunless village.
Rain is crystallized in Northland,
Ice in Pohya is abundant,
Lakes of ice and ice-bound rivers,
Frozen smooth, the sea of ether.
Bounds the hare in frosted fur-robe,
Climbs the bear in icy raiment,
Ambles o'er the snowy mountains.
Swans of frost descend the rivers,
Ducks of ice in countless numbers
Swim upon thy freezing waters,
Near the cataract and whirlpool.

Bring me frost upon thy snow-sledge,
Snow and ice in great abundance,
From the summit of the wild-top,
From the borders of the mountains.
With thine ice, and snow, and hoar-frost
Cover well mine injured members
Where wild Panu has been resting,
Where the child of Fire has lingered.
"Should this call be ineffective,
Ukko, God of love and mercy,
First and last of the creators,
From the east send forth a snow-cloud,
From the west despatch a second,
Join their edges well together,
Let there be no vacant places,
Let these clouds bring snow and
Lay the healing balm of Ukko
On my burning, tortured tissues,
Where wild Panu has been resting."
Thus the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Stills the pains by fire engendered,
Stills the agonies and tortures
Brought him by the child of evil,
Brought him by the wicked Panu.

RUNE XLIX. RESTORATION OF THE SUN AND MOON.

Thus has Fire returned to Northland
But the gold Moon is not shining,
Neither gleams the silver sunlight
In the chambers of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala.
On the crops the white-frost settled,
And the cattle died of hunger,
Even birds grew sick and perished.
Men and maidens, faint and famished,
Perished in the cold and darkness,
From the absence of the sunshine,
From the absence of the moonlight.
Knew the pike his holes and hollows,
And the eagle knew his highway,
Knew the winds the times for sailing;
But the wise men of the Northland
Could not know the dawn of morning,
On the fog-point in the ocean,
On the islands forest-covered.
Young and aged talked and wondered,
Well reflected, long debated,
How to live without the moonlight,
Live without the silver sunshine,
In the cold and cheerless Northland,
In the homes of Kalevala.
Long conjectured all the maidens,
Orphans asked the wise for counsel.
Spake a maid to Ilmarinen,

Running to the blacksmith's furnace:
"Rise, O artist, from thy slumbers,
Hasten from thy couch unworthy;
Forge from gold the Moon for Northland,
Forge anew the Sun from silver
Cannot live without the moonlight,
Nor without the silver sunshine!"
From his couch arose the artist,
From his couch of stone, the blacksmith,
And began his work of forging,
Forging Sun and Moon for Northland.
Came the ancient Wainamoinen,
In the doorway sat and lingered,
Spake, these Words to Ilmarinen:
"Blacksmith, my beloved brother,
Thou the only metal-worker,
Tell me why thy magic hammer
Falls so heavy on thine anvil?"
Spake the youthful Ilmarinen:
"Moon of gold and Sun of silver,
I am forging for Wainola;
I shall swing them into ether,
Plant them in the starry heavens."
Spake the wise, old Wainamoinen:
"Senseless blacksmith of the ages,
Vainly dost thou swing thy hammer,
Vainly rings thy mighty anvil;
Silver will not gleam as sunshine,
Not of gold is born the moonlight!"
Ilmarinen, little heeding,
Ceases not to ply his hammer,
Sun and Moon the artist forges,
Wings the Moon of Magic upward,
Hurls it to the pine-tree branches;
Does not shine without her master.
Then the silver Sun he stations
In an elm-tree on the mountain.
From his forehead drip the sweat-drops,
Perspiration from his fingers,
Through his labors at the anvil
While the Sun and Moon were forging;
But the Sun shone not at morning
From his station in the elm-tree;
And the Moon shone not at evening
From the pine-tree's topmost branches.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Let the Fates be now consulted,
And the oracles examined;
Only thus may we discover
Where the Sun and Moon lie hidden."
Thereupon old Wainamoinen,
Only wise and true magician,
Cut three chips from trunks of alder,
Laid the chips in magic order,
Touched and turned them with his fingers,

Spake these words of master-magic:
"Of my Maker seek I knowledge,
Ask in hope and faith the answer
From the great magician, Ukko:
Tongue of alder, tell me truly,
Symbol of the great Creator,
Where the Sun and Moon are sleeping;
For the Moon shines not in season,
Nor appears the Sun at midday,
From their stations in the sky-vault.
Speak the truth, O magic alder,
Speak not words of man, nor hero,
Hither bring but truthful measures.
Let us form a sacred compact:
If thou speakest me a falsehood,
I will hurl thee to Manala,
Let the nether fires consume thee,
That thine evil signs may perish."
Thereupon the alder answered,
Spake these words of truthful import:
"Verily the Sun lies hidden
And the golden Moon is sleeping
In the stone-berg of Pohyola,
In the copper-bearing mountain."
These the words of Wainamoinen:
"I shall go at once to Northland,
To the cold and dark Pohyola,
Bring the Sun and Moon to gladden
All Wainola's fields and forests."
Forth he hastens on his journey,
To the dismal Sariola,
To the Northland cold and dreary;
Travels one day, then a second,
So the third from morn till evening,
When appear the gates of Pohya,
With her snow-clad hills and mountains.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
At the river of Pohyola,
Loudly calls the ferry-maiden:
Bring a boat, O Pohya-daughter,
Bring a strong and trusty vessel,
Row me o'er these chilling waters,
O'er this rough and rapid river!"
But the Ferry-maiden heard not,
Did not listen to his calling.
Thereupon old Wainamoinen,
Laid a pile of well-dried brush-wood,
Knots and needles of the fir-tree,
Made a fire beside the river,
Sent the black smoke into heaven
Curling to the home of Ukko.
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Hastened to her chamber window,
Looked upon the bay and river,
Spake these words to her attendants:

“Why the fire across the river
Where the current meets the deep-sea,
Smaller than the fires of foemen,
Larger than the flames of hunters?”
Thereupon a Pohyalander
Hastened from the court of Louhi
That the cause he might discover,
Bring the sought-for information
To the hostess of Pohyola;
Saw upon the river-border
Some great hero from Wainola.
Wainamoinen saw the stranger,
Called again in tones of thunder:
“Bring a skiff; thou son of Northland,
For the minstrel, Wainamoinen!
Thus the Pohyalander answered:
”Here no skiffs are lying idle,
Row thyself across the waters,
Use thine arms, and feet, and fingers,
To propel thee o’er the river,
O’er the sacred stream of Pohya.“
Wainamoinen, long reflecting,
Bravely thus soliloquizes:
”I will change my form and features,
Will assume a second body,
Neither man, nor ancient minstrel,
Master of the Northland waters!“
Then the singer, Wainamoinen,
Leaped, a pike, upon the waters,
Quickly swam the rapid river,
Gained the frigid Pohya-border.
There his native form resuming,
Walked he as a mighty hero,
On the dismal isle of Louhi,
Spake the wicked sons of Northland:
Come thou to Pohyola’s court-room.”
To Pohyola’s, court he hastened.
Spake again the sons of evil:
Come thou to the halls of Louhi!“
To Pohyola’s halls he hastened.
On the latch he laid his fingers,
Set his foot within the fore-hall,
Hastened to the inner chamber,
Underneath the painted rafters,
Where the Northland-heroes gather.
There he found the Pohya-masters
Girded with their swords of battle,
With their spears and battle-axes,
With their fatal bows and arrows,
For the death of Wainamoinen,
Ancient bard, Suwantolainen.
Thus they asked the hero-stranger.
”Magic swimmer of the Northland,
Son of evil, what the message
That thou bringest from thy people,

What thy mission to Pohyola?"
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Thus addressed the hosts of Louhi:
"For the Sun I come to Northland,
Come to seek the Moon in Pohya;
Tell me where the Sun lies hidden,
Where the golden Moon is sleeping."
Spake the evil sons of Pohya:
"Both the Sun and Moon are hidden
In the rock of many colors,
In the copper-bearing mountain,
In a cavern iron-banded,
In the stone-berg of Pohyola,
Nevermore to gain their freedom,
Nevermore to shine in Northland!"
Spake the hero, Wainamoinen:
"If the Sun be not uncovered,
If the Moon leave not her dungeon,
I will challenge all Pohyola
To the test of spear or broadsword,
Let us now our weapons measure!"
Quick the hero of Wainola
Drew his mighty sword of magic;
On its border shone the moonlight,
On its hilt the Sun was shining,
On its back, a neighing stallion,
On its face a cat was mewing,
Beautiful his magic weapon.
Quick the hero-swords are tested,
And the blades are rightly measured
Wainamoinen's sword is longest
By a single grain of barley,
By a blade of straw, the widest.
To the court-yard rushed the heroes,
Hastened to the deadly combat,
On the plains of Sariola.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Strikes one blow, and then a second,
Strikes a third time, cuts and conquers.
As the house-maids slice the turnips,
As they lop the heads of cabbage,
As the stalks of flax are broken,
So the heads of Louhi's heroes
Fall before the magic broadsword
Of the ancient Wainamoinen.
Then victor from Wainola,
Ancient bard and great magician,
Went to find the Sun in slumber,
And the golden Moon discover,
In the copper-bearing Mountains,
In the cavern iron-banded,
In the stone-berg of Pohyola.
He had gone but little distance,
When he found a sea-green island;
On the island stood a birch-tree,

Near the birch-tree stood a pillar
Carved in stone of many colors;
In the pillar, nine large portals
Bolted in a hundred places;
In the rock he found a crevice
Sending forth a gleam of sunlight.
Quick he drew his mighty broadsword,
From the pillar struck three colors,
From the magic of his weapon;
And the pillar fell asunder,
Three the number of the fragments.
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Through the crevice looked and wondered.
In the center of the pillar,
From a scarlet-colored basin,
Noxious serpents beer were drinking,
And the adders eating spices.
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Therefore has Pohyola's hostess
Little drink to give to strangers,
Since her beer is drank by serpents,
And her spices given to adders."
Quick he draws his magic fire-blade,
Cuts the vipers green in pieces,
Lops the heads off all the adders,
Speaks these words of master-magic:
Thus, hereafter, let the serpent
Drink the famous beer of barley,
Feed upon the Northland-spices!"
Wainamoinen, the magician,
The eternal wizard-singer,
Sought to open wide the portals
With the hands and words of magic;
But his hands had lost their cunning,
And his magic gone to others.
Thereupon the ancient minstrel
Quick returning, heavy-hearted,
To his native halls and hamlets,
Thus addressed his brother-heroes:
"Woman, he without his weapons,
With no implements, a weakling!
Sun and Moon have I discovered,
But I could not force the Portals
Leading to their rocky cavern
In the copper bearing mountain.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Why was I not taken with thee
To become, thy war-companion?
Would have been of goodly service,
Would have drawn the bolts or broken,
All the portals to the cavern,
Where the Sun and Moon lie hidden
In the copper-bearing mountain!"
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,

Thus replied to Lemminkainen:
"Empty Words will break no portals,
Draw no bolts of any moment;
Locks and bolts are never broken.
With the words of little wisdom!
Greater means than thou commandest
Must be used to free the sunshine,
Free the moonlight from her dungeon."
Wainamoinen, not discouraged,
Hastened to the forge and smithy,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
"O thou famous metal-artist,
Forge for me a magic trident,
Forge from steel a dozen stout-rings,
Master-keys, a goodly number,
Iron bars and heavy hammers,
That the Sun we may uncover
In the copper-bearing mountain,
In the stone-berg of Pohyola."
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-worker,
Forged the needs of Wainamoinen,
Forged for him the magic trident,
Forged from steel a dozen stout-rings,
Master-keys a goodly number,
Iron bars and heavy hammers,
Not the largest, nor the smallest,
Forged them of the right dimensions.
Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Northland's old and toothless wizard,
Fastened wings upon her shoulders,
As an eagle, sailed the heavens,
Over field, and fen, and forest,
Over Pohya's many, waters,
To the hamlets of Wainola,
To the forge of Ilmarinen.
Quick the famous metal-worker
Went to see if winds were blowing;
Found the winds at peace and silent,
Found an eagle, sable-colored,
Perched upon his window-casement.
Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"Magic bird, whom art thou seeking,
Why art sitting at my window?"
This the answer of the eagle:
"Art thou blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
The eternal iron-forged,
Master of the magic metals,
Northland's wonder-working artist?"
Ilmarinen gave this answer:
"There is nothing here of wonder,
Since I forged the dome of heaven,
Forged the earth a concave cover!"
Spake again the magic eagle:
Why this ringing of thine anvil,

Why this knocking of thy hammer,
Tell me what thy hands are forging?"

This the answer of the blacksmith:
"Tis a collar I am forging
For the neck of wicked Louhi,
Toothless witch of Sariola,
Stealer of the silver sunshine,
Stealer of the golden moonlight;
With this collar I shall bind her
To the iron-rock of Ehtland!"

Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Saw misfortune fast approaching,
Saw destruction flying over,
Saw the signs of bad-luck lower;
Quickly winged her way through ether
To her native halls and chambers,
To the darksome Sariola,
There unlocked the massive portals
Where the Sun and Moon were hidden,
In the rock of many colors,
In the cavern iron-banded,
In the copper-bearing mountain.

Then again the wicked Louhi
Changed her withered form and features,
And became a dove of good-luck;
Straightway winged the starry heavens,
Over field, and fen, and forest,
To the meadows of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala,
To the forge of Ilmarinen.

This the question of the blacksmith
"Wherefore comest, dove of good-luck,
What the tidings that thou bringest?"

Thus the magic bird made answer:
"Wherefore come I to thy smithy?
Come to bring the joyful tidings
That the Sun has left his cavern,
Left the rock of many colors,
Left the stone-berg of Pohyola;
That the Moon no more is hidden
In the copper-bearing mountains,
In the caverns iron-banded."

Straightway hastened Ilmarinen
To the threshold of his smithy,
Quickly scanned the far horizon,
Saw again the silver sunshine,
Saw once more the golden moonlight,
Bringing peace, and joy, and plenty,
To the homes of Kalevala.

Thereupon the blacksmith hastened
To his brother, Wainamoinen,
Spake these words to the magician:
"O thou ancient bard and minstrel,
The eternal wizard-singer
See, the Sun again is shining,

And the golden Moon is beaming
From their long-neglected places,
From their stations in the sky-vault!"
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Straightway hastened to the court-yard,
Looked upon the far horizon,
Saw once more the silver sunshine,
Saw again the golden moonlight,
Bringing peace, and joy, and plenty,
To the people of the Northland,
And the minstrel spake these measures:
"Greetings to thee, Sun of fortune,
Greetings to thee, Moon of good-luck,
Welcome sunshine, welcome moonlight,
Golden is the dawn of morning!
Free art thou, O Sun of silver,
Free again, O Moon beloved,
As the sacred cuckoo's singing,
As the ring-dove's liquid cooings.
"Rise, thou silver Sun, each Morning,
Source of light and life hereafter,
Bring us, daily, joyful greetings,
Fill our homes with peace and plenty,
That our sowing, fishing, hunting,
May be prospered by thy coming.
Travel on thy daily journey,
Let the Moon be ever with thee;
Glide along thy way rejoicing,
End thy journeyings in slumber;
Rest at evening in the ocean,
When the daily cares have ended,
To the good of all thy people,
To the pleasure Of Wainoloo,
To the joy of Kalevala!"

RUNE L. MARIATTA—WAINAMOINEN'S DEPARTURE.

Mariatta, child of beauty,
Grew to maidenhood in Northland,
In the cabin of her father,
In the chambers of her mother,
Golden ringlets, silver girdles,
Worn against the keys paternal,
Glittering upon her bosom;
Wore away the father's threshold
With the long robes of her garments;
Wore away the painted rafters
With her beauteous silken ribbons;
Wore away the gilded pillars
With the touching of her fingers;
Wore away the birchen flooring
With the tramping of her fur-shoes.
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Magic maid of little stature,
Guarded well her sacred virtue,

Her sincerity and honor,
Fed upon the dainty whiting,
On the inner bark of birch-wood,
On the tender flesh of lambkins.
When she hastened in the evening
To her milking in the hurdles,
Spake in innocence as follows:
"Never will the snow-white virgin
Milk the kine of one unworthy!"
When she journeyed over snow-fields,
On the seat beside her father,
Spake in purity as follows:
"Not behind a steed unworthy
Will I ever ride the snow-sledge!"
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Lived a virgin with her mother,
As a maiden highly honored,
Lived in innocence and beauty,
Daily drove her flocks to pasture,
Walking with the gentle lambkins.
When the lambkins climbed the mountains,
When they gamboled on the hill-tops,
Stepped the virgin to the meadow,
Skipping through a grove of lindens,
At the calling of the cuckoo,
To the songster's golden measures.
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Looked about, intently listened,
Sat upon the berry-meadow
Sat awhile, and meditated
On a hillock by the forest,
And soliloquized as follows:
"Call to me, thou golden cuckoo,
Sing, thou sacred bird of Northland,
Sing, thou silver breasted songster,
Speak, thou strawberry of Ehstland,
Tell bow long must I unmarried,
As a shepherdess neglected,
Wander o'er these bills and mountains,
Through these flowery fens and fallows.
Tell me, cuckoo of the woodlands,
Sing to me how many summers
I must live without a husband,
As a shepherdess neglected!"
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Lived a shepherd-maid for ages,
As a virgin with her mother.
Wretched are the lives of shepherds,
Lives of maidens still more wretched,
Guarding flocks upon the mountains;
Serpents creep in bog and stubble,
On the greensward dart the lizards;
But it was no serpent singing,
Nor a sacred lizard calling,
It was but the mountain-berry

Calling to the lonely maiden:
"Come, O virgin, come and pluck me,
Come and take me to thy bosom,
Take me, tinsel-breasted virgin,
Take me, maiden, copper-belted,
Ere the slimy snail devours me,
Ere the black-worm feeds upon me.
Hundreds pass my way unmindful,
Thousands come within my hearing,
Berry-maidens swarm about me,
Children come in countless numbers,
None of these has come to gather,
Come to pluck this ruddy berry."
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Listened to its gentle pleading,
Ran to pick the berry, calling,
With her fair and dainty fingers,
Saw it smiling near the meadow,
Like a cranberry in feature,
Like a strawberry in flavor;
But be Virgin, Mariatta,
Could not pluck the woodland-stranger,
Thereupon she cut a charm-stick,
Downward pressed upon the berry,
When it rose as if by magic,
Rose above her shoes of ermine,
Then above her copper girdle,
Darted upward to her bosom,
Leaped upon the maiden's shoulder,
On her dimpled chin it rested,
On her lips it perched a moment,
Hastened to her tongue expectant
To and fro it rocked and lingered,
Thence it hastened on its journey,
Settled in the maiden's bosom.
Mariatta, child of beauty,
Thus became a bride impregnate,
Wedded to the mountain-berry;
Lingered in her room at morning,
Sat at midday in the darkness,
Hastened to her couch at evening.
Thus the watchful mother wonders:
"What has happened to our Mary,
To our virgin, Mariatta,
That she throws aside her girdle,
Shyly slips through hall and chamber,
Lingers in her room at morning,
Hastens to her couch at evening,
Sits at midday in the darkness?"
On the floor a babe was playing,
And the young child thus made answer:
"This has happened to our Mary,
To our virgin, Mariatta,
This misfortune to the maiden:
She has lingered by the meadows,

Played too long among the lambkins,
 Tasted of the mountain-berry."
 Long the virgin watched and waited,
 Anxiously the days she counted,
 Waiting for the dawn of trouble.
 Finally she asked her mother,
 These the words of Mariatta:
 "Faithful mother, fond and tender,
 Mother whom I love and cherish,
 Make for me a place befitting,
 Where my troubles may be lessened,
 And my heavy burdens lightened."
 This the answer of the mother:
 "Woe to thee, thou Hisi-maiden,
 Since thou art a bride unworthy,
 Wedded only to dishonor!"
 Mariatta, child of beauty,
 Thus replied in truthful measures:
 "I am not a maid of Hisi,
 I am not a bride unworthy,
 Am not wedded to dishonor;
 As a shepherdess I wandered
 With the lambkins to the glen-wood,
 Wandered to the berry-mountain,
 Where the strawberry had ripened;
 Quick as thought I plucked the berry,
 On my tongue I gently laid it,
 To and fro it rocked and lingered,
 Settled in my heaving bosom.
 This the source of all my trouble,
 Only cause of my dishonor!"
 As the mother was relentless,
 Asked the maiden of her father,
 This the virgin-mother's pleading:
 O my father, full of pity,
 Source of both my good and evil,
 Build for me a place befitting,
 Where my troubles may be lessened,
 And my heavy burdens lightened."
 This the answer of the father,
 Of the father unforgiving:
 "Go, thou evil child of Hisi,
 Go, thou child of sin and sorrow,
 Wedded only to dishonor,
 To the Great Bear's rocky chamber,
 To the stone-cave of the growler,
 There to lessen all thy troubles,
 There to cast thy heavy burdens!"
 Mariatta, child of beauty,
 Thus made answer to her father:
 "I am not a child of Hisi,
 I am not a bride unworthy,
 Am not wedded to dishonor;
 I shall bear a noble hero,
 I shall bear a son immortal,

Who will rule among the mighty,
Rule the ancient Wainamoinen.”
Thereupon the virgin-mother
Wandered hither, wandered thither,
Seeking for a place befitting,
Seeking for a worthy birth-place
For her unborn son and hero;
Finally these words she uttered
“Piltti, thou my youngest maiden,
Trustiest of all my servants,
Seek a place within the village,
Ask it of the brook of Sara,
For the troubled Mariatta,
Child of sorrow and misfortune.”
Thereupon the little maiden,
Piltti, spake these words in answer:
“Whom shall I entreat for succor,
Who will lend me his assistance?
These the words of Mariatta:
”Go and ask it of Ruotus,
Where the reed-brook pours her waters.“
Thereupon the servant, Piltti,
Ever hopeful, ever willing,
Hastened to obey her mistress,
Needing not her exhortation;
Hastened like the rapid river,
Like the flying smoke of battle
To the cabin of Ruotus.
When she walked the hill-tops tottered,
When she ran the mountains trembled;
Shore-reeds danced upon the pasture,
Sandstones skipped about the heather
As the maiden, Piltti, hastened
To the dwelling of Ruotus.
At his table in his cabin
Sat Ruotus, eating, drinking,
In his simple coat of linen.
With his elbows on the table
Spake the wizard in amazement:
”Why hast thou, a maid of evil,
Come to see me in my cavern,
What the message thou art bringing?
Thereupon the servant, Piltti,
Gave this answer to the wizard:
”Seek I for a spot befitting,
Seek I for a worthy birth-place,
For an unborn child and hero;
Seek it near the Sara-streamlet,
Where the reed-brook pours her waters.
Came the wife of old Ruotus,
Walking with her arms akimbo,
Thus addressed the maiden, Piltti:
”Who is she that asks assistance,
Who the maiden thus dishonored,
What her name, and who her kindred?“

"I have come for Mariatta,
For the worthy virgin-mother."
Spake the wife of old Ruotus,
Evil-minded, cruel-hearted:
"Occupied are all our chambers,
All our bath-rooms near the reed-brook;
in the mount of fire are couches,
is a stable in the forest,
For the flaming horse of Hisi;
In the stable is a manger
Fitting birth-place for the hero
From the wife of cold misfortune,
Worthy couch for Mariatta!"
Thereupon the servant, Piltti,
Hastened to her anxious mistress,
Spake these measures, much regretting.
"There is not a place befitting,
on the silver brook of Sara.
Spake the wife of old Ruotus:
'Occupied are all the chambers,
All the bath-rooms near the reed-brook;
In the mount of fire are couches,
Is a stable, in the forest,
For the flaming horse of Hisi;
In the stable is a manger,
Fitting birth-place for the hero
From the wife of cold misfortune,
Worthy couch for Mariatta."
Thereupon the hapless maiden,
Mariatta, virgin-mother,
Fell to bitter tears and murmurs,
Spake these words in depths of sorrow:
"I, alas! must go an outcast,
Wander as a wretched hireling,
Like a servant in dishonor,
Hasten to the burning mountain,
To the stable in the forest,
Make my bed within a manger,
Near the flaming steed of Hisi!"
Quick the hapless virgin-mother,
Outcast from her father's dwelling,
Gathered up her flowing raiment,
Grasped a broom of birchen branches,
Hastened forth in pain and sorrow
To the stable in the woodlands,
On the heights of Tapio's mountains,
Spake these words in supplication:
"Come, I pray thee, my Creator,
Only friend in times of trouble,
Come to me and bring protection
To thy child, the virgin-mother,
To the maiden, Mariatta,
In this hour of sore affliction.
Come to me, benignant Ukko,
Come, thou only hope and refuge,

Lest thy guiltless child should perish,
Die the death of the unworthy!"
When the virgin, Mariatta,
Had arrived within the stable
Of the flaming horse of Hisi,
She addressed the steed as follows:
"Breathe, O sympathizing fire-horse,
Breathe on me, the virgin-mother,
Let thy heated breath give moisture,
Let thy pleasant warmth surround me,
Like the vapor of the morning;
Let this pure and helpless maiden
Find a refuge in thy manger!"
Thereupon the horse, in pity,
Breathed the moisture of his nostrils
On the body of the virgin,
Wrapped her in a cloud of vapor,
Gave her warmth and needed comforts,
Gave his aid to the afflicted,
To the virgin, Mariatta.
There the babe was born and cradled
Cradled in a woodland-manger,
Of the virgin, Mariatta,
Pure as pearly dews of morning,
Holy as the stars in heaven.
There the mother rocks her infant,
In his swaddling clothes she wraps him,
Lays him in her robes of linen;
Carefully the babe she nurtures,
Well she guards her much-beloved,
Guards her golden child of beauty,
Her beloved gem of silver.
But alas! the child has vanished,
Vanished while the mother slumbered.
Mariatta, lone and wretched,
Fell to weeping, broken-hearted,
Hastened off to seek her infant.
Everywhere the mother sought him,
Sought her golden child of beauty,
Her beloved gem of silver;
Sought him underneath the millstone,
In the sledge she sought him vainly,
Underneath the sieve she sought him,
Underneath the willow-basket,
Touched the trees, the grass she parted,
Long she sought her golden infant,
Sought him on the fir-tree-mountain,
In the vale, and hill, and heather;
Looks within the clumps of flowers,
Well examines every thicket,
Lifts the juniper and willow,
Lifts the branches of the alder.
Lo! a star has come to meet her,
And the star she thus beseeches-
"O, thou guiding-star of Northland,

Star of hope, by God created,
 Dost thou know and wilt thou tell me
 Where my darling child has wandered,
 Where my holy babe lies hidden?"
 Thus the star of Northland answers:
 "If I knew, I would not tell thee;
 'Tis thy child that me created,
 Set me here to watch at evening,
 In the cold to shine forever,
 Here to twinkle in the darkness."
 Comes the golden Moon to meet her,
 And the Moon she thus beseeches:
 "Golden Moon, by Ukko fashioned,
 Hope and joy of Kalevala,
 Dost thou know and wilt thou tell me
 Where my darling child has wandered,
 Where my holy babe lies hidden?
 Speaks the golden Moon in answer:
 "If I knew I would not tell thee;
 'Tis thy child that me created,
 Here to wander in the darkness,
 All alone at eve to wander
 On my cold and cheerless journey,
 Sleeping only in the daylight,
 Shining for the good of others."
 Thereupon the virgin-mother
 Falls again to bitter weeping,
 Hastens on through fen and forest,
 Seeking for her babe departed.
 Comes the silver Sun to meet her,
 And the Sun she thus addresses:
 "Silver Sun by Ukko fashioned,
 Source of light and life to Northland,
 Dost thou know and wilt thou tell me
 Where my darling child has wandered,
 Where my holy babe lies hidden?"
 Wisely does the Sun make answer:
 "Well I know thy babe's dominions,
 Where thy holy child is sleeping,
 Where Wainola's light lies hidden;
 'Tis thy child that me created,
 Made me king of earth and ether,
 Made the Moon and Stars attend me,
 Set me here to shine at midday,
 Makes me shine in silver raiment,
 Lets me sleep and rest at evening;
 Yonder is thy golden infant,
 There thy holy babe lies sleeping,
 Hidden to his belt in water,
 Hidden in the reeds and rushes."
 Mariatta, child of beauty,
 Virgin-mother of the Northland,
 Straightway seeks her babe in Swamp-land,
 Finds him in the reeds and rushes;
 Takes the young child on her bosom

To the dwelling of her father.
There the infant grew in beauty,
Gathered strength, and light, and wisdom,
All of Suomi saw and wondered.
No one knew what name to give him;
When the mother named him, Flower,
Others named him, Son-of-Sorrow.
When the virgin, Mariatta,
Sought the priesthood to baptize him,
Came an old man, Wirokannas,
With a cup of holy water,
Bringing to the babe his blessing;
And the gray-beard spake as follows:
"I shall not baptize a wizard,
Shall not bless a black-magician
With the drops of holy water;
Let the young child be examined,
Let us know that he is worthy,
Lest he prove the son of witchcraft."
Thereupon old Wirokannas
Called the ancient Wainamoinen,
The eternal wisdom-singer,
To inspect the infant-wonder,
To report him good or evil.
Wainamoinen, old and faithful,
Carefully the child examined,
Gave this answer to his people:
"Since the child is but an outcast,
Born and cradled in a manger,
Since the berry is his father;
Let him lie upon the heather,
Let him sleep among the rushes,
Let him live upon the mountains;
Take the young child to the marshes,
Dash his head against the birch-tree."
Then the child of Mariatta,
Only two weeks old, made answer:
"O, thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Son of Folly and Injustice,
Senseless hero of the Northland,
Falsely hast thou rendered judgment.
In thy years, for greater follies,
Greater sins and misdemeanors,
Thou wert not unjustly punished.
In thy former years of trouble,
When thou gavest thine own brother,
For thy selfish life a ransom,
Thus to save thee from destruction,
Then thou wert not sent to Swamp-land
To be murdered for thy follies.
In thy former years of sorrow,
When the beauteous Aino perished
In the deep and boundless blue-sea,
To escape thy persecutions,
Then thou wert not evil-treated,

Wert not banished by thy people.”
Thereupon old Wirokannas,
Of the wilderness the ruler,
Touched the child with holy water,
Crave the wonder-babe his blessing,
Gave him rights of royal heirship,
Free to live and grow a hero,
To become a mighty ruler,
King and Master of Karyala.
As the years passed Wainamoinen
Recognized his waning powers,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Sang his farewell song to Northland,
To the people of Wainola;
Sang himself a boat of copper,
Beautiful his bark of magic;
At the helm sat the magician,
Sat the ancient wisdom-singer.
Westward, westward, sailed the hero
O’er the blue-back of the waters,
Singing as he left Wainola,
This his plaintive song and echo:
“Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
Hungry for the true religion.
Then will Suomi need my coming,
Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the Sampo,
Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,
Peace and plenty to the Northland.”
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o’er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the higher-landed regions,
To the lower verge of heaven;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor.
There his bark be firmly anchored,
Rested in his boat of copper;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings,
To the lasting joy of Suomi.
EPILOGUE.
Now I end my measured singing,
Bid my weary tongue keep silence,
Leave my songs to other singers.
Horses have their times of resting

After many hours of labor;
Even sickles will grow weary
When they have been long at reaping;
Waters seek a quiet haven
After running long in rivers;
Fire subsides and sinks in slumber
At the dawning of the morning
Therefore I should end my singing,
As my song is growing weary,
For the pleasure of the evening,
For the joy of morn arising.
Often I have heard it chanted,
Often heard the words repeated:
“Worthy cataracts and rivers
Never empty all their waters.”
Thus the wise and worthy singer
Sings not all his garnered wisdom;
Better leave unsung some sayings
Than to sing them out of season.
Thus beginning, and thus ending,
Do I roll up all my legends,
Roll them in a ball for safety,
In my memory arrange them,
In their narrow place of resting,
Lest the songs escape unheeded,
While the lock is still unopened,
While the teeth remain unparted,
And the weary tongue is silent.
Why should I sing other legends,
Chant them in the glen and forest,
Sing them on the hill and heather?
Cold and still my golden mother
Lies beneath the meadow, sleeping,
Hears my ancient songs no longer,
Cannot listen to my singing;
Only will the forest listen,
Sacred birches, sighing pine-trees,
Junipers endowed with kindness,
Alder-trees that love to bear me,
With the aspens and the willows.
When my loving mother left me,
Young was I, and low of stature;
Like the cuckoo of the forest,
Like the thrush upon the heather,
Like the lark I learned to twitter,
Learned to sing my simple measures,
Guided by a second mother,
Stern and cold, without affection;
Drove me helpless from my chamber
To the wind-side of her dwelling,
To the north-side of her cottage,
Where the chilling winds in mercy
Carried off the unprotected.
As a lark I learned to wander,
Wander as a lonely song-bird,

Through the forests and the fenlands
Quietly o'er hill and heather;
Walked in pain about the marshes,
Learned the songs of winds and waters,
Learned the music of the ocean,
And the echoes of the woodlands.
Many men that live to murmur,
Many women live to censure,
Many speak with evil motives;
Many they with wretched voices
Curse me for my wretched singing,
Blame my tongue for speaking wisdom,
Call my ancient songs unworthy,
Blame the songs and curse the singer.
Be not thus, my worthy people,
Blame me not for singing badly,
Unpretending as a minstrel.
I have never had the teaching,
Never lived with ancient heroes,
Never learned the tongues of strangers,
Never claimed to know much wisdom.
Others have had language-masters,
Nature was my only teacher,
Woods and waters my instructors.
Homeless, friendless, lone, and needy,
Save in childhood with my mother,
When beneath her painted rafters,
Where she twirled the flying spindle,
By the work-bench of my brother,
By the window of my sister,
In the cabin of my father,
In my early days of childhood.
Be this as it may, my people,
This may point the way to others,
To the singers better gifted,
For the good of future ages,
For the coming generations,
For the rising folk of Suomi.

Æhlenschælger: Gods of the North

CANTO I. THOR SETS OUT ON AN ADVENTURE WITH LOK.

A story wonderful to hear
Recorded stands in ancient runes;
Now to my golden harp give ear,
And ponder well its mystic tunes!
The strange events, which yet remain
Unravell'd of the Asar bright,
Be mine the glory to explain,
And all their actions bring to light.
Th' eternal wars, the deadly hate
Between the Gods and Giant race;
Of Asa-Lok the guile innate;
Alfader's wisdom; Freya's grace;
The Berserk fights of Thor the bold;
The joys of Valhall, dome sublime:
All these I sing: come, young and old!
And listen to my varied rhyme!
Thus sang in days of yore a Scald,
And I from him repeat the song:
A land there is, Trudvanger call'd,
Where frowns a castle huge and strong:
This building boasts its massive walls,
And many a spacious colonnade;
Its forty and five hundred halls
With silver or with gold inlaid.
How many forests, lakes and fields
On every side this pile surround!
The roof is tiled with copper shields,
Which shed a dazzling lustre round.
Therein the mighty Asa dwells,
Whom mortals term the god of war;
Odin excepted, he excels
All other gods: his name is Thor.
Around his waist a belt he wears,
And gloves of steel his hands protect;
Miölner, a hammer vast, he bears,
When in the fight he stands erect.
That belt a tenfold power doth give,
When round his loins he girds it tight;
Nor doth the foe remain alive,
On whom his hammer haps to light.
Late vanquish'd by the Asar brave,
Excluded from the solar ray,

Bound in the mountain's deepest cave,
In fetters Lok of Utgard lay.
But vain the giant monarch's doom,
Naught can his stubborn hate control;
Here in the midst of cold and gloom
Fresh thoughts of vengeance fire his soul.
Like singed threads his chains he rends,
Bursts through the surface of the earth,
To Upsala his course he bends,
Of Northern gods the sacred hearth;
He there extinguishes the fire,
And shakes to dust the temple's walls.
This deed excites great Odin's ire;
To council he the Asar calls.
Each at the council board, I ween,
Gave the advice that seem'd him fit:
But Thor with hand beneath his chin
Lost in reflection seem'd to sit.
Much did the hero muse and scan,
How best to punish Loki's crime,
And by some well-concerted plan
To crush the Lord of Jotunheim.
To rove in search of glorious war
This Asa chief finds much delight,
High seated in his golden car
Drawn by two goats of colour white.
Earth well may tremble with dismay,
When through the skies this chariot rolls,
For clouds then veil the face of day,
And awful thunders shake the poles.
But 'mongst the Asar one call'd Lok
Holds rank, nor undeserved the name;
For much he joys with spiteful mock
To lacerate his neighbours' fame.
Howe'er he shine in outward grace,
Hollow and false is all within:
Before the Ash he oft must pass
In penance for his various sin.
With scorpion wit and envious tongue
Though oft he gives the Asar pain,
Still his arch jests and gibing song
Compel them strait to laugh again:
His features fair are own'd by all,
But all his mind perverse deplore;
He takes his seat in Odin's hall
Upon the bench next Asa-Thor.
The Nymphs, that Valhall's dome adorn,
With breast of lily, cheek of pink,
To all th' Einherier in their turn
Now bear around th' immortal drink.
The largest horn high-fill'd with mead
Was drain'd by Thor the chieftain bold:
And then to seek his goats he sped,
And yoke them to his car of gold.
He grasps his hammer, mounts his car,

And bids Lok place him by his side;
The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
As down the vault of heaven they glide!
Heimdaller views them roll along,
And greets with trumpet loud and shrill:
The seven virgins tune their song,
And Thor salute with gracious smile.
Then Lok on fraud and guile intent,
Thus Thor address'd: "Methinks, 'tis time
Our bitter foes to circumvent,
And quell the powers of Jotunheim;
Thou mayst defy the force of fire,
And laugh to scorn the earthquake's shock;
Feelest thou not a strong desire
For once to visit Utgard Lok?"
Then Thor: "My corslet braves the steel;
My helm unbruised in fight remains:
And, be he dwarf or giant fell,
Whom Miölner strikes, it ends his pains."
Now to the earth they swift descend;
The birds sing gaily in the wood,
And every flower its head doth bend,
Owning the presence of a god.
The sun now sinks beneath the main,
The night obscures its parting rays;
Rolling athwart the starry plain,
The moon its silver disk displays:
Two funeral mounds appear in sight:
Then first the eyes of Asa Thor
Glisten'd in triumph. Late at night
They stand a peasant's hut before.
They ask for shelter; lowly bows
The peasant, and replies: "My lords!
You're welcome here to seek repose;
But little else my roof affords."
They needs must stoop to enter through
The cottage door; and there they found
The peasant's wife and daughter too
Sitting the lowly hearth around.
The daughter was a graceful maid
With azure eyes and golden hair.
They rose; and thus the matron said:
"Alas! but meagre is our fare:
Mere roots and herbs our meal supply;
No flesh invigorates our blood."
"Fear not! This night shall be no lack of food."
See now the giant-queller raise
His hammer! lo! his goats he slew!
Such was his custom: with amaze,
Yet not displeased this act to view,
The old dame stared; then rushed in haste
Upon the board to spread the cloth;
While Lok, as cook, prepared to baste
The meat, and mix the savoury broth.
A wondrous fact I now reveal:

Thor drives these goats around the earth,
And slays them for his nightly meal,
When no provisions cheer the hearth.
This done, their skins and bones he takes,
And casts them in a corner strait:
And lo! those goats, when he awakes,
Again stand living at the gate.
See from the wood the peasant's son
Laden with faggots now appear!
He piles them on the hearth: anon
The smoking steaks the travellers cheer:
No dish had they; Thor's buckler broad
This want supplied: and now they feed
With hearty zest, while the goats' blood
Furnish'd to all delicious mead.
No sooner was the supper past,
Thor rose observant of his rite;
The bones within the skins he cast;
This did not 'scape the urchin's sight:
His liquorish tooth would fain partake
Of daintier food than met the eye;
So unperceived a bone he brake,
And suck'd the marrow greedily.
The morning dawn'd: with choral strain
The feather'd songsters fill the skies:
The sun ascends: the travellers twain
From slumbers light refresh'd arise.
To war and bold adventure prone,
Each buckles on his armour strait,
And whets his weapon on the stone,
That stands without the cottage gate.
As in the car the Asar sprung,
The urchin's trick was manifest;
One goat limp'd heavily along,
As if with lameness sore oppress'd.
Thor was enraged; his colour fled;
He bit his lips; his eyes flash'd fire;
Well might the wretched peasant dread
For wife and child the chieftain's ire.
But more so, when he saw the chief
Brandish on high his hammer vast:
The danger threaten'd, no relief
At hand; with fear he stood aghast:
Then, kneeling down, he humbly sued
Forgiveness for the stripling's guile,
Offering all he had: the God
At such an offer well might smile.
Relenting at the peasant's prayer,
And pitying his extreme distress,
He bade him rise with friendly air,
And gave his hand in pledge of peace.
"If to my care thou wilt confide
Those children stout," said Asa-Thor,
"I will for all their wants provide,
And teach them both the art of war."

Pleased to escape with a whole skin,
This offer glad the swain embraced:
Lok gave to each a javelin,
And strait their limbs in armour laced:
Their glist'ning eyes the joy reveal
Of Tialfe bold, and Roska bright:
To serve the God how proud they feel,
And court the perils of the fight.
The Lord of Trudvang now design'd
On foot to seek the giant's lair:
His car and goats he left behind,
Confided to the peasant's care.
Impatient of delay, he fain
Would march direct to Jotunheim.
They journey on o'er many a plain,
And rivers cross, and mountains climb.
And now can I assert with truth,
Tialfe became a warrior good;
No son of earth could e'er this youth
Surpass in zeal and fortitude:
His strength by Thor was duly prized,
As gay he trudg'd across the field,
And on his brawny shoulders poised
The heavy bag with viands fill'd.
E'en Freya's self could scarce excel
Young Roska for her shape and air;
Her bosom now is cased in steel,
A golden helmet crowns her hair.
Thor towers aloft in plates of brass,
With Miölner in his right hand gleaming:
Lok trips along in light cuirass,
His dark locks o'er his shoulders streaming.
Now marching on, the tedious way
They oft beguile with gay discourse;
Sudden a wild tempestuous sea
Appears in sight, and checks their course!
The roaring billows reckless roll'd
White foaming 'gainst the marble steep!
And Rana's voice was heard to scold
With frightful scream from out the deep!
The mighty monarch, Ægir hight,
Consort of Ran, o'er ocean reigns:
Beneath a roof of pearl so bright
He sits, and stern his right maintains;
With diamond-pointed pole the wave
He guides; a silver helmet, starr'd
With coral, decks his temples grave,
And sea-weed forms his shaggy beard.
On Hlesey you may find his throne
Of muscle-shell: this monarch sage
Can by a frown or wink alone
The billows' utmost wrath assuage.
'Twixt him and Niord a pact holds good,
And when Niord rides across the deep,
On coal-black courser mounted proud,

The winds are hush'd, the billows sleep.
Lok now with terror stood appall'd;
This did not 'scape Thor's eye severe.
"Ha!" to his comrade stern he call'd:
"Let not thy courage fail thee here!
Take heart! take heart! if thus we shrink
At th' onset of our enterprize,
What shame! what scandal! think! oh think!
Thou didst thyself this plan devise."
Thus said, into the foaming sea
He plunged, and bade them follow strait:
No more delay; they all obey;
And spite of helm and corslet's weight
With nervous arm they stem the brine;
With fear no more their bosoms quail:
They heed not now the mermaid's whine,
And laugh to scorn the snorting whale.
On, on they swim with hope elate,
In spite of warring wave and wind;
And though the waves high o'er them beat,
Full many a mile they leave behind.
At length the lightning's vivid flash
By fits reveals a glimpse of land;
And breakers, that around them dash,
Give hopes to gain the adverse strand.
How wondrous is thy strength, O Thor!
Encouraged by th' example set
Of that brave chief, they reach the shore,
And land in garments dripping wet.
The moon, emerging from a cloud,
A wild and barren heath displays:
They droop, but Thor cries out aloud:
"Now, by yon moon's benignant rays,
"We may some dwelling find at last;
Let us inland our course pursue!"
O'er sand and ice they struggle fast,
While cold and bleak the north-wind blew.
Roska at length, with marching spent,
Implored her fellow-trav'lers' aid;
Lok carried now the damsel faint,
Lok ever lov'd a beauteous maid.
Now burst the clouds with thunder riven,
And dark as pitch the sky became,
Save when athwart the vault of heaven
A meteor lanced a transient flame!
The rain in torrents now descending,
Struck terror in each trav'ler's breast;
E'en Thor himself, that chief unbending,
Could scarce his mind of fear divest.
He girds his belt around him tight:
"Here Lok of Utgard's juggling play
Hath ample scope the heroes bright
Of Asagard to lead astray.
But short shall the fiend's triumph be;
His insolence will I chastise,

And teach him low to bend the knee
Before the rulers of the skies!"

Thus Thor. At length a hut they find;
They enter; it may serve them well
For shelter from the piercing wind
And rain, that still in torrents fell.
But such a hut was never seen;
Open remain'd one side entire;
'T was one vast door; the chiefs, I ween,
This entrance strange did much admire.
They loose their wallet now to seek
Their food, by hunger gaunt compell'd;
Poor Roska, with a pallid cheek,
Sat in a corner, half congeal'd.
Two legs of goat they soon consumed,
Then laid them down to seek repose;
But Thor alone the watch assumed,
His thoughts forbid his eyes to close.
His cheek upon his palm reclines;
He sits beside the spacious door;
Secure of Miölnar, he designs
Destruction to the giant's power.
This gives him comfort and delight;
What glory will to him accrue!
How oft during the long, long night,
He grasps with pride his weapon true!

CANTO III. THOR IN HELHEIM.

The story you're about to hear
May well incredible appear:
To visit the remotest end
Of Utgard's realm the chiefs pretend:
Not easy will this project prove
Through wastes of endless frost and snow;
At each third step they onward move
O'er the glazed frost, they fall back two.
The road, on which their course they bent,
Now form'd a deep and dark descent:
They grope along through ice and snow,
And though pitch dark, they hear cocks crow.
Thor ever foremost marches on;
The others follow the faint light
That from his brazen armour shone,
And shudder oft from cold and fright.
Through caverns drear they move on slow,
Which seem to lengthen as they go;
Pale shadows flit along; they hear
The rustling sound of waters near:
Now toads croak harsh, and owlets screech;
Now fogs arise, and vapours damp;
But Thor, intent his goal to reach,
Struggles across the frozen swamp.
At length the gloomy fogs of night
Became dispell'd by sudden light;
Though faint, it fail'd not to impart

Fresh vigour to the Asa's heart.
Two torches burning blue anon
A lurid flick'ring gleam display;
While through the cloven rock the moon
Sends forth a pale and wizard ray.
At length a massive gate they reach:
Two grisly fantoms there kept watch:
One seem'd a female, one a male;
Their furrow'd cheeks were deadly pale.
Lo! slowly rising from their seat,
They fix the chiefs with earnest gaze;
These halt before the pond'rous gate,
And view those forms in mute amaze.
In shrouds of white the spectres grim,
While ague shakes each gelid limb,
Brandish aloft with angry groan
Their javelins form'd of human bone.
As Thor advanc'd, their shields they clash,
And croak aloud these words of fear:
"Go back! go back! ye strangers rash!
Whence do ye come! what seek ye here?
"Why seek ye in the pride and bloom
Of health and youth these realms of gloom?
Never did such a troop before
Find entrance to this fated shore.
For those who meanly die on straw,
The Nornor have these shades decreed;
But not for those, who Odin's law
Hold sacred, and in battle bleed.
"Ye may not tread this threshold fell,
Bound fast by adamant spell:
'Tis here a pale-blue female reigns,
Here stern her fearful law maintains:
Here captive holds the dastard crew,
Who on the bed of sickness die,
Who wounds and glorious death eschew,
And basely from the combat fly."
Then Thor: "We've reach'd th' abode, I ween,
Of Hela, unforgiving queen;
O Lok! we now shall soon behold
Thy pale-blue daughter stern and cold."
Then Lok grew pale, and trembling said:
"Let us return! I bitter rue
My grievous fault: O! how I dread
My frightful offspring's face to view!"
Then Thor replied with look severe:
"A God should never yield to fear;
Shame! resolution thus to lack!
Rouse all thy nerve, and shrink not back!
A giantess thy heart subdued,
And thou to passion didst succumb,
Too well I know, that nothing good
Can from the blood of giants come.
"Twas Skulda in her book of fate
Did this event predestinate;

If she decreed thy amorous flame,
Who shall that prudent Norna blame?
Thy offspring causes fear, 'tis true,
But never can contempt excite;
Not only men, but Asa too,
All view her features with affright.
"Where joy and pleasure flourish most
And nurs'd by strength their empire boast,
Yet still, at the bare sight of fear
Those blessings straight will disappear;
Thus Fenris can embitter all
The glories of Valhalla's feast;
His very look hath power t'appal,
And freeze with dread great Odin's breast.
"And say! how should our Asgard then
Differ from the abode of men,
Did not death, misery and disgrace
A line of demarcation trace?
Like Midgard's snake, misfortune fell
Winds round, and gnaws the heart of earth;
And he too, Lok, thou know'st full well,
From thy embrace derived his birth.
"Yet, O thou Asa dear! 'tis well
Thou hast engender'd the grim Hel!
Due honour she should ever find;
She punishes the Nidding kind,
She my avenger is; 'tis she
Who best upholds my law and right;
Take courage, therefore! learn from me
Never to think of craven flight!"
This sage discourse now caus'd the fear
Of Asa Lok to disappear;
To him much consolation gave
The prudence of his comrade brave.
Thor rais'd his lance; the portal vast
He struck with force; it swung around,
Like leaf before th' autumnal blast;
The hinges creak'd with jarring sound.
Now Thor his champions onward led,
The vault re-echo'd with their tread;
Now little Roska 'gan to cower,
And closely grasp'd the hand of Thor.
Through many a winding gall'ry past,
They stumble on, or creep, or glide,
Until a flick'ring flame at last
Serves their ambiguous path to guide.
At length an opening towards the north
They find, and 'gainst it struggle forth;
To where the roof describes an arch,
And forms a vestibule, they march;
This vestibule to a vast hall
Conducts them, where they now behold
The wretches deaf to honour's call,
Whom Helheim's bars imprison'd hold.
Along the wall pale phantoms flit,

Who groan and shake with aguish fit!
 Palsies, catarrhs, and fevers grim
 Prey on each agonizing limb.
 When Thor advanc'd, they wept and whined;
 Down their wan cheek a cold sweat flows!
 While slimy snakes, around them twined,
 Cause by their bite convulsive throes!
 Under the vaulted roof, behold!
 A throne appears, but not of gold,
 Silver, or ivory; this throne
 Was built of human skulls alone!
 Thereon sat Hela, fell to view;
 Her skin a chalky hue reveal'd,
 Down from the girdle; livid blue
 Above it seem'd from blood congeal'd!
 A man's thigh-bone in moonshine bleach'd
 T' enforce new torments she outstretch'd,
 For never her vindictive mind
 Allows to rest the Nidding kind:
 This bone exhal'd a corpse-like smell;
 On high she waved it like a wand;
 It made all crouch; it serv'd full well
 As sceptre in her clammy hand.
 No sound, but moans to make flesh creep,
 Here interrupts the silence deep;
 No zephyrs thaw the frost severe;
 Cadav'rous odours taint the air;
 Three torches blue illum'd the scene!
 By each a ghastly spectre stood!
 Shapes frightfully diseased were seen,
 But on their limbs no trace of blood!
 Now Thor began to smile; exempt
 From fear himself, he with contempt
 The crowd of trembling ghosts beheld,
 And loud this stern discourse he held:
 "O wretched fools! why did ye shun
 The dangers of all-glorious war?
 Thus may it fare with every one
 Who dares not follow Asa-Thor!
 "Ye miserable, who eschew'd
 Danger and death and scenes of blood!
 Weaker than women! Hela now
 Grinds ye with never-ending woe;
 Ye fear'd to don the warrior's helm,
 And trembled at the bowstring's twang;
 Well, now, in Hel's accursed realm,
 Ye tremble with eternal pang!"
 Thus Thor: the ghosts respond with moan:
 The chief advanc'd to Hela's throne,
 And though thick fogs his utterance choke,
 He still, though hoarse, thus suppliant spoke:
 "Hela, terrific queen! whose eye
 Fills every living breast with fear,
 Ah! not spontaneously do I
 Before thy awful throne appear.

"I cannot the desire withstand
 To visit Lok of Utgard's land;
 I long that chieftain to behold,
 And therefore here have travell'd bold.
 Then, O! resolve me, Hela true,
 For well thou know'st each distant clime,
 Where must I turn? what course pursue,
 To reach the realm of Jotunheim?"
 Then Hela croak'd out thus with force,
 From throat with fogs and vapour hoarse:
 "Begone from hence! depart! away!
 Ye'll soon arrive where giants sway;
 The rosy hues that stain your cheek
 My eye-balls sear to look upon;
 Of health, and youth, and strength they speak;
 Such sights I loathe: avaunt! begone!"
 Now Thor a sign impatient made
 Behind him, which his troop obey'd.
 Lok ventur'd not to raise his eye,
 As he stern Hela's throne past by;
 He closed his eyes her sight to shun,
 And stumbled heavily along:
 She look'd at him and breath'd a groan,
 Which echoed far the rocks among.
 I will not hide the fact that Thor,
 However firm and brave in war,
 Seem'd anxious much and was not slow
 To quit those gloomy realms of woe.
 They march into the mountain's core,
 And issuing from the farthest rock,
 They soon arrive, and stand before
 The palace vast of Utgard-Lok.

CANTO IV. THOR ARRIVES AT UTGARD.

When Utgard now before him lay,
 The chief seem'd well content:
 Its site hemm'd in by mountains grey,
 Its towers, its vast extent
 Excite his wonder: at the gate
 A chosen band of warriors sat,
 All clad in armour shining,
 With cheek on hand reclining.
 Down from the walls they cast a look,
 And at his hammer sneer:
 The shield of each was granite rock,
 A huge pine trunk each spear!
 But while on Thor they look askance,
 And view him closer still advance,
 They shout, his efforts braving,
 On high their lances waving.
 And now to giant Skrymur's wand
 Thor needs must have recourse;
 He snatches it from Tialfe's hand,
 And strikes the gate with force.
 The bars and bolts receded straight,

And open flew the massive gate,
On creaking hinges wheeling,
A wondrous scene revealing!
Young Roska now was like to swoon,
When viewing with dismay
Abodes, where cliffs in arches hewn
Exclude the light of day.
And strange to all appears the sight
Of walls of alabaster bright
In Utgard-Lok's vast dwelling,
The giant fire-compelling.
No solar beam hath ever shone
Within this mansion wide,
Where seated on his marble throne
Reigns Utgard-Lok in pride.
Around their sovereign scornful stand
In triple rank a numerous band;
Cuirasses bright of iron
Their bodies stout environ.
When Utgard's haughty chief beheld
The glance of Thor severe,
His quiv'ring lip too plain reveal'd
Signs ill-suppress'd of fear.
His muscles were of marble grey,
Nor sense nor feeling they betray;
With eyes like rubies glaring,
On Thor he fix'd them staring.
Still fogs and darkness reign'd: anon
Lok utter'd accents strange;
A blow his brazen shield upon
Now caused the scene to change.
Then flames burst from the vaulted dome,
And play'd around the spacious room,
A varied light displaying,
O'er gold and silver straying!
In motion seem'd the arches all;
Then Lok: "That trembling roof
Behold! twill crush ye, should it fall;
'Twere best ye keep aloof."
Struck with these words Thor rais'd his eyes,
And view'd above him with surprize
A moving rock appalling,
Which threaten'd instant falling.
Intrepid thus he spoke: "Let that,
Which can't itself sustain,
Fall down! thy rocks may crush me flat;
Thy warning I disdain."
And now down fell the pond'rous mass,
And roll'd along the cavern's base,
Afar its fragments scatt'ring,
With awful din and clatt'ring!
And lo! exuding from the ground
A poisonous vapour grey,
Like billow, roll'd the hall around;
But all at once to stay

Its course at Aukthor's feet it seem'd,
And in a circle 'bout him steam'd;
But naught he fear'd, when gazing
On all those sights amazing.
Then Thor: "In vain to cause my death
Thy rolling rocks conspire;
And naught avail to quench my breath
Thy poisonous vapours dire:
From noble Frigga's womb I spring,
My sire is Odin, puissant king
In lofty Asgard dwelling,
All other gods excelling."
Then Utgard Lok with accent grum:
"I know the reason well,
That brings thee to these realms of gloom,
Where swarthy giants dwell:
I know thy lineage and thy blood,
Yet laugh to scorn the Asar brood,
Thy hammer's force despising,
And naught thy merit prizing.
"Thou boastest of thy strength sublime
And all thou canst effect;
We giants still fore Arild's time
Were giants, recollect!
Before the Asar we held sway,
Before thou, Thor, hadst seen the day;
Before thy hammer's glory
Had furnish'd theme for story.
"Let me our earliest records trace!
Before the world's creation
There was a vast and empty space;
Therein no vegetation.
Ice, snow, and fog from Niffelheim
Lay northward; south from Muspelheim
Proceeded sparks of fire,
That warmth and growth inspire.
"Against the frost i' th' vast abyss
Winds from the south now came;
They mix'd; then matter dropp'd, and this
One solid heap became:
Now cold 'gainst fire, and fire 'gainst cold
Long struggled hard the palm to hold;
But fire remain'd victorious:
Thence Ymer sprang the glorious!
"Him we acknowledge as the sire
Of our gigantic brood:
E'en ye our towering size admire,
With strength immense endow'd.
At that time thy earth-shaking car
Did not exist, presumptuous Thor!
"Let me," quoth Thor, "this history
Expound and all its mystery!
"The wond'rous facts I now relate.
Than I none better knows:
Alfader gave the word; and strait

The cow Audumbla rose!
She lick'd the frost from the hard mass;
Thence sprang the noble Asar race
From solid strength descended,
With warm blood ever blended.
“With matter cold mix'd genial flame;
Then Bure sprang to life;
After him Bor; a giant dame
He carried off as wife:
This pair combined in high degree
Strength, beauty, grace, and symmetry;
His birth from their embraces
Each Asa proudly traces;
“The Alfs and Vaner too: in fine
Whate'er in Heimkringlas
Is found most precious, rare, and fine,
Was join'd to build our race.
The finest oaks must flourish tall,
Be fell'd, and cut in faggots small,
When fuel we require
To feed the nuptial pyre.
“Therefore, that first ye saw the light,
Ye giants proud! 'tis true;
Yet Bor, our ancestor, in fight
Your hero did subdue:
Ymer could not the force withstand
Of Bor; he perish'd by his hand;
That giant so presuming
In his own blood lay fuming.
“Then down into the deep abyss
Bor Ymer's body cast;
This form'd the Earth's vast edifice;
His blood the Ocean vast;
The mountains from his bones arise;
His brains compose the cloudy skies,
And still continue dreaming,
With constant changes teeming.
“Then all around and up and down
The eye-brows thick he spread,
And lo! from these the lofty town
Of Midgard lifts its head!
The scull was next spread out, and bent
To build the heavenly firmament,
Which Freya tinged with azure,
The fav'rite hue of pleasure.
“Now Bor in haste from Muspelheim
Took many sparks, and threw them
High 'midst the firmament sublime,
And there ye still may view them:
There still they glow with brilliant light;
There still, as they revolve, excite,
Above their heads and under
Their feet, the Asar's wonder.
“Now Bor and Bure fell'd two trees,
Which grew by the sea-shore;

A man and woman's form to these
Was given by mystic lore:
From the strong oak the man was made;
The fragrant rose produced the maid,
In grace and beauty shining,
All hearts to love inclining;
"Askur and Embla hight: and lo!
Bure this couple led
To Midgard's city: from those two
The human race proceed:
There still they dwell and multiply,
And render to the Asar high
Their constant adoration,
With many a rich oblation.
"Full well can I this hist'ry trace.
And every fact relate,
What time befel the giant race
Destruction and defeat:
Bergelmer only and his wife,
Saved on a wreck, escaped with life:
From them thy giant nation
Derives its generation.
"To dwell in caverns 'neath the earth
We Asar have compell'd ye:
Why boast ye then your earlier birth,
Since thus we gods have quell'd ye?
Spite of your spells and magic song,
Ye dwell perforce these rocks among:
At night alone ye rally,
And forth on mischief sally.
"As noxious herbs and weeds incline
To spread afar their roots,
Fraud, rapine, evil to enshrine,
Such are your main pursuits!
Ye think once more in arms to try
Your strength against our dynasty;
Your boasts are out of season;
Ye'll bitter rue your treason.
"For not content with mischief done
To Askur's sons of earth,
Ye've dared to wreak your malice on
Upsala's sacred hearth.
Down have ye cast the temple's walls,
And this aloud for vengeance calls;
Ye've quench'd the sacred fire:
Tremble for Odin's ire!"
His eye shot flames as thus he spoke,
His nostrils breath'd disdain;
Proud and contemptuous was the look
He cast on Utgard's train:
His brazen armour's brilliant sheen
Made every Jotun quake, I ween;
Himself stood calm, defending
His right with soul unbending.
The wild flames caused him no affright,

Which all around him shone;
 Sudden a stream, as silver bright,
 Rush'd like a torrent down:
 It near'd his feet, and fain would go
 Beyond, but, stopping, ceased to flow,
 As if with fear congealing
 At Aukthor's look repelling.
 At length the giant king rejoind,
 While fear assail'd his heart:
 "I would not, that with angry mind
 Thou shouldst from hence depart:
 Then tarry here with us awhile,
 And on our pastime deign to smile!
 This realm, trust my assertion,
 Can furnish rare diversion.
 "We'll enter on a course of games,
 When ye've repose enjoy'd,
 Such as a noble race beseems
 Of hate and envy void.
 In such a combat we can well
 Prove, without wrath, who most excel
 In wit, strength, or invention,
 In generous contention.
 To this proposal Thor agreed:
 Lok rising from his throne
 His guests with courteous gesture led
 Into a wide saloon.
 Golden its walls; of marble neat
 The table rests on golden feet:
 There stand with liquor glowing
 Carbuncle cups o'erflowing.
 Loud through the echoing rocks around
 The various metals clang!
 Cascades of quicksilver resound
 A strange and wizard twang!
 Now Thor sat down with conscious pride,
 His three companions by his side,
 Their minds, without misgiving,
 To joy and pleasure giving.

CANTO V. MAGIC SPELLS IN UTGARD.

Now at the festive board sat down
 The chiefs in social converse. Lok
 Arose, and thus in jesting tone
 The ever sprightly Asa spoke:
 "To pass the time, while here we sit,
 Let us some mirthful game devise,
 Some trial of our strength or wit,
 And prove who best deserves the prize."
 "To this proposal I agree,"
 To him thus Utgard-Lok replied;
 "And what the game or sport shall be,
 Let thy ingenious brain decide!"
 Then catching up some roasted meat,
 The Asa laughing cries: "Tis well;

Be this my first triumphant feat!
In eating none can Lok excel.
"I find my appetite increase
By what I have endured of late;
By plenteous cheer 'twere not amiss,
Methinks, my strength to renovate:
Good trencher-men in troth we are,
Of limbs robust and stomachs able:
Go, therefore! bid the cook prepare,
And set the viands on the table!"
"To what best suits thee I accede,"
Still jesting, Utgard-Lok replies;
"There can be nothing worse, indeed,
Than hungry from the board to rise:
Yet, my good friend! thou'lt soon perceive,
However strong thy stomach be,
In eating thou canst naught achieve
'Gainst one of my good company."
This speech annoy'd Laufæia's son;
He jump'd up hastily, and said:
"Thou whoreson fiend! thou evil one!
Think'st thou my purpose to dissuade?"
The swarthy chief made no reply,
But call'd to one amidst his crew:
"Come forth!" and lo! with fearful cry
Starts forth a goblin fell to view!
Obedient to his master's call,
Who now his zeal and service claims,
He stalks across the spacious hall,
In armour cover'd o'er with flames:
The most were yellow; some were red;
Some blue; anon with scornful look
Towering above his rival's head,
He cast his eyes on Asa-Lok.
His widely gaping mouth reveals
A double row of grinders long;
At every finger, 'stead of nails,
Were likewise teeth both sharp and strong:
And strange to tell, each tooth displays
On mouth or hand a pow'rful light.
Young Roska view'd them with amaze,
And shrunk back trembling with affright.
The shadows that obscured the rock
All vanish'd at the goblin's sight.
"I do perceive," said Asa-Lok,
"Each of thy limbs hath power to bite:
Yet trust me! though thou hast the power
Each finger to employ as tooth,
Thou'lt not be able to devour
More food than Loptur with his mouth."
Into the hall by Lok's command
A dish was brought of purest ore;
'Twas vast in size, and it contain'd
Of joints of meat an ample store.
The ugly fiend and Asa-Lok

Set to and crunched with all their might;
They eat, as though they both would choke:
This caused much wonder and delight.
Each sat at one end of the dish,
But in the middle soon they meet:
Lok from the bones had clear'd the flesh;
At length he could no longer eat.
Not so the goblin; he devour'd
The hard bones, golden dish, and all:
He roll'd his eyes around the board,
And for more viands fain would call.
Now loudly laugh'd the giant crew;
E'en Thor the serious laugh'd outright:
Young Tialfe grinn'd, and Roska too
Was much diverted at the sight.
The guests now sitting round the board,
As arbiters pronounce the doom;
They loud proclaim with one accord,
That Asa-Lok was overcome.
Then Utgard-Lok in jesting mood
Call'd out to Tialfe by his name:
"Since we are cloy'd with drink and food,
Let us arrange some other game!
We practise here, the time to kill,
Jokes and diversions not a few:
Go thou, brave youth! and try thy skill!
I fain would see what thou canst do."
"What callst thou trying? do not boast
Too much!" the ardent Tialf replied:
"Though Asa-Lok the prize have lost,
That cannot, sure, our worth decide.
He gave me armour; and ye'll find,
Though ye can bones and dish devour
Like dogs, that with undaunted mind
I brave, and hope to quell your power."
Then Utgard's Chief with knitted brow
Rejoin'd: "Twere bootless to contend
On what is past and gone: do thou
Propose some game, my youthful friend!"
"Good!" answer'd Tialfe: "Be it so!"
And strait his corslet 'gan t' unlace.
"An ye consent, I'm ready now
With any of your train to race."
Then thus the swarthy chief: "'Tis well;
And such a sport, methinks, is meet:
For when our arms in vigour fail,
We find our safety in our feet.
Come then! begin! trace out the course!
Yet I suspect, thou'lt soon succumb,
However great in speed thy force,
When racing with my little Thumb."
Now Tialfe's limbs with anger shook,
He threw around a scornful glance;
And view'd forth crawling from a nook
A strange and dwarfish elf advance!

Though little strength he seem'd to boast,
Yet supple as a bow was he:
A veil enveloping his bust
His features none allow'd to see.
"I see his body swells or shrinks,"
Quoth Tialf, "at pleasure 'fore the wind;
In elasticity, methinks,
He leaves all creatures far behind.
Come, little hero! come along,
And let us strait begin our course!
Much need we, when the race is long,
Not merely suppleness, but force."
The signal given, off they set!
The rocks re-echo with the sound!
The dwarf first reach'd the goal, and met
Full butt his rival, turning round.
Tialf bit his lips, and scarce suppress'd
His anger; panting thus he spake:
"'Tis not enough our speed to test;
Let us another trial make!"
Now off they start again: and though
With all his might young Tialfe raced,
Swifter than dart from archer's bow
The supple dwarf the goal embraced.
He halted, while his rival still
Distant a half bow-shot was seen;
Thus easy baffling Tialfe's skill,
He chuckled in his sleeve, I ween.
One trial more the chiefs ordain'd;
The dwarf the gage rejected not;
He flew, and quick the goal attain'd,
And strait returning, reach'd the spot
From which they started, long before
Tialfe himself could reach the goal.
The youth sank breathless on the floor,
With jaded limbs and anguish'd soul.
That Tialf was vanquish'd all agreed:
Like wind the dwarf now vanish'd fleet.
Then Utgard's chief to Aukthor said:
"Now try thyself some dextrous feat!
Thy champions hitherto have shown
But little skill and little power;
But thou perhaps, and thou alone,
Mayst all our efforts overpower."
Thor drily then: "It may be so;
I seek not our defeat to skreen:
In eating, certes, I allow,
That Asa-Lok hath vanquish'd been.
But that which most is thought in me
Surprising, is my power of drink:
Bring me a drinking horn! ye'll see,
From no competitor I shrink."
The chief gives signal; quick as thought
Into the spacious hall is borne,
Of curious yellow metal wrought,

And carved with runes, a drinking horn.
Its point extreme, so vast its length,
Afar without the cavern lies:
E'en Thor, though conscious of his strength,
Was stagger'd at its awful size.
With anxious eye and strict attention
See Thor this vessel contemplate!
It seems in truth of vast dimension,
Yet for his stomach not too great.
Then Utgard's chief. "Well mayst thou doubt,
If thou hast power that horn to drain:
He who can see its measure out,
Certes, will not of thirst complain.
"But when through guile or negligence
A giant hath our laws profaned,
To empty that whole horn's contents
Is oft the punishment ordain'd.
One draught the horn can seldom drain,
In two the feat we sometimes see;
But there is none among my train
Who cannot empty it in three."
To him thus Asa-Lok replied:
"Mongst all the chiefs in Odin's realm,
If my experience may decide,
In drinking Thor bears off the palm.
Whene'er he calls aloud for drink,
And grasps the horn with nervous arm,
The Asar back with terror shrink,
And Valhall trembles with alarm.
"For him Iduna's tender care
Provides the luscious apple-wine;
And scarcely more delicious are
The kisses from her lips divine:
In drinking, as in fighting great,
One single draught doth Thor suffice
The largest horn to empty strait;
And none with him dispute the prize.
"A well known fact I now declare;
As'-Odin every morning hies
To Mimer's sacred fountain, where
He courteous for a drink applies:
Then Mimer from those bounteous rills
A beaker, of dimensions vast
In depth and breath, with water fills;
That water boasts of wine the taste.
"Odin once Valaskialf forsook;
To travel far it seem'd him fit:
While absent, Thor that beaker took,
And at one draught he emptied it:
Since then, the mighty warrior's fame
Resounds from every Asa's mouth,
And Asgard's chronicles proclaim
The feat. I tell ye naught but truth.
When Odin learn'd this act of Thor,
Thus burst he forth in angry tone:

“Ha! what presumption! thou art far
Too daring and too rash, my son!
That fountain fresh with wisdom glows;
Thor drank and straight did wit obtain:
How canst thou, then, our chief suppose
Incompetent thy horn to drain?”
Then answer’d Utgard’s prince: “Who knows?
In Odin’s hall perhaps they feel
Less thirst than here.” Then Thor arose,
And with that arm, whose nerves are steel,
The horn he lifted from the ground;
Nor difficult this effort seem’d:
This movement caused an echoing sound,
And was alone a marvel deem’d.
“Of drinkers we will hail thee first,
If in that horn thou naught dost leave;
And certainly thy tongue with thirst
Unto thy palate will not cleave.”
Thus sneering said the fiend: awhile
The Asa stood immers’d in thought:
Then grasp’d the horn with sudden smile,
And took one long and pow’rful draught.
E’en as the sandy wilderness
Drinks in th’ impetuous floods of rain,
That pour down from the heavenly space,
Thus Aukthor drank, and drank amain:
He stopp’d, and with complacent look
Began the vessel to explore;
Yet spite of the long draught he took,
It seem’d as full as ’twas before.
But Thor’s high courage never fails;
He leans upon his hammer bright:
Again the beaker he assails,
And quaffs with all his soul and might.
In furrows deep his forehead rolls;
His veins swell at the effort rude:
He drank, as do the clefts and holes
Of the ravine drink in the flood.
Once more the chief review’d the horn;
Full, as before, the horn remains:
How deep did then our hero mourn
His baffled strength and bootless pains!
Well might this horn with wonder fill
Those, who knew not its mystery;
For, spite of all he swallow’d, still
The smallest space was not left dry.
Again the god his mouth applies
Th’ unfathomable horn to drain:
He drank, e’en as the deep abyss
Drank in the blood of Ymer slain:
The giants who this feat beheld
All with astonishment turn’d pale,
But prudently their fear conceal’d:
Yet e’en this draught did nought avail.
When Asa Thor at length perceived,

How fruitless all his efforts were
 To drain the horn, he inward grieved,
 And thus he spoke: "I must declare,
 Ye chiefs of Jotunheim are first
 In power of swallowing drink, as well
 As flesh; for such unnatural thirst
 We sons of Asgard never feel.
 "The bowl we Asar do not drain
 The feverish heat of thirst to quell;
 We feel it not; 'tis strength to gain,
 That we imbibe our hydromel.
 How joyous at the board we meet!
 What lovely maids our drink prepare!
 'Tis far less water'd, and more sweet
 Than your insipid beverage here."
 Then to the god these words address'd
 The chief of Utgard's gloomy state.
 "When with broad shoulders we are bless'd,
 The stomach also should be great;
 But since 'tis only sport, I fain
 Some other proof of skill would see;
 Some cheerful game do thou ordain!
 The choice, O chief! I leave to thee.
 "Our custom in this vast saloon
 Is to divert ourselves with play;
 Tis thus with my companions boon
 Fast glide the tedious hours away;
 Then let us now at once proceed
 To try some sport, the time to pass
 I have it: Who can best succeed
 In lifting up a ponderous mass?"
 Quoth Thor: "I do consent to that."
 Lo! from a hole came running out
 A big and curious broad-tail'd cat,
 And twirl'd itself the hall about.
 It look'd at Thor, and seem'd to quake
 With terror; then it shrunk, and bent
 Itself in folds, like wily snake,
 To spring upon its prey intent.
 With its red eyes so small it peep'd,
 Hunger and malice in its frown;
 Then on its belly forward crept,
 And gently by the god lay down.
 No furs enwrapp'd this creature's skin,
 But rings of horn its limbs encased;
 When first call'd forth the sport to join,
 It seem'd with terror sore oppress'd.
 It play'd and frisk'd the guests among
 With tail so scaly long and thick;
 Its mouth protrudes a forked tongue,
 With which 'twas wont its lips to lick.
 Then Lok: "Canst thou lift up that cat,
 O Thor! thy strength is great indeed."
 "Nay!" answered Asa Lok, "a weight
 Far greater he can lift at need.

“The hammer that our chief doth bear,
Alone outweighs one hundred pound;
But mark my words, while I declare
A feat, for which he’s much renown’d:
Once into lovely Freya’s hall
He enter’d, while she sleeping lay;
He seiz’d the goddess, couch and all,
And bore them in his arms away.
With freshest rose-leaves fill’d, the bed
Was wrought of massive golden ore;
But though so heavily it weigh’d,
With ease he raised it from the floor;
Then to his castle, Trudvang hight,
Triumphant bore it through the air;
So noiseless was the Asa’s flight,
He naught disturb’d the sleeping fair.
The goddess bright with roses crown’d
Awoke at midnight’s solemn hour,
And much did it the fair astound,
To find herself in Aukthor’s bower:
Himself was kneeling by her side;
Till roused from her surprize at length
She rose in all her beauty’s pride,
And trembled at the hero’s strength.
Since charged with load of such vast weight,
He bird-like cleaved the liquid air,
Dost thou suppose thy frightful cat
Too heavy for his arm to bear?
Two sable cats draw Freya’s car,
And what they draw, he raised alone:
Than both his strength was greater far;
Think ye, he cannot lift up one?”
The prince of Utgard smiled: “Take care!”
Quoth he: “be not too sure of that!
For I suspect, that Freya’s car
Is far less heavy than my cat.”
Now Thor prepared in Utgard’s hall
His strength to prove with eager zest;
But silence he implored from all,
And all complied with his request.
Fixing the cat with watchful eye,
Thor ’neath its belly threw his arm;
It claw’d and spat most frightfully,
And whined with fury and alarm.
’Twas vain with this vile beast to cope,
And Thor soon found his efforts weak;
The more he strove to lift it up,
The higher still became its back.
On high, as far as arm could reach,
He raised the creature towards the roof;
But higher still the cat could stretch
Its strange elastic form at proof:
So hard the struggle, e’en the soul
Of mighty Thor felt some dismay:
Now through the roof he breaks a hole,

And fain towards heaven would lift his prey.
But spite of all his efforts, he
Could raise but one leg from the hearth;
Tenacious clung the other three,
As if fast rooted, to the earth.
At length exhausted he became,
And down he let the creature fall;
And though he strove to hide his shame,
'Twas clearly visible to all.
The cat was then removed. The fiend
With look demure and wily sneer
Then said to Tialfe's lord: "My friend!
Thus goes it with our pastimes here.
Like all things else in our domain,
That cat can wond'rous strength deploy;
E'en Thor, great Odin's son, 'tis plain,
Cannot in strength with giants vie."
To him thus sharp the god of war,
For much those words his spirit grate:
"Now by my hammer and my car,
Talking and boasting much I hate;
But since with sneer and bantering
The force of Thor thou seemst to doubt,
Come forth thyself, O swarthy king!
And try with me a wrestling bout!"
With soften'd voice the chief rejoin'd,
For now fear made him lower his crest:
"Nay! why so hasty? bear in mind,
That all things here are done in jest!
No malice here disturbs our sport;
But since a wrestling match you chuse,
I've an old woman in my court,
To cope with Thor she'll not refuse."
To him Laufeia's crafty son:
"She comes not for our chief too late;
She'll rue the sport; his grasp alone
Has power her limbs to dislocate:
In ancient runes hath she not read,
How on the giant's isle of rock,
'Midst a vast female troop he sped,
And made them feel his hammer's shock?"
"Twas sport to see him deal such blows
On those fierce virgins; none unscathed
Escaped; though numberless his foes,
'Midst flames his look defiance breathed:
To drown him one the thought conceived,
And urged him to the ocean's brink;
But such a blow her scull received,
She ne'er again had power to think."
Angry and deeply blushing, Thor
Struck on the forehead Asa Lok:
Down to the earth he sank before
His feet, while thus the thund'rer spoke.
"Thus I chastise thy sland'rous tongue,
On calumny and lies intent:

Doubtless the Asar's choir among
Thou art the most impertinent!
"Wretched buffoon! base weather-cock!
Vile mimic of the giant race!
How darest thou Asa Thor provoke,
And falsehoods thus insidious trace?
Thyself an Asa, thou do'st e'er
Delight thy peers to vilify:
As sure as Fenris howls, I swear
Thy punishment shall dreadful be."
Now rising slow with blushing cheek,
And forehead bleeding, Loptur spoke:
"Why, cruel! on thy comrade wreak
Thy vengeance for a harmless joke?
'Twas but in jest; since 'twas agreed
That all we do should be in sport,
Why not in word as well as deed
With temper bear a sly retort?
"Are then thy strength and bravery
At once become so weak, O Thor,
That a mere joke, a raillery,
To damp their energy hath power?
No signs of fear or weakness show'd
Those virgins: clad in steel and brass,
With clubs they to the battle strode;
In strength no males could them surpass.
"Yes! female goblins fell were they,
Who sank beneath thy shaft divine;
And this old woman here, I say,
Reminds me of that act of thine:
Meagre, decrepit, toothless, old,
Can such a witch with Thor contend?"
Then quickly answer'd Thor the bold:
"Enough! here let our quarrel end!"
Now tottering in the hall appears,
Leaning a knotty staff upon,
A woman deep advanced in years;
Her eyes were sunk, her cheek was wan;
Her coarse white locks, her shrivell'd skin
Announced extreme decrepitude:
To pity much did Thor incline,
When such a fragile form he view'd.
"It is not fit," the Asa said,
"That thou shouldst cope with me before
Thou hast a cup of juice essay'd,
Whose fruit grows in Valhalla's bower."
Now from a hole within his shield
He took a fruit of luscious taste:
With courteous look and accent mild
To taste it much the dame he prest.
"Eat this! my venerable dame!
Thy days of youth 'twill straight restore;
This fruit from Bragur's garden came;
Iduna guards the sacred store:
'Twill make thy veins beat high with youth;

'Twill fill with eloquence thy tongue."
 Then thus the dame: "I'm old, in truth,
 Yet I remain for ever young.
 "All things do I devour, yet naught
 Consume; as for thy fruit divine,
 Keep it thyself! I need it not!
 But come! let us the sport begin!"
 Thus said, her arms around her foe
 She cast with wondrous force and glee;
 Thor, struggling hard the crone to throw,
 At length fell breathless on his knee.
 His comrades trembled, sore afraid
 To view their chieftain's sad mischance:
 Now Thor to them a signal made
 To succour him with sword and lance.
 Then turning round in wrath extreme,
 To Utgard-Lok he fiercely cries:
 "Let me this instant quit thy realm,
 Where frantic witchcraft gains the prize!
 "I cannot bear such magic spells,
 Such visions strange: Odin alone,
 My sire, who in Valhalla dwells,
 Can from such mischief shield his son:
 Unknown to him I've travell'd here;
 Ah me! I do repent me now!
 Deceit, misfortune, checks severe
 Are all that I have proved below.
 "But when we next renew the fight,
 Naught shall thy spells thy person shield:
 Odin can magic runes indite,
 As Thor knows how his mace to wield:
 Allied we shall one day descend
 From thy vile yoke the world to free,
 And Utgard-Lok, arch-traitrous fiend,
 In his own realm shall vanquish'd be."
 Indignant then he faced about,
 While shame and anger tinged his cheek;
 The chief of Utgard led him out,
 With mind perplex'd and gesture meek:
 The mountain deeply sigh'd and mourn'd;
 Down rush'd its silv'ry blood amain;
 The gate slow on its hinges turn'd,
 And Thor once more bestrode the plain.

CANTO VI. THE SPELLS UNRAVELLED.

When now from subterranean gloom
 Emerged, again the hero stood
 Amidst the plain where flow'rets bloom,
 With joy the azure sky he view'd:
 His hammer shed around a light;
 His armour seem'd on fire:
 He feels once more his wonted might
 Through all his veins transpire.
 He waved his hammer. Utgard's lord
 At once in him could recognize

The god by Jotunheim abhorr'd,
The god, whose thunders shake the skies:
His hair now stood upright with fear,
His heart began to beat,
For though in Utgard's nether sphere
The chief had met defeat,
He fear'd, that when the bright domain
Of Asgard Thor again should reach,
Odin would all the spells explain,
And surest means of vengeance teach.
"That fatal consequence to thwart
I must some scheme devise:
Were it not best myself t' impart
To Thor those mysteries,
And frankly thus at once reveal
How all things happen'd there below?
The key to each enchanted spell
'Twere better he from us should know,
Than learn it elsewhere; this would move
Still more the Asar's wrath,
And hard would then the contest prove
'Gainst Thor and Odin both."
Thus to himself thought Utgard Lok:
Then full of cunning and deceit
To Thor he thus embarrass'd spoke:
"Tis well for us, thou hast thought fit
To leave our kingdom: thou shalt ne'er
With my consent return;
Much from thy visit did I fear,
We might have cause to mourn.
"But now that for our giant race
All danger's past, will I relate
Frankly, how all things came to pass:
And here, O chief! thy prowess great
We all confess, and all admire;
Thy sword and hammer bright
All foes with terror must inspire,
When thou appearest in sight.
"I learn'd with much astonishment
And no small dread, O chief! that thou
Hadst form'd a project of descent
From Valaskialf to earth below.
But when thy further views I learn'd
To visit Utgard's realm,
Methought, O chief! thy brain was turn'd
To harbour such a scheme.
"Doubtless, I did not dare offend
A god as frank as he is strong;
I only sought my realm to fend
By wizard spell and mystic song:
The winds and waves in wild commotion
I urged from pole to pole;
But neither winds nor waves of Ocean
Have power to daunt thy soul.
"I straight assumed a shape, of more

Than human size or human strength;
Upon the ground I 'gan to snore,
With all my limbs stretch'd out at length:
I thought to fright thee from the heath,
And check thy bold advance;
But vain my threat'ning size and teeth
Against thy sword and lance.
"I trembled for thy hammer too
Forged in the gloomy dwarfs' abode;
He whom that strikes, full well I know,
Is forthwith deluged in his blood.
By strange illusions I inclined
To give thy nerves a shock;
But it ne'er enter'd in my mind
So brave a chief to mock.
"What I had plann'd, I did fulfil
Forthwith; but thou wert naught afeard:
Naught didst thou else, but closer still
Thy belt around thy body gird:
But I acknowledge, when I view'd
Thy footsteps turn my way,
A cold sweat all my limbs bedew'd,
As on the grass I lay.
"Thy eyes were thus deceived: the blow
That first thy hammer gave my head,
Though not thy heaviest, would, I trow,
If felt, have my quietus made:
When I beheld thee raise thy arm,
My limbs with terror shook,
I conjured by a powerful charm
Thy blow against that rock."
At this discourse Thor stood aghast,
Then hied the rock to scrutinize;
He there beheld three caverns vast
Hewn in the rock before his eyes.
While Thor with wonder view'd this cave,
The giant humbly said:
"Behold! the blows thy hammer gave
Those caverns three have made.
"But still th' illusion to maintain,
And further still thy sense deceive,
I rubb'd my brow and feign'd some pain
At every blow thou thoughtst to give.
I must confess thy hammer's shock
Could lay the mightiest low;
But thou didst split the granite rock,
Instead of Skrymur's brow.
"I thought to lead thee 'stray amidst
The mountain's windings intricate;
By my contrivance 'twas thou didst
Arrive at pale-blue Hela's gate.
I thought to frighten thee away
From our snow-cover'd zone;
But fear to thee, I needs must say,
Is utterly unknown.

“And now will I relate to ye
How all occur’d in my domain:
Then listen to my words, I pray,
While those enigmas I explain.
And first, O Lok! I gave to thee
A dish well fill’d with meat;
Thou didst thy duty manfully,
’Twas sport to see thee eat.
“Though thou with all thy force didst eat,
And we thy powers did much admire,
Yet how couldst thou escape defeat,
When thy competitor was Fire?
For thus the goblin fierce we call
With ever-craving maw:
What wonder, that bones, dish, and all,
He should consume like straw?
“And, Tialfe! though in racing thou
Didst manifest a wondrous speed,
Yet to thy rival thou must bow,
His swiftness far did thine exceed;
But where’s the wonder that sharp elf
Should first the goal embrace?
For know! it was my Thought itself,
The dwarf, who won the race:
“All things in swiftness Thought excels:
Who can so plain a truth gainsay?
And mine I charged with magic spells,
To lead thee from the course astray.
Yet though but ill-success ye’ve met
On Utgard’s gloomy shore,
Believe me, we shall ne’er forget
The mighty deeds of Thor.
“I cannot from thy praise restrain,
O Asa! for thy powers of drink;
For though the horn thou couldst not drain,
Thou didst not from the effort shrink.
Each of my vassals stood aghast
At such a bold essay;
For one end of that horn so vast,
Think! in the ocean lay!
“While thou didst so much water quaff,
O Asa! we could well perceive
The horn by suction did one half
The sea of its contents bereave:
Dost thou of my assertion doubt?
Go to yon cliff’s high brink,
And see how much thy drinking bout
Has made old Ocean shrink!”
Now Asa-Thor moved towards the sea;
Him follow’d Roska, Lok, and Tialf:
They lean’d upon their swords to see
The ocean; it had sunk one half.
The depth immense they all admire
From a stupendous height;
But terrified, they quick retire

From the appalling sight.
 Then thus the chief of Utgard: "Thor,
 I hope, will bear me no ill-will;
 I trust he hath absolved me, for
 I've giv'n him scope to prove his skill:
 My spells have only served to show
 His powers in clearer light;
 The sands from whence the waters flow
 Have testified his might.
 "When thou, great chieftain, shalt return
 To thy bright dome in Trudvang's grove,
 There shalt thou find that drinking-horn:
 Accept it as a pledge of love.
 'Twill serve thy visit to recall
 To Utgard-Lok's abode,
 And cause, when drinking in thy hall,
 The daily ebb and flood."
 Then Thor: "In fraud and artifice
 Thou art a most accomplish'd elf;
 Methinks it would not be amiss
 To try my strength upon thyself.
 Thou dost deserve with broken head
 Thy treason to deplore,
 And that this hand be tinged with red,
 And moisten'd with thy gore."
 Then Utgard's chief to sigh began,
 With quiv'ring lip and falt'ring tone:
 "It would not, sure, the stronger man
 Become to slay the weaker one:
 Thy struggle with the cat we saw
 To raise it towards the roof;
 When it began to spit and claw,
 With fear we stood aloof.
 "With all thy thund'ring from the sky,
 Thou ne'er hast caused such fear as then;
 For know, the cat, that thou didst try
 To bear aloft with effort vain,
 Was the enormous serpent fell
 That Midgard's sphere enfolds,
 And circling all the earth, its tail
 In its own mouth it holds!
 "Proud of thy strength of heavenly proof,
 Thou stov'st the struggling beast to raise,
 And high as the vast cavern's roof
 Thou seem'dst to lift it up with ease:
 But still, however high from earth
 Thou stov'st to lift it up,
 With angry tail it lash'd the hearth,
 And made thy prowess droop.
 "And lastly, the old wrinkled dame,
 Who, wrestling, show'd such skill and power,
 Weak and decrepit though she seem,
 Had strength enough thy crest to lower.
 But where's the wonder that her arm
 Should conquer Thor sublime?

To conquer all the fatal charm
She boasts: her name is Time.
“That crone so greedy, gaunt, and grim,
Wanders about with hungry mouth;
Old though she seem in face and limb,
Yet still she boasts eternal youth.
In every clime she proves her pow’r
By great Alfader’s doom;
And though she every thing devour,
She nothing does consume.
“One day her grinders will devour,
I tell ye truth, our giant breed;
She’ll likewise crush the Asars’ power,
For thus the Nornor have decreed.
Thou wert compell’d to bend the knee
Before that ancient dame;
Let that defeat a warning be,
And thy presumption tame!”
Now Aukthor’s eyes with fury glare;
He rais’d his mace, and fain would slay
The fiend; but he, dissolv’d in air,
Had fled to Utgard far away.
The god no longer now beheld
A mountain o’er his head:
He stands upon a spacious field
With clover thick o’erspread.

CANTO VII. THE RETURN HOME.

Girding his belt still closer round
His loins, the chief his way pursued:
Towards eve a meadow vast he found,
Where herds of cattle grazing stood.
Still moving on with soul on fire,
His eyes a distant dwelling reach,
The humble cot of Tialfe’s sire
Embosom’d in a grove of beech.
Then Tialfe blush’d, and towards the cot
Ran lustily along the grass:
Him follow’d Roska light of foot
With streaming hair and rosy face.
To view the spot how great their joy,
Where first the breath of life they drew!
Shouts of delight reveal the boy;
Roska shed tears like morning dew.
Close to the cottage-door outspread
A linden-tree its branches wide:
The peasant there beneath its shade
Sat with his consort by his side.
Soon as the children met their eyes,
High beat their hearts with ecstasy;
“Lo! there is Tialf!” the Gaffer cries:
“Lo! there is Roska!” echoes she.
The dame gave vent to many a tear,
When clasping Roska in her arms:
Much wonder caused the shield and spear,

And eye that spoke of war's alarms.
The ancient dame felt never tired
Upon her daughter's charms to dwell;
Her size improved she much admired,
Her slender waist, and bosom's swell.
"I scarcely can believe, that I
Gave birth to such a daughter brave:
Whence gottest thou that flashing eye?
And who that shining corslet gave?"
Young Roska gravely thus replied:
"My gracious master Asa-Thor
The corslet shield and sword supplied:
His lessons fit my soul for war."
Then the old man with locks so grey
In close embrace his Tialfe held:
The youth with self-esteem swell'd high,
Proud of his casque, his lance and shield.
"My darling boy! in truth, 'tis strange,"
Thus sobbing did the parent say:
"Whence comes so wonderful a change?
Thou wert a child but yesterday.
"Whence gottest thou that martial brow,
And strength the toils of war to brave?
Who gave thee force to bend the bow,
And who that glitt'ring armour gave?"
Then Tialfe: "Thor my gracious lord
Gave me these arms; the art of war
From him I learn; to wield the sword,
And poise the lance, and mount the car."
When to his parents Tialf reveal'd
The presence of the puissant Thor,
The old man and his consort kneel'd,
Inspired with awe, the god before:
With timid sigh the old man said:
"O god! whose fame the world doth fill,
Thy car is safe beneath my shed,
And thy two goats are living still."
This speech the Asa's nerves restored;
His wrath quick vanish'd like the wind:
Reflecting on the giant's word,
He felt consoled in heart and mind.
Now to the stable straight he goes,
And opes the door: with joy he swell'd,
And quick forgot all cares and woes,
When he his goats and car beheld.
And now the giant queller took
(His custom 'twas) his hammer bright;
A well directed blow he struck,
And slew his goats of colour white.
Now jump'd th' old woman up in haste,
Upon the board to spread the cloth;
While Lok began the meat to baste,
And feed the fire, and mix the broth.
Lo! from the wood the peasant's son,
Laden with faggots, now appears;

He piles them on the hearth: anon
The smoking flesh the trav'lers cheers:
No dish had they; Thor's buckler broad
This want supplied: and now they feed
With hearty zest, while the goats' blood
Furnish'd, as wont, delicious mead.
No sooner was the supper past,
Thor rose observant of his rite;
The bones within the skins he cast:
But Tialfe's father at the sight,
Mindful of what before was done,
Quits hastily the festive hearth,
And grasping by the arm his son,
Into the forest leads him forth.
Then Thor, the mighty, cried aloud:
"Why dost thou lead that youth away?"
But the old peasant only bow'd,
And to the grove pursued his way:
"What once he did, I recollect,"
Quoth he; "I must not hesitate;
I'm fearful, if he be not check'd,
He may his former trick repeat."
The giant-queller laugh'd amain:
"Nay, father! leave the youth alone;
I wager, Tialfe will ne'er again
Be tempted by a marrow-bone:
To renovate his strength he now
No longer needs to suck the marrow,
As whilom, when he drove the plough,
Or fell'd the wood, or wheel'd the barrow.
Cheer'd by the Asa's blithesome mood,
The old man let Tialf's kirtle go:
The trav'lers now, with savoury food
Refresh'd, their thoughts on sleep bestow.
But Thor, the mighty god of war,
Whose soul with thoughts heroick glows,
Doff'd not his armour; in his car
He stepp'd, and there enjoy'd repose.
The morning dawn'd: with choral lay
The feather'd songsters fill the skies:
The sun ascends; the trav'lers gay
From slumbers light refresh'd arise.
To war and bold adventure prone,
Each buckles on his armour strait,
And whets his weapon on the stone,
That stands without the cottage gate.
On the goats' feet Thor went to nail
The shoes of gold; the silken reins
He fasten'd, and prepared to sail
Across the vast celestial plains.
He grasps his hammer; in the car
His followers place them by his side:
'Midst thunder's crash and lightning's glare
They mount, and skyward rapid glide.
The car swift rolling through the sky

The peasant views with mute amaze:
The more he marks them mounting high,
The more he stares with stupid gaze.
Soaring aloft, what words can paint
Roska's and Tialf's extreme surprize,
When stretching cross the firmament
The rainbow ring salutes their eyes?
When Asa Thor, the god renown'd,
Arrived within his bright domain,
Behold a purple blush around
Spread itself o'er the azure plain:
Heimdaller, when he view'd the car,
Sounded his horn in glorious style;
And the seven Virgins greeted Thor
With wave of hand and gracious smile.
Then said the Miölner-brandisher
To the young Roska lily-white:
"Twere best I bring thee strait to her,
Who rules in Folkvang, Freya hight;
For never since the world has been
The world, was female, wife, or maid,
In Trudvang's warlike castle seen;
Nor will I now that rule evade."
The dome of Freya, queen of love,
The fairest of the Disar fair,
Stands in a vale, where many a grove
Of rose-trees sweet embalms the air.
From earthly sorrow and annoy
For ever freed, each constant youth
And faithful maid doth there enjoy
The guerdon bright of love and truth.
In that abode of joy and bliss,
Where many a graceful form is seen,
The greatest ornament, I wis,
Is Freya's self, the lovely queen.
Her golden hair, her eyes deep blue,
Her bosom turn'd with finest swell,
Her slender waist, her skin's soft hue,
Her teeth which brightest pearls excel,
Her breath of sweetest flower perfume,
Her soul-enchancing smile, her cheek
Which emulates the peach's bloom,
All these to sing my voice is weak.
In either hand she holds a rose;
Each doth delicious odour spread:
Each with the liveliest colour glows;
One tinges morn, one eve with red.
So gentle is her soul and mind,
All painful cares and griefs she heals:
Her breath, which forms the vernal wind,
The earth with vegetation fills.
When morn displays its roseate hue,
Tears glisten in her orbs so bright;
These fall to earth in shape of dew,
And fill each flow'ret with delight.

Two daughters claim her tend'rest care,
 Their faultless forms what graces deck!
 Like waterfall, their radiant hair
 Streams down their alabaster neck!
 Hnos, who the moon's bright chariot guides,
 The paragon of children shines:
 Siofna, who over sleep presides,
 All hearts to peace and love inclines.
 "Folkvangur is the place, methinks.
 Most suitable to Roska fair;
 From danger, oft I've seen, she shrinks,
 And fails in strength the shield to bear."
 Thus Thor in disappointment said,
 Then from the girl her armour takes:
 "Give up thy sword! thou peasant maid!
 Such weapons ill become thy sex.
 "I'll lead thee strait to Freya's grove,
 Where every female loves to dwell:
 Better wilt thou in sports of love,
 Than in the toils of war excel.
 Good will and spirit too thou hast,
 But oft thy vigour fails at proof:
 For thy soft-fibred hand 'twere best
 To hold the harp, or weave the woof."
 Thereat to Freya's blest abode
 He march'd, with Roska by his side;
 The maid accompanied the god,
 With confidence of joy and pride.
 The goddess praised her graceful air,
 Her shape, her eyes, her youthful bloom
 And from that moment Roska fair
 Remain'd for aye in Folkvang's dome.
 Now Thor to Valhall hastens on,
 With Tialf his swain in armour clad;
 Odin beholds him from his throne,
 And hails his son with accents glad.
 Now the Valkyrior bright advance
 With brimming cups of hydromel:
 Th' Einherier all with horse and lance
 Now charges make, and now repel.

CANTO VIII. THOR VISITS THE GIANT HYMIR.

Thor, though vex'd in mind, his anger
 Prudently resolv'd to hide;
 Thus to be the butt of mock'ry
 To the giants gall'd his pride:
 Vengeful thoughts his heart corroding
 Urge him 'gainst that lawless crew;
 Down to Ocean's deepest cavern
 He would fain his foes pursue.
 Now to Odin's throne ascending
 In his brazen armour clad,
 Low with filial reverence bending,
 To Alfader thus he said:
 "Force 'gainst giants naught availeth;

Wisdom too must bear its part:
Father! from thy cup of science
Grant one drop to cheer my heart!"
Quaffing now from wisdom's beaker,
New conceptions fill his brain:
Naught this time to Lok his comrade
Of his plan will Thor explain.
Sole his bold career pursuing,
Think! what joy his bosom feels,
Proudly Dovre's lofty pine-tops
Crushing with his chariot wheels.
Now the rocky cave approaching,
Near the vast white-foaming sea,
Where for ages Midgard's serpent
Coil'd amidst the sea-weed lay;
When he view'd it put in motion
Treach'rously the billow blue;
Swell'd his heart with deep emotion;
Glances proud towards heaven he threw.
Monster vile! thou shall no longer
(Thus in thought discourse he holds)
The affrighted earth encircle
With thy venom-swelter'd folds.
Thou shalt cease thy hateful pastime,
Hurling seamen down to Ran:
Thor shall crush thee; from thy fury
Thor shall free the race of man.
Now the god assumes the figure
Of a youthful rustic clown:
Where the whirlwind eddies howling,
There he throws his helmet down.
Like a rock well planed and hollow'd,
Crested with a grove of pine,
Thus the brazen helm and horse-hair
Glitt'ring in the sunbeam shine.
Now his beard he doff'd, and threw it
On a rock; a bush to view,
There it lay: himself moved onward,
Changed to swain in kirtle blue.
Dext'rous was the transformation;
Who could now the Asar know?
Heimdal view'd the change with pleasure,
Perch'd on Bifrost's radiant bow.
Giant Hymir's rocky dwelling
Thor proceeded now to find,
With red cheeks and locks so yellow
Streaming 'fore the morning wind:
Round his waist his belt fast girded
Show'd like strip of crimson wool:
Thus the Asa, arm'd with cunning,
Giants shall no more befool.
Like an axe he bore his hammer,
Trudging o'er the dusty plain;
Scarce can he disguise his fierceness,
Scarce his vengeful thoughts restrain.

Entering in a gloomy cavern
Near the rustling waterfall,
In his morning dream indulging,
There he found the giant tall.
Crown'd with dusky hair, his forehead
Seem'd a sea-weed-cover'd rock;
Hard his loins and tough his fibres,
Like the trunk and roots of oak:
In his mouth, which wide extended
Show'd like cavern vast and dark,
Glared three rows of frightful grinders
Like the teeth of rav'nous shark.
Near this cave a fertile meadow
Varies with the rugged scene:
Flowers of divers hues contrasting
With the dew-clad grass so green:
Lambkins frisk and bleat delighted,
Nibbling leaves from ev'ry thorn;
There in richest clover revel
Oxen fat with crumpled horn.
Now the giant woke, and casting
Round his eyes of fiery hue,
In a corner Thor discovered,
Like a weak-limb'd lad to view.
"Ha! who into Hymir's dwelling
Rashly dares to force his way?
Wretched stripling! for thy boldness
Thou with loss of life shall pay."
Then the stripling, nothing daunted:
"Here I stand with conscience clear;
Time doth all conditions level;
Nought is to be gain'd by fear.
Though before I never trembled,
Now I well may feel alarm:
Sure, a chief so strong and mighty
Will not deign a boy to harm?
"Much doth it become a giant
Magnanimity to show!
Nought would it, O chief! avail thee,
Should my blood in torrents flow:
Why then should I feel down-hearted?
Thou wouldst but despise me more;
Thinkst thou, I have left my courage
At my father's cottage-door?
"Pale to turn and fear exhibit
Baseness proves, and naught avails;
See the hedgehog, who a pris'ner
In his bristly castle quails:
Naught he deems himself in safety,
Though his quills erect he rears;
Still to peace and joy a stranger,
E'en the slightest noise he fears.
"Not so acts the little sparrow,
Far more delicate and weak;
Though not cased in mail, in ev'ry

Cleft and nook he shows his beak;
Mark, his bold, advent'rous spirit
Ne'er from danger keeps aloof;
Frank and free, he often perches
Twitt'ring on the peasant's roof.
"Here I stand, a simple sparrow,
In the giant's dark abode;
Sure the mighty eagle will not
Deign to shed a sparrow's blood!
Coarsest food, naught else I ask thee;
Crumbs, that from thy table fall;
And whene'er thou goest a fishing,
I will aid thy net to haul."
Then the giant, loudly laughing,
Stretch'd his lip from ear to ear:
"Him, who thus implores my pity
Slay I will not; do not fear!"
Much he laugh'd to hear a story
Told in such a simple strain,
And his laugh so wild and boist'rous
Made the forest ring again.
Then said he: "In th' early morning
Rudely blows the northern blast;
Here thou'rt from its force protected,
Couch'd within this cavern vast.
But when sitting in the fragile
Bark on the tempestuous sea,
If thy sprightliness and courage
There stand by thee, we shall see."
"Since my nerve thou doubttest, giant,"
Thor replied, "No more delay!
Put me quickly on the trial;
Hast thou any bait, I pray?"
"Friend, the bait that best will suit thee
In my garden thou wilt find;
There doth many a caterpillar
Round the bushes crawl and wind.
"But if on the leaf thou findest
None, of other means I know:
Take thy spade and dig yon barrow,
Worms enough thou'lt find, I trow!
Take thy shirt-pin off and bend it;
Lo! a fish-hook hast thou strait.
Then thou art prepared for fishing;
I myself use eels for bait."
"Ha! the worm shall not escape me,"
Angry Thor replied, "I know;
Round my arm in anguish writhing,
It shall perish by my blow.
Come, no more delay! allow me
But to take what suits me best."
"Go and do so," said the giant;
Off the stripling sets in haste;
To the meadow straight he hies him,
Where the giant's cattle stood;

There full butt a bull ferocious
Barr'd his way in threat'ning mood.
Now with levell'd horns he rushes
On the youth his rage to wreak;
Thor, its head with both hands seizing,
Tore it from the bleeding neck!
With the head upon his shoulder
Of the proudly-horned bull,
Thor came running 'cross the meadow,
High in glee, of courage full.
With the greatest ease he bore it,
And he needs must run in haste,
For the giant had already
Hoisted in his boat the mast.
When the giant on the shoulder
Of the youth the bull's head view'd,
Loud he praised his strength and courage,
Much admired his hardihood.
Launching now the sloop for fishing,
Each the oar with ardour plies,
While the keel with noise and creaking
Through the dark blue billow flies.
Then thought Aukthor: To the serpent
Could I once approach as nigh,
So that I could thrust my Miölner
Into his ferocious eye,
This would give me greater pleasure,
Than to hear the clash of arms,
Or to gaze in proud Valhalla
On the bright Valkyrior's charms.
All the world's distress and mis'ry
From that serpent fell proceeds:
Couch'd in ambush, on the vitals
Of th' affrighted earth he feeds:
From his fangs all dire diseases
He to plague mankind distils;
And his venom in vast globules
Sea and land with havock fills.
When a man by ling'ring sickness
Tortured, feels th' approach of death;
When he, during life's last struggle,
Faint and fev'rish pants for breath;
When the wife reads in her husband's
Sunken eye his last farewell;
Then his scales the serpent shaking
Hisses with enjoyment fell.
When the mother views with anguish
At her breast her dying child,
Which but lately, like an apple,
Blooming grew in autumn mild;
When the child will suck no longer,
When life's strength is vanish'd quite;
Joyous then the serpent rises,
Loudly hissing in the night.
When man's brain in death is frozen,

Loud he testifies his joy;
Shakes his scales, when from the topmast
Falls the luckless sailor boy.
When a constant swain his darling
Maiden on the pyre beholds,
Foams the ocean, where the serpent
Coils itself in endless folds.
All the serpents foul and frightful,
That infest the lab'ring earth,
Are engender'd by that monster
From the froth it vomits forth:
From it springs the fatal boa
On the distant southern shores,
Which insatiate still with hunger
Oft the biggest ox devours.
Now this snake in motion spiral
Twines itself the trees around;
Now to catch the heedless cattle,
Steals along the swampy ground.
Those of lesser growth with equal
Malice their bright hues display,
And with eyes deceitful gleaming
Askur's hapless offspring slay.
Beautiful with rings encircled
Are their skins like flowers to view,
Vying oft in brilliant colour
With the rose and violet's hue:
Vapours poisonous exuding
Under hedges oft they lie;
And the birds upon the branches
Fascinate with magic eye.
Fenris certainly is frightful,
Friend of the malignant night;
Oft he hurls men down to Helheim,
From the steep cliff's dizzy height:
Oft he guides the midnight robber,
Steel excites him to employ,
And whene'er the robber murders,
Fenris howls with frantic joy.
'Gainst the forest-king the lion
He the tiger fell begot:
Formerly the bear suck'd honey,
Guileless in his mossy grot.
Next engender'd he th' hyæna,
Lynx, and fox, to plunder given;
And 'gainst these the bear and lion
Are to endless contest driven.
Fenris, when a wounded body
He perceives at midnight hour,
Makes it carrion; but this serpent
Hath a far more dang'rous power:
I will, therefore, quick destroy it;
Man shall cease to be its prey:
Thor shall Askur's race deliver
From their fiercest enemy.

Blest with health and strength to Freya
Shall they mount to realms on high!
And when they become too numerous,
Let them fight and bravely die!
They should ne'er give way to hatred,
Even where the sword decides:
Wrath becomes not gallant warriors,
Whom the voice of honour guides.
They shall move in ranks to battle.
No sea-serpent cause them fear;
There like merry youths and lusty,
Enter on their bright career:
Manfully rush on each other,
Wave the sword, the pennon spread,
And in fair and open combat
Joy their generous blood to shed.
Then when blood streams forth in torrents
Thor in arms shall tread the sky,
And 'midst thunder's crash and lightning
Summon them to Valhall high:
There admitted 'mongst the Asar
Shall they quaff delicious mead,
While with heavenly harpings Bragur
Chaunts aloud each glorious deed.
Thus the Asa thought, and onward
'Gan to row with all his might;
With his oar he made the billow
Fly before him foaming white.
Fired with anger, he continued
On with furious zeal to row:
Streams of brine in spray dissolving
Down his back and shoulders flow.
Now the boat half fill'd with water,
Giant Hymir cried in wrath,
"Hold! I bid thee! row no longer!
We shall swamp, and perish both."
"Nay," said Thor, "let us go farther!
Soon we'll make a glorious cast;"
But the giant stamp'd with passion,
Leaning 'gainst the quiv'ring mast.
"If thou rowest any further,"
Said the giant, "we shall reach
Just the spot, where Jormundgardur
His enormous length doth stretch."
"As for me, I fear no serpents,"
Thor replied, the fisher good;
"Boiling wave and howling tempest
Only serve to cool my blood."
Now he lifts with all his vigour
Up the giant's anchor vast,
Fixes the bull's head upon it,
To his belt then makes it fast:
One end fasten'd to his body,
Now it serves him as a line;
Overboard he throws the anchor,

Trusting to his skill divine.

CANTO IX. THOR'S FISHING ADVENTURE.

Lo! coil'd in folds voluminous and vast,
 Behind huge beds of coral buried fast,
 Far in the deepest cavern of the sea,
 The Midgard serpent Jormundgardur lay!
 While o'er him free and active sports the whale,
 He foams, and with vexation bites his tail.
 Full oft he strives to lift his frightful head
 Above the wave, and terror round him spread;
 But cased in boney rings and cartilage,
 Vain are his efforts, impotent his rage.
 Dozing amidst the sedge with half-closed eye,
 Oft has the deep re-echoed with his sigh.
 The dark blue billow from his vision shields
 The starry vault, the bright celestial fields:
 And as the bear, when angry, licks his paws,
 Thus oft he threatens, while his tail he gnaws:
 Oysters and muscles thickly cluster'd deck,
 In guise of beard, the scaly monster's neck.
 Lashing the coast, his body mines the rock;
 The waters mount; earth feels the frequent shock;
 Nastrond wide gapes, and Hecla vomits smoke!
 With flames of joy the ice-crown'd mountain glows,
 While down its side the liquid lava flows!
 There, while the wave drips from his shaggy mane,
 Lok's frightful offspring doth his post maintain:
 There doth he lie, and heave, and pant, and rock,
 Impatient for the day of Ragnarok.
 But lo! his sluggish eye he opens wide,
 And marks the Asa's bait before him glide:
 The bull's head floating 'fore his mouth he sees,
 And eager his fell hunger to appease,
 Prepares with swallow wide the tempting bait to seize.
 When at his belt Thor feels a vig'rous pull,
 The snake has bitten, and his gorge is full.
 Thor towards him draws the belt: the serpent's head,
 With weeds, the growth of centuries, bespread,
 Must needs the will of Asa Thor obey,
 And rise perforce to view the light of day;
 The anchor to disgorge in vain he toils,
 And struggling hard in knots his body coils.
 In vain; Thor is a fisherman endow'd
 With perseverance, strength, and hardihood;
 The serpent pow'rless with extended jaws
 Must blindly follow, when the Asa draws.
 But when above the wave appears his head,
 Earth trembles with astonishment and dread;
 The sky is overcast with sudden gloom,
 And mix'd with sand the billows swell and foam.
 When high in air protrude his long fore-teeth,
 All nature shrinks, infected by his breath:
 Small is his left, and large his dexter eye;
 His scales present a many-colour'd die:

His jaws wide gape, his palate swells with pain;
As wont, like fighting cock, he screams amain:
The dryness of his throat with sultry heat
Charges the air—now threatens to upset
The fragile bark; but Thor around his loins
Tighter and tighter still his girdle twines:
Naught fears the god, whom heroes all revere;
He puts forth all his strength, and shines without compeer.
Towards him he pulls his prey with effort rude;
The serpent writhes, his jaws are fill'd with blood;
The bark is swamp'd; but lo! on shallow ground
The chief already has a station found,
And drags the monster forth from the abyss profound.
The monster shakes and bellows; from his eye
Shoot flames; but Thor, the fisher good stands nigh,
And threatens Nastrond's brood with hammer lifted high
When now the giant saw the danger grave,
Thus with himself he reason'd: "I must save
This serpent, for the sake of Jotunheim:
For is it not foretold in mystic rhyme,
At Ragnarok this snake with pois'nous breath
Thor, our arch-enemy, will crush to death?"
The wolf-faced giant, vex'd his bark to lose,
And anxious from the hook the captive snake to loose,
His dagger grasping (fashion'd 'twas with skill
By the dwarf's labour) strives the belt to file;
But Thor, with his vast hammer rising now:
Strikes at the monster's head a fearful blow.
Deep was the sound! the pines along the shore
Scatter their leaves; and loud the billows roar!
Fresh 'midst the murky skies the rainbow glows;
Heimdal rejoicing loud his clarion blows!
The rain comes hissing down, the lightning glares;
The sun's bright eye, but lately fill'd with tears,
Bursts through the blanket of the dark, to view
The Asa's valour, and his triumph too.
On high now Thor his hammer lifts again:
The giant shakes with fear; the serpent yells with pain.
Though still the giant strives the belt to file
With his sharp dagger, naught avails his toil;
Now on the anchor he would fain essay
His force; and, wading fish-like, bends his way,
To where, still struggling hard, the hook-bound serpent lay.
He puts forth all his strength, and files: the sight
Makes Heimdal tremble, e'en from Bifrost's height.
Now dark as pitch become the heavens, for lo!
Filed by the giant's steel, the anchor bursts in two!
The serpent freed now sinks beneath the main,
And hark! resounds a loud triumphal strain;
'Tis Loptur's daughter, who the gods on high
Insults with gibing laugh, and bitter mockery.
Inland the giant towards his mountain flies:
Up to his waist in water Aukthor cries,
And fills with imprecations dire the skies.
Now through the yeasty wave he wades; his rage

And deep vexation nothing can assuage:
 He hurls his lightning o'er th' affrighted main,
 And still he hopes, and thinks the monster serpent slain.
 The serpent 'midst the rushes roll'd and raved,
 Severely wounded, though his life was saved:
 Again his crest he raises, on the rock
 Again he lies, and waits for Ragnarok.
 Now in his fury Thor his hammer threw
 After the serpent: deep the nib pierced through
 The monster's flank; the gods beheld with pain
 Such glorious feats of strength deploy'd in vain.
 Now Thor without his hammer homeward hies:
 Between the serpent's scales deep-buried Miölnir lies.

CANTO X. LOK BECOMES ENAMoured OF SIF.

With pensive look
 In Valaskialf sits Asa-Lok:
 His head hangs down; his spirits fail;
 To cheer him naught Valhalla's joys avail:
 The mead hath lost its wonted zest;
 Sâhrimner's flesh he scorns to taste.
 Naught good his gloomy look betides;
 The Asar he unceasingly derides.
 Whene'er on Asa-Thor he thinks,
 His dusky front in wrinkles sinks.
 "On fresh adventure art thou started,
 Thou mighty one!
 And this time all alone;
 Naught of thy plan hast thou to Lok imparted."
 He cannot easily digest
 Such slights: his soul can find no rest:
 Nowhere he feels at home:
 And longs once more through the wide world to roam.
 Tis flattering to his pride
 In arms to follow Asa-Thor,
 And carry, by the hero's side,
 The iron gauntlets of the god of war.
 As round the oak fast twining thrives
 The mistletoe, that supple parasite,
 And strength and growth therefrom derives:
 Thus Asa-Lok, the artful wight,
 Clings to the god, although with hate
 He views him; hoping some bright beam
 Of Thor's renown on him may gleam,
 And shed some lustre on his humbler state.
 As, gleaned from the sun its light,
 The moon dispels the gloom of night:
 Thus doth the cunning Loptur aim
 To shine with Aucthor's borrow'd fame:
 While Askur's race know not the truth,
 And equal homage pay to both.
 He sits at th' entrance of a grot:
 A stream transparent murmurs near.
 To bathe in this sequester'd spot
 The lovely Disar oft repair.

By cowardice and treachery
Alone is Loptur known to fame;
The Disar all abhor his name,
And ever from his presence fly:
Love's arrows keen he oft doth prove,
But never meets return of love.
Now towards the brook th' Asynior pass;
They dance in couples on the grass.
With Siofna her beloved child
See Freya dance in measure wild!
See Eir Iduna fond embrace,
And o'er the mead the mystic circle trace!
Now as in mazy rounds they wheel,
Their robes fall off, and all their charms reveal.
Now Loptur from his lurking place
Gloats on each feature, charm, and grace;
His ravish'd eyes at leisure scan
All that can tempt the heart of man:
The semi-globes of each voluptuous breast,
The well turn'd haunches, and the slender waist:
The Disar little thought that Lok
Enjoy'd the sight with prying look.
Like swans they sail adown the stream,
Attended by their handmaids fair:
Like birds of passage now they seem,
Who seek a softer clime and milder air.
Now round each other's loins their arms they wreath;
Like wild ducks now they dive the stream beneath:
Their snow-white arms they oft employ,
Like fishes' fins, to stem the wave;
The wave transported foams with joy,
Such graceful-fashion'd limbs to lave.
But who of these in Loptur's eyes
In beauty bears away the prize?
Thor's consort, Sif, he most admires;
For ne'er his roving eyes could find
Such beauty with such strength combined:
His veins with wildest flames she fires.
In charms this goddess yields to none,
Except to Freya; she alone
(To whom Alfader, when he meant
To fill the world with ravishment,
Gave life and being) doth surpass
Fair Sif in beauty and in grace.
Sif cannot boast that mild soft beam
In th' azure eye, that melts all hearts,
E'en like the moon, when it imparts
To beechen grove its silver gleam;
Strong limb'd and with majestic mien,
She shines a lofty heroine;
And Sif all tongues aloud proclaim
A true high-minded northern dame.
Her shoulders broad so milky white,
Her juicy, plump, and well-turn'd arms
Are fit for love's or war's alarms,

T' embrace, or to defend her right.
These shoulders fascinate Lok's eyes,
He views her with extreme surprize;
Her haughty look excites in him
A passion never felt before;
With gloating eye he scans each limb,
And sinks a slave to Astrild's power.
The arches of her eye-brows meet;
This would all other dames disfigure;
But naught doth this her charms defeat,
But adds to each peculiar vigour:
For in her awe-inspiring gaze
Her lofty soul itself pourtrays.
Proud and indifferent to desire,
No passion seems her breast to fire;
Not small her hands, but dainty white
Like swan's-down, or new fallen-snow;
Her nails like polish'd almonds grow;
On well-turn'd feet her tow'ring height
Securely stands; her hair loose streaming
Down to her feet descends, with golden radiance gleaming.
Behind the bush conceal'd,
Are all these charms to Lok reveal'd.
Then thus he thought: What pleasure should I prove
To be encircled by such arms!
To taste all those luxurious charms,
And in the beechen grove—revel in joy and love!
Close to my lips those coral lips I'd glue,
Those lips, which offer to my ravish'd view
Teeth fine as pearls, and whiter far, I trow,
Than any beast of prey can show.
What tumult fires my blood!
Oh! that I could,
While Thor is gone a-fishing far,
Fish him to shame in the same bath with her!
Thus thinks the lustful treach'rous elf,
And still behind the bush conceals himself:
For Sif her dwelling soon will seek,
Which lies midst Dovre's rocks so bleak,
Where fir-trees undulate with many a spire:
Her robes resuming quick, the Disa veils
Each charm, while passion Loptur's breast assails
With still increasing fire.
She claps her helm her golden locks upon,
Which, moisten'd by the wave, less brilliant shone.
Now far inland she climbs the mountain steep:
Lok follows after cautious and unseen.
Arrived at her abode in the sequester'd glen,
The rustling waterfall lulls Sifia soon to sleep.
The wind invading now the bower
With burning kisses dries her hair,
And gives back to those tresses fair
Their golden tinge and magic power.

CANTO XI. CONVERSATION BETWEEN LOK AND SIF.

LOK.

Pardon the lowly slave of love,
Whom thy enchanting form inspires
Once more to plead in amorous strain!
O that thy heart would deign to prove
The fervour that my bosom fires,
And urge thy will to soothe my pain!

SIF.

With cautious step draws near the thief,
And dextrously he opes the door;
The cunning mouse creeps through the hole:
While Lok, the dark insidious chief,
Steals to my couch at midnight hour,
For never rests his lustful soul.

LOK.

To catch the fish the worm is held;
The trap ensnares the artful fox:
All to some tempting bait must yield;
Lok is allured by female locks.

SIF.

To thy own wife, to Sigyn hie!
In flowing locks descends her raven hair:
Or Angurbod with fond caresses ply!
She will not, sure, refuse thy couch to share.

LOK.

Whene'er with thirst we languish,
And no delicious fruit is nigh,
The sourest apple to assuage our anguish
We pluck, and swallow greedily:
But when such charms as thine, O Disa dear!
Before our ravish'd eyes appear,
Who would not?—but while thou in sleep
Indulgest, Thor goes fishing on the deep:
Thoughtless of home he braves the gale,
And with the giant bobs for whale.
While he that wild career pursues,
Do thou a softer pastime chuse!
With foliage soft is fill'd thy bower—
Love points—propitious smiles the hour.

SIF.

Hast thou forgot in Mimer's fane
The banquet held? with amorous pray'r
My heart thou strovest to ensnare;
What was my answer? cold disdain.
I am not changed; and Sif bestows
Once more contempt on all thy vows.
But be advised, and quickly flee!
Thor may return, and on a tree
He'd quick suspend thy odious form,
To dangle in the midnight storm.
The Disa spoke: indignant pride
Inflamed her look; she turn'd aside.
And reckless of her suitor's pain

To sleep address'd herself again.
 Her golden tresses in profusion
 From the bedside hung streaming down,
 While Lok with anger and confusion
 Beheld all chance of conquest flown.
 But when her forehead's grove appears
 In sight, by vengeance fired, the shears
 He takes, and with malignant pleasure
 Lops from her head its golden treasure.
 Aloft the caitiff bears away
 With outspread wings his gorgeous prey!
 How meteor-like the tresses gleam,
 As through the murky heavens they stream!
 And falling down, where'er he flew,
 Give to the corn its golden hue!
 Where'er he flew, down fell the hair
 In flakes, and tinged with colour fair
 The peasant-maidens' locks, who dwell
 On Hertha's isle or Guldbrand's dale.
 Their locks of yore were black as jet,
 As Finnish women bear them yet:
 But now their tresses' golden die
 May well with Freya's, or with Gefion's vie.

CANTO XI. LOK'S CONVERSATION WITH SIF.

LOK.

Forgive love's lowly
 Liegeman, O Sifia!
 Again thy beauty
 His bosom burns.
 O that my passion,
 Pleading for pity,
 Could chafe thy fainter
 Feelings to flame!

SIF.

Through holes creep rats
 Restless roving;
 The thief undoeth
 Dextrous the door;
 Sleep is not safe from
 The snares of Loki,
 Who with lust leering
 Lurks in my bower.

LOK.

With hooks bait-blinded
 Beguiled are fishes;
 In traps fallacious
 Oft foxes fall;
 By locks luxuriant
 Of lovely females
 Seduced, e'en subtle
 Loki succumbs.

SIF.

Go seek thy own spouse
 Soft-hearted Sigyn,

Wreathing in raven
Ringlets her hair!
Or to thy jet-black
Giantess hie thee!
She to thy wanton
Wishes will yield.
LOK.
By hunger harass'd
Haws must content us,
When no well-flavour'd
Fruit we can find.
Be not disdainful,
Delicate Disa!
Hear with complacent
Pity my prayer!
On the high seas with
Hymir, thy husband
Sits in the wherry,
Wheedling the whale:
Or, of home reckless,
Roves by the rivers,
Intent the silv'ry
Salmon to snare.
While he his own way
Wilfully wanders,
Do thou more pleasing
Pastime pursue!
Thy blooming bower is
Bestrew'd with foliage;
The hour so long'd for
Lures us to love.
SIF.
Of Mimer's bounteous
Banquet bethink thee,
When thou to Sifia
Sigh'dst forth thy suit!
This time again fate
Frowns on thy frolic;
Vain are thy vows to
Vanquish my heart.
Get thee hence, heartless
Hater of Asar!
Thund'ring terrific,
Thor travels home:
To loftiest larch-tree
Lash'd, he'll suspend thee
Mournful to moulder
In midnight storms.
Thus the disdainful
Disa derided
Her lustful lover's
Languishing suit:
Turning away from
The fiend false-hearted,
Sinks the fair Sifia

Softly to sleep.
 But now the fraudulent
 Felon's eye fixes
 From the bedside her
 Hair hanging down:
 From the head of Sifia
 (Seizing her scissors)
 Clips he its golden
 Glittering grove.
 Through airy regions
 Rapidly rising,
 Loptur licentious
 Launches his flight:
 Proud of his precious
 Prey, he deploys it;
 Like shooting star, he
 Scuds through the sky.
 Thus shone the recreant
 Ravisher roaming,
 Vaulting thro' veering
 Vapours of night:
 For though in murky
 Mists mourn'd the heavens,
 Sifia's locks dismal
 Darkness dispell'd.
 Where'er he flew, in
 Flakes fell the hair down
 O'er Hertha's fertile
 Flower-crown'd fields;
 Stiff'ning the wheat-stalks
 Wide-around waving,
 Yarely with yellow
 Gilding the green.
 Where'er he flew, in
 Flakes fell the hair down.
 Gleaming on Guldbrand's
 Grain-cover'd vale:
 Now on each lively
 Lassie it lowers,
 Tinging with topaz
 Tresses of jet.
 Of yore in ringlets
 Raven-hued rolling,
 Their hair o'ershadowed
 Shoulders of snow:
 Now they display their
 Tresses triumphant,
 Golden, like Gefion's,
 Like Freya's, fair.

CANTO XII. LOK PROCURES THINGS OF VALUE FROM THE DWARFS.

Lok sat in his hall and thought on his deed,
 With his vengeance well content;
 But Sif, o'er the lake as she bow'd her head,
 To a flood of tears gave vent:

For no more in ringlets she now can wreathe
Her hair so golden, so shining;
When her face she view'd in the stream beneath,
She never could cease repining.
But Lok sat under the green-wood tree,
Like the cunning fox by his hole:
Now the earth felt a shock, and began to rock,
And the thunder began to roll.
And well he knows what that sound betides;
'Twas a sign that Thor was coming:
So, changed to a salmon, he quickly glides
All into the flood so foaming.
But Thor in the shape of a gull dived down,
And the salmon he caught with his beak:
"Thou knave," quoth he, "well I knew 'twas thee;
Thou shalt bitter rue thy freak.
"I'll break and pound every bone of thine,
As the mill-stone pounds the corn."
Now Lok, resuming his shape divine,
His mischief affects to mourn:
"Why this rage?" quoth he, with humble prayer?
"By slaying me where's thy gain?
Sif will not recover a single hair,
Bald-headed for aye she'll remain.
"If thou wilt forgive my frolic this bout,
('Twas a sorry frolic, I own,)
Why then I swear by leek and by crout,
By the moss on the Bauta-stone,
"By Odin's eye, and by Mimer's fountain,
By thy hammer and golden car,
I'll straight descend to the caves of the mountain,
To the dwarfs, who my vassals are.
"And for Sif a new head of hair I'll bring
Of gold, before dawn of day;
She then will rival the youthful spring
All deck'd in her flow'rets gay."
"Thou swear'st by my hammer, but that I've lost,"
Indignant the god replies;
"Which well thou know'st, in the ocean toss'd,
In the hands of Ran now lies."
"Well, then, I'll procure thee a hammer new,"
Says Lok, the deceiver sly,
"And at the bare sight of that hammer bright,
All the giants, thy foes, will fly."
"Thou pleadest in vain; I come with Frey,
My brother in arms so brave:
Thy flesh to the ravens shall food supply,
Thy brains shall float on the wave."
"O spare me, Frey!" thus Lok made reply,
"Thy mercy I humbly implore;
I'll procure thee a steed of such matchless speed,
As the world never saw before.
"All the earth around this courser shall bound,
To mortals a cheering sight;
And o'er the salt sea 'twill bear thee free,

And shine like herrings at night.”
Now the tears he shed and the vows he made
Have soften’d the Asar twain:
“Go, the depths to brave of the mountain cave,
And, what thou hast sworn, obtain!”
Now like a mole through the rocky hole
He glides, and reaches the place,
Where with all their might, by the sulph’rous light,
Stood working the dwarfish race.
There the bellows blew, and the sparks outflew
Through the vaulted roof so glowing;
In leathern frock stood the dwarfish flock,
And crystals they all were blowing.
They melted sand in the sea-coal brand,
And mix’d with it leaves of rose;
By the furnace flame it harden’d became,
And a ruby proud arose.
Now the females stout have gather’d without
Fresh bunches of violets blue;
And the sapphire bright, to dazzle the sight,
Was produced from the magic stew.
From the juicy mass of concocted grass
An emerald fashion’d appears;
And pearls they distill’d from a limbeck, fill’d
With widows’ and orphans’ tears.
In this cavern dark one could straight remark,
That chieftains had play’d of yore;
For a table there stood, of muscle-shell good,
And of counters and fish a store.
In the rock inlaid was a giantess’ head,
With the bust all changed to stone;
And the cascade fell, with its deafening yell,
All over the calcined bone.
From the giantess’ mouth jutting forth he saw
Huge teeth, as frightful and long
As those which fill the elephant’s jaw,
Or like those of the walrus strong.
Now Lok to the dwarfs declares his mission,
The dwarfs to his mandate bow:
“To thee,” they cried, “we all owe submission,
For our sovereign, Lok! art thou.”
A wild boar’s skin was then brought in,
The largest they well could find;
And with their bellows those hardy fellows
To the work compel the wind.
Now blow upon blow their hammers they throw,
Till sparks from the skin outflew;
But with envy’s smart rankled Loptur’s heart,
And his purpose he ’gan to rue:
“To those Asar two I’m compelled, ’tis true,
The things I promised, to give;
But by Hel I swear, that those presents rare
Unscathed they shall not receive.”
The dwarfs in a ring, round the anvil spring,
And busy the bellows ply;

But Lok, in his guile, became changed the while
To a huge blue-bottle fly.
On the blower's hand now he took his stand,
And began his skin to prick;
But he prick'd in vain, the dwarf felt no pain,
For his skin was hard and thick.
But behold! the steed ('twas for Frey decreed)
Burst forth from amidst the flame,
And the form it bore of a huge wild boar,
And Gyllinbörste its name!
When dark is the night, and no stars give light,
It a meteor's shape assumes;
Then on it mounts Frey, and rides, through the sky,
While its mane all the earth illumines.
Now into a mould a handful of gold
These workmen so skilful threw;
But when drawn from the flame, O! then it became
An ornament bright to view.
For now 'twas a ring of burnish'd gold;
Two hands that each other grasp
Were figured thereon, and a precious stone
Was carved as a flower for clasp.
'Twas a jewel of weight; for Odin the great
Was destined this precious ring;
'Twas a worthy charm, to encircle the arm
Of the Asar's lofty king.
This ring so bright boasts a wondrous might,
'Tis a fact in the north well known,
That eight other rings, on each ninth night,
From the parent ring drop down.
Such rings are the meed, so Odin decreed,
For each constant and loving pair;
And this ring was found, at the funeral mound,
On the bosom of Balder fair.
Now more iron the crew on the anvil threw,
No flame they for this required;
And though black and cold, they hammer'd it bold,
Till they gave it the form desired.
When the hammer for Thor, fit weapon of war,
Drew near to its termination,
Lok, fraudulent in mind, and to mischief inclin'd,
Undertook a new transformation,
And, changed to a hornet with painful sting,
He stung the dwarf on the chin;
And this time the smith felt the pain forthwith,
For the blood flow'd down his skin.
And he drove the hornet away with his hand
Ere the hammer was finish'd quite;
Thus its shaft fail'd in length, but the god of strength
Grasp'd the weapon with keen delight.
Next a female dwarf took a lump of gold,
To her distaff's spindle she bound it;
And the wheel went round with a whizzing sound
And the gold in threads around it.
And she span and span, while the gold thread ran,

New hair for the Disa mild;
 She sang by the rill, that flowed from the hill,
 This strain so wizard and wild:
 "The goddess her hair henceforward shall bear
 Loose streaming before the wind;
 Nor in plait nor in fold shall the ductile gold
 Hereafter her temples bind.
 "Each swain who above shall behold it move
 Like a meteor through the sky,
 His heart 'twill ensnare, for her ringlets fair
 With those of Freya shall vie.
 "Though gold be dead, when it touches the head
 Of that Disa in beauty's bloom,
 'Twill life receive, and easy to weave
 Like flax will it straight become.
 "Like the high-plum'd crest by the winds carest,
 It shall wave and enchant the sight;
 It shall never decay; like the sun at mid-day
 It shall pour forth a wondrous light."
 Thus she sang, and with glee now she bent the knee,
 And presented the gift to Thor;
 He gazed on each tress, and must needs confess
 Such locks he ne'er saw before.
 From the mountain Frey vaults his steed on high,
 Thor follows with hammer and hair;
 To the regions of light, where the sire of the fight
 Rules in glory, they both repair.
 Now on Sifia fair Thor fasten'd the hair;
 It took root like sea-weed on rocks:
 Down her lovely face, fraught with ev'ry grace,
 It fell down in luxuriant locks.
 At Valhalla's Ting to Odin the ring
 Was tender'd with homage due;
 And Lok this time was pardon'd his crime,
 But too soon he sinn'd anew.

CANTO XIII. THE RAPE OF IDUNA.

Odin, with Hænir and with Asa-Lok,
 Assuming human forms, once on a time
 To view the earth a journey undertook.
 Odin felt weary of his throne sublime
 On Hlidskialf, and he fain would rove
 Throughout the world, mankind himself to prove:
 While through the forest dark he bends his way,
 He gasps for breath, and feels himself but clay.
 O'er mountains cover'd with eternal snow
 They wander now, and now through Orkner's vale;
 Before them stood, perch'd on the dizzy brow
 Of a projecting rock, huge as a whale,
 An ice-bear fierce! naught did the sight
 The travellers alarm; the monster fled,
 'Midst heaps of snow to hide himself with dread,
 For inwardly he felt the Asar's presence bright.
 Thus they advance to where the snow gives way,
 And grass luxuriant grows, and flowers, and corn;

The rocks, which now before them lay,
Birch, pine, and larch, and various shrubs adorn.
Ice-clumps upon the roof no more they view'd,
Where sleeps the dwarfish Lapp in gloom and smoke;
But in the vales strong houses built of wood
More polish'd life and milder clime bespoke.
No longer rolling in his sledge they view
The dark-hair'd Finn by nimble rein-deer drawn;
The horses' hoofs here boast the iron shoe;
The Jarl's proud mansion on the well-trimm'd lawn
Tow'ring arose, where lay in nuptial dress
His youthful bride, all grace and loveliness:
The lark with blithesome carol fills his throat,
And silences at once the dark owl's screeching note.
Down falling o'er the grass, the dew of heaven
With pearls besprinkles every flower and stem;
Home crawl the peasant's geese by urchin driven;
Oxen stand drinking at the limpid stream;
He yokes them to the plough; then whistling, light
Of heart, with many a furrow scars the field;
While the three Asar on earth's bastion sit,
Like warlike champions arm'd with spear and shield.
Then smil'd the father of the fight,
And said to Lok, who by his side was placed:
"Methinks, if I have read thy soul aright,
The peasant's provender thou fain wouldst taste.
Of hunger too myself I feel the power;
By the long march fatigued, my spirits fail:
From Vardoe we are come, in one short hour,
To the dark birchen grove in Guldbrand's dale."
Then laughing, Lok replied: "Be sure,
Since each ingredient's here at hand,
A good repast Lok's genius will procure;
Fat oxen in the meadow lowing stand;
Like the red fox, give but the word,
I'll hie me to the peasant's pantry board;
To baste our meat his butter will I steal,
At his expense we'll make a glorious meal.
"In the meanwhile an ox must Hœnir slay,
And with its tepid blood refresh the earth;
Then with his dagger's point the carcase flay,
While I steal bread from the good peasant's hearth.
Some humble charge thou wilt perhaps consent
To exercise, and think thereof no shame;
To strike out sparks, for instance, from the flint,
And with dry reeds and faggots feed the flame."
Then Odin answered, sighing: "Ah! too plain
I feel, I'm clothed in human clay and dust:
Men live by rapine; 'tis their trade accurst;
And what one loses doth another gain.
Go, then, employ thy nimble heel!
Follow thy fav'rite trade and steal!
That we are gods did the good peasant know,
He'd slaughter all his herd, methinks, his zeal to show."
Now Hœnir kill'd an ox, and Loptur ran

To th' pantry, where his store the peasant kept;
 Slily on tiptoe through each room he crept,
 And with fresh butter fill'd his can.
 He then took bread made of the finest rye,
 In a white napkin wrapp'd; and as he pass'd
 The hen-roost, all the eggs that met his eye
 He snatch'd up quick and in his basket placed.
 Meanwhile did Hœnir not remain
 Inactive long; with much dexterity
 He bound in cords and truss'd the cattle slain,
 And fix'd it 'gainst a trunk of osier nigh.
 He took the bowels out and stripp'd the skin
 From off the flesh; then wash'd away the blood
 From the fat-cover'd thighs and ample chine,
 And with his prize content, exclaim'd that all was good.
 But Odin, he who through the world's expanse
 Hath launch'd the sun in sempiternal course,
 And lighting with his torch her golden lance
 Instructs her how to guide her matchless force;
 Who, from that sun borrowing her fainter rays,
 Hath to the moon a milder radiance given,
 And bade small sparks innumerable blaze
 Athwart the pole, when night envelops heaven:
 Now humbler functions Odin's labours claim;
 With flint and steel he now proceeds
 To elicit many a spark, and feed the flame
 With faggots, wither'd branches, and dry reeds;
 And soon the smoke's white column rose
 In spiral motion from the burning straw.
 With conscious pride now Odin's bosom glows
 To mark the strict observance of his law.
 His glorious eye moisten'd with many a tear,
 Thus he exclaims, with pride and joy elate:
 "O wonderful in small things as in great,
 In what is distant as in what is near!
 In one small rain-drop equally divine,
 Ægir! as in thy ocean: Odin too
 In one small flint-drawn spark doth equal shine,
 As when the sun's vast orb he launch'd in ether blue!
 "And Thor! when thou dost hurl thy lightning down,
 What dost thou more than I do now, my son?"
 Now Lok return'd with butter, salt, and eggs,
 Proud of his robbery and nimble legs;
 The weazles, foxes, rats, as he pass'd by,
 Jump'd from their holes and thus began to squeal:
 "Lo! there he goes, our god, so trippingly!
 Well doth he teach his subjects how to steal."
 Then Odin laugh'd: "This loss will I repair,
 Lok's theft the honest swain shall not regret,
 For harvests thousandfold his fields shall bear;
 This for the stolen bread will compensate.
 His flocks and herds with wondrous increase fill'd
 Shall for the butter make amends, I trow:
 And for the salt, on every child
 Of his will I prudence and wit bestow.

While Hœnir to divide the carcase toil'd,
To a sharp spit a pine-branch Loptur filed;
Then felling two small trees, firm in the ground
One end he fix'd; the other end he clove
Of each, and on them turn'd the spit around:
Nor did he long delay his skill to prove;
He skewer'd each joint, then fed the flame, and plied
The labours of the cook with joy and pride.
While thus he stood watching each bubbling joint,
To some short distance were his comrades gone;
When he surmised the roast enough was done,
He prick'd it often with his dagger's point:
Yet still dropp'd from the flesh the tepid gore,
As if it from a living creature came;
And though the fire he nourish'd more and more,
Heavier and duller burn'd the flame.
Thwarted by such delay, he stands aghast,
And ever and anon consults the sky;
When lo! an eagle of dimensions vast
With threat'ning aspect fix'd his eye,
With outspread wings, as midnight vapours dark,
Perch'd on the branches of an elm-tree lithe;
Forth jutting from the leaves, its beak so stark
Shone crook'd and polish'd as a reaper's scythe.
As th' *ignis fatuus* over marsh and mire
At midnight a malignant radiance flings;
Thus glared the giant bird with eyes of fire,
And gazed upon the roast, and clapp'd its wings.
Behold a dire mischance the cook befell!
Down fell the cloven trees! and with them fell
The ox! the eagle still with frightful leer
Gazed on the flame, which now went out from fear.
"Why sitst thou there? by what accurst device
Thus jugglest thou," said Lok, "to spoil the meat?"
"Of thy good cheer I fain would taste a slice,"
Answer'd the eagle, "for my hunger's great:
If then thou'lt treat me as thy guest,
Thy roast shall expeditiously be drest."
Thus said, the bird his swarthy pinions shakes,
And hops down from the tree, and gnaws the steaks.
With bitter gall now swell'd the breast of Lok;
He grasp'd in both his hands a pond'rous spear;
But vain his efforts all, as if he struck
In the dark night the vacant air.
The eagle's beak caught one end of the lance,
While Loptur's hands fast to the other clung;
High soar'd the eagle through the heaven's expanse,
While dangling to the lance his foe with terror hung,
Borne by the goblin through the airy space,
O'er forest, hill and dale flies Asa Lok;
Now dip his legs into the deep morass;
Now strike against each sharp projecting rock:
The frogs all grin, the eagle laughs aloud;
Who feels compassion for a Nidding base?
The marsh bespatters all his limbs with mud,

And brambles, brakes, and thorns his features fair deface.
Bruised by the rocks, now drip with blood his feet;
He weeps; but cold the cliff beholds his pain:
Against his bosom mercilessly beat
The howling tempest, hail, and snow, and rain.
Now in the ocean deep immersed he lies,
A hedgehog like with mackerel bedight:
Now borne aloft athwart the sunny skies,
A swarm of bees upon his forehead light.
Much did he pray and promise, but in vain;
Now Thor invoked, now loud to Odin screech'd:
The goblin still pursued his course amain,
Until a mountain's snow-clad top he reach'd:
He there with iron fetters strong and tight
Bound fast the caitiff to a rugged rock;
Then jeering cried: "Sit there, thou treach'rous wight!
Sit there, and groan in chains till Ragnarok!"
Then Lok with humble mien and piteous face:
"Thou viewst me, I perceive, O chief! with hate,
And I deserve it; how could I forget,
That I too sprung from the brave mountain race?
But if my arguments thou'lt deign to hear,
And give me back my liberty so dear,
My cunning shall the Asar's strength enthral,
And in one common ruin plunge them all."
"Well then!" the goblin drily thus replied,
"If I release thee from these realms of night,
And give thee back to liberty and light,
Wilt thou by my conditions strict abide?
Then ponder well, and swear to my demand!
Thou shalt procure, and place at my command
That which is held in greatest estimation,
The gods' best gift, since first the world's creation.
"Behold where Bragur's wife, Iduna hight,
Dwells in her bower employ'd in household care!
Like shell of snail, around her forehead bright,
Is wreath'd in many a fold her radiant hair;
Straight as the poplar is her shape; her mien,
Her varied grace, no words have power to tell;
While bounding 'neath the silken veil so green
The plump luxuriant snowy hillocks swell.
"A vessel rare of burnish'd gold
That Disa in her hands is wont to hold;
From Asagard 'twas brought, where on the ground
By Odin, Vil, and Ve 'twas found;
Not easy 'tis the images portray'd
Thereon to guess; one reaps, another sows;
The sun, emerging from dark vapour, glows,
Charm'd by the magic murmurs of a maid.
"An apple in that vessel claims her care,
Red as a rose, yellow as wax to view;
A power divine reigns in that fruit so rare,
The power, health, youth and beauty to renew.
The influence of time is never seen,
Or felt by those, who on that apple feast;

And every Disa, who its juice doth taste,
Maintains the bloom and freshness of eighteen.
“Without this fruit so precious, where, Oh! where
Would be their godlike strength, and beauty rare?
Each goddess would resemble Hela grim,
Did not this juice invigorate each limb.
E’en as each furrow on the sandy waste
Is levell’d by the wind, and disappears,
Thus full and white becomes the flabby breast,
As when the funeral mound its snowy vestment wears.
“Just as the spark ignites the branches dry,
That juice gives lustre to the old man’s eye:
But for that drink, youth’s fervid glow
In Odin’s veins long since had ceased to flow:
Did not Iduna mingle every morn
That apple’s juice i’ th’ liquor brew’d for Thor,
The world his boasted strength would laugh to scorn,
Spite of his belt, his gauntlets, and his car.
“No raven’s scream in Idun’s grove is heard;
Nor ever jars the ear the cricket’s cry:
For Asa-Bragur the celestial bard
All nature animates with harpings high.
Now towards the east he turns his fond regard;
And when the sun, fresh bursting from the sky,
Spreads o’er the ravish’d earth its magic shine,
He strikes the golden harp, and chaunts a lay divine.
“Cheer’d by the glorious sound all creatures smile,
From every flower and plant bright tear-drops flow;
Then feels the earth a soft and holy thrill,
And the spring blushes with a deeper glow;
Then beats with love the maiden’s heart still more;
Then dreams of bliss the dying old man soothe;
Immortal strains console his parting hour,
And to bright Gimle’s realm the awful passage smooth.
“If in my power thou’lt place the beauteous wife
Of Bragur, with her vessel rare of gold,
I’ll give thee liberty again and life,
And loose thee from this mountain-prison cold.”
“Well then,” quick answer’d Lok, “I swear, I swear.”
“Nay!” Thiasse grim replied with bitter mock,
“Thy ape-like oaths and vows thou well mayst spare;
No one, be sure, will trust the oath of Lok.
“To all an object of contempt and scorn
Thee gods and giants equally despise;
Mere froth and scum each oath by thee that’s sworn,
A cloud that into vapour melts and flies:
No! vacillating traitor! fraudulent swain!
For thy good faith I must have surer ground:
The peasant’s dog is fasten’d with a chain;
With his own mouth shall Lok be bound.
“The venom-swelter’d serpent brood
Their poison in their hollow teeth collect,
And only then the venom takes effect,
When, pierced the skin, it mingles with the blood:
If from its gums each tooth be torn,

Harmless becomes the snake and innocent;
 Around the neck, or arm, or waist 'tis worn,
 A strange, but still innocuous ornament.
 "But far more mischief, traitor! than the snake,
 Thou causest with thy sland'rous tongue alone:
 Well, then! this trial I'm disposed to make:
 Deprived of speech, thou shalt thy crimes atone."
 No sooner said than done, the giant took
 A diamond pin, steel thread; and now with glee
 Together fast he sew'd the lips of Lok:
 Ye gods! in truth, 'twas droll to see.
 "Hold! hold! I faint—I die," said Lok
 With frightful howl—"one word—I feel such pain—
 For mercy's sake—I cannot breathe—I choke—"
 "Breathe with thy nostrils! thou hast twain;"—
 Answer'd the giant: and with double seam
 Continued fast his captive's lips to sow,
 Naught caring for his piteous scream:
 This done, some magic runes he murmur'd low.
 "Now, then, I have thee safe: now, caitiff! hie
 To the green bower, where fair Iduna dwells!
 To my own hall i' th' hard-wood grove I fly,
 Where Cape North's granite front the surge repels.
 There bring to me forthwith my wish'd for prey!
 Once in my arms the fruit and goddess lay!
 Then will I straight thy mouth unbind,
 And all our mountain race shall hail thee friend."
 Then of his own contrivance proud,
 And loudly laughing, Thiasse let him go.
 And now behold the once loquacious god,
 Dumb, spiritless, the lowest of the low!
 Like partridge, when by hawk pursued across
 The sky it flies, glad to escape within
 Its straw-built nest, though with the loss
 Of half its plumage, and with bleeding skin.
 But now, when near to Asa-gard arrived,
 Tortured in mind and raging with his smart:
 "Unheard of (thus he thought), of speech deprived,
 How shall I now seduce a female heart?
 By cunning, not by force, must this be done;
 But how can I my cunning bring to pass?
 Who both as weak and dumb to all is known,
 Must ever for a hopeless blockhead pass."
 Much musing on his errand night and day,
 His brain a thought conceiv'd that pleased him well:
 Could not a rune, carv'd on a staff, convey,
 As well as word of mouth, a fraudulent tale?
 Warm, unsuspecting is Iduna's heart;
 As genuine spouse of Bragur well she loves
 To listen to a strain that pity moves;
 And Lok is no small master of his art.
 He drew his knife, delighted with the plan,
 And cut a long stick from a neighb'ring wood;
 His theme of lies he then forthwith began,
 And lied, as far, as the stick's length allow'd.

These were the runes he carv'd. "There is a tree
I' th' giants' orchard, on whose branches grow
Apples of wondrous flavour, three by three,
With tint, like the sun's purple blush on snow.
"These apples a more powerful juice contain,
Than those thou keepest in thy golden cup.
This liquor rare could once the Asar drain,
All Jotunheim before their arms must stoop.
To hide that precious fruit from the world's eye
Has been the giants' constant industry:
Thus have they, to avert the menaced doom,
Enwrapp'd that grove in sempiternal gloom.
"But a young giantess (O power of love!)
Th' important secret hath to me reveal'd,
And shown the road to the mysterious grove,
Where flourishes that glorious tree conceal'd.
But lo! while on our route, a goblin lay
In wait for us behind the brazen wall,
And, fearful we the secret might betray,
Hath let on Lok peculiar vengeance fall.
"To close my mouth the giant has thought fit
With diamond needle, and with thread of steel;
Yet naught his ruthless act, nor murmur'd spell
Hath power to damp my mother wit:
That, thanks to Mimer, in the hour of need
To Lok will never fail; that still is free:
And thus upon this staff with speed
The giants' secret have I traced for thee.
"If with thy apple of eternal youth
Thou wouldst attend me to the giants' grove,
Then would the threads burst from my bleeding mouth,
Without thy aid the task would idle prove.
So sure and simple is the stratagem,
I need not pluck those apples from their stem,
Thou needst but touch them with thy fingers white,
They'll instant fall into thy vessel bright."
These runes he carv'd, and with the staff he flew
To th' harbour in the grove across the sea,
Where sat Iduna with her eyes of blue,
Under the shade of her own apple-tree.
Mindful of wondrous scenes, she fix'd her look
Stedfast on every beast that wander'd by;
But most the graceful stag engaged her eye,
Ogling his own proud form in the pellucid brook.
A fountain bubbling near with eddying flow
Fills the transparent stream: with motion fleet
A cygnet scuds across, and at the feet
Of his fair mistress makes obeisance low:
There with her vessel sat the goddess meek,
And fed her fav'rite swan with crumbs of bread
While ever and anon he plunged his beak
Within the circles by the bread-crumbs made.
Absent was Bragur; he Alfader's might
Was chaunting in shield-cover'd Valaskialf:
With rapture listen'd every Asa bright,

And every Disa fair, and radiant Alf.
 Mimer had also left his fav'rite care;
 Thus like an artless child Iduna lay,
 And unsuspecting fell an easy prey
 Into the treach'rous Lok's malignant snare.
 His bleeding mouth with pity she beheld;
 And when to reinforce his runes of guile
 His eyes shed tears like those of crocodile,
 With grief oppress'd her gentle bosom swell'd:
 She reach'd to him her hand so lily white,
 And spreading wide her feather'd garment light,
 Wafted herself and Loptur far away
 Towards the dark hard-wood grove, where Thiass expectant lay.
 Soaring athwart the azure plains on high,
 Radiant was she and glorious to behold,
 As in the groves of Ind or Araby
 The bird of paradise with train of gold:
 When lo! a griffin black rush'd from his lair,
 Pounced with his talons on th' affrighted fair,
 And bore her far away! the giants' scream of joy
 Re-echoed from the rocks to welcome their decoy!
 The Disa then too late her error found,
 And wept: the winds with zeal and love intense
 Waft down her tears to Ocean's caves profound,
 And there to pearls those precious drops condense.
 And when her last farewell Iduna sigh'd,
 A mournful plaint re-echoed from the vale:
 The stagnant air blasts all the lily's pride;
 No more the roses' perfume scents the gale.
 A dew lethargic, noisome, humid, cold
 Around the heavens its veil malignant spread!
 And lo! the sun shorn of its rays of gold
 In midst of vapour stood with disk blood-red!
 And cold became the whilom jocund breast
 Of ev'ry hero and of ev'ry maid;
 Far towards the south the feather'd songsters prest,
 And with them too all joy and gladness fled!

CANTO XIV. THE DELIVERANCE OF IDUNA.

As vanish 'fore the wind the vapours light,
 Thus sinks each action of the human race
 Into th' abyss of sempiternal night;
 One billow sinks; another mounts apace:
 Alternate peace coquetting plays with war;
 Now in the sheath the glaive inglorious lies,
 And now with glitt'ring menace flouts the air:
 'Tis all a juggle—a butterfly, that hies
 Careless from flower to flower—pairs with its kind—and dies.
 Why boast in fight thy prowess, warrior wild?
 What was it? scum—mere froth upon the sea
 Of time—self-love impell'd thee—fortune smiled—
 Thy docile troop must needs their Chief obey.
 But come, lay bare thy heart! and at the shrine
 Of truth confess! (concealment now were shame)
 Where is the merit of that act of thine,

That made thee rival of thy father's fame?
That thou didst death defy? Doth not a beast the same?
Where Timour pulverized in days of yore
Whole hecatombs of foes at Samarcand,
The loose sand whirls in eddies as before.
Nor of that triumph doth one record stand:
The meadows still display their emerald sheen,
Forgetful of the day, when frantic war
With streams of blood incarnadined the green;
No longer now the traveller's vision scare
Huge piles of human skulls, long since dispersed in air.
And who art thou whose quenchless thirst of fame
Thus furiously lays waste th' affrighted earth?
Not near so puissant as the nightly flame,
Which the volcano's entrails vomit forth.
The harden'd lava-streams *its* force attest,
And though a thousand long long years have fled,
Give to the swelling grape its poignant zest:
Thy deed, like ashes, moulders with the dead;
The ravens on thy fame, as on thy limbs, have fed.
Yet do not thou crow neither, little gnome
Who sittest in thy workshop snug, and filest;
Who safe intrench'd within thy rocky dome,
Lookst down securely on the fight, and smilest,
As looks the lamb upon the wolf below:
Who thinkst the awl a better instrument
Than Aukthor's hammer: thou requirest too
Iduna's apple, if thou beest intent
To reach thy labour's goal, and shine pre-eminent.
Whoever, dwarf or giant, seeks to rise
From his low cave to genius' source divine,
Let him towards thee, Iduna! lift his eyes,
And view, where burning incense at thy shrine
Bragur with Mimer, Balder, chaunt all hail,
And in thy praise their lofty strains unite:
No real hero will thy blessing fail,
And future Scalds his actions shall recite,
And o'er his tomb describe an endless halo bright.
How flat unprofitable life would flow.
Unquicken'd, Idun, by thy apple's zest!
Deprived of Mimer's fount, how mean and low
Were man's existence, by vile cares opprest!
Dark Surtur chaunts the song of triumph loud,
To see the lov'd Iduna captive borne:
While Lok, of his successful mischief proud,
Joys in his heart to see the Asar mourn,
And Valhall's glories fled, and Valaskialf forlorn.
Now when the sun arose, by vapours foul
Obscured, it fill'd no bosom with delight:
When the dull moon slow climb'd from pole to pole,
It heard no amorous plaint disturb the night.
No longer travels with his car and goats
The once aspiring Thor; now deaf to praise
He throws aside his club; he raves; he dotes;
While Hlidskialf, Odin's dome, shorn of its rays,

No longer warms the earth with heart-consoling blaze.
 And Freya's bosom, once so proud to view,
 Now sinks like snow before the solar beam:
 Her golden hair assumes a silver hue;
 Her once blue eyes two gelid rain-drops seem.
 Heimdal, who on his rainbow stood betimes
 Shining amidst his seven colours bright,
 Discover'd frightful witches mutt'ring rhimes
 Of direst import, with black caps bedight,
 And wings, like those of bat, loud flapping in the night.
 With a lethargic mist they veil the sky,
 And summon Skada from her grot profound:
 While Niord, before whose lance all vapours fly,
 Rests in his cell, in magic slumbers bound.
 Now Skada, mounted on her glander'd horse,
 Whose nostrils, frightful snorting, taint the gale,
 Each night uncheck'd pursues her baneful course:
 Athwart the clouds her murky sisters sail,
 And with loud shrieks of woe th' affrighted earth assail.
 Each star now veils its front, which once in guise
 Of lamp illumed the heavens: the seaman bold,
 Who, sailing in the Kattegat, defies
 The foaming billow and the tempest cold,
 Hath lost his rudder; and when in despair
 He to his anchor needs recourse must have,
 Behold! the cable stiff with frozen air
 Cannot be bent: death rides upon the wave,
 And stares with beamless eye, and shakes his icy glaive!
 When summer came, no sunbeam cheer'd the vale;
 Like slave, the wretched swain must groan and sweat:
 His house, his tools, his clothing he must sell;
 His only thoughts were rye, and oats, and wheat:
 He had forgotten quite to bend the knee
 In humble duty fore Alfader's throne:
 His horse was far more dignified than he;
 He felt with inward pang, and needs must own
 His watch-dog's heart more warm, more faithful than his own.
 No longer now the warriors, as before,
 Sit at the board of their crown'd chieftain high,
 Gentle yet awful, worthy sons of Thor,
 Soft temper'd by the radiance mild of Frey:
 In scurrilous abuse and words of shame
 To jealousy and hate they now give vent;
 To slur and vilify his comrade's fame,
 More than to raise his own, each chief is bent;
 Ignoble quarrels mark their envious discontent.
 When the Scald sung, 'twas raving coarse and wild,
 No longer Gimle's inspiration sure;
 No longer from thy breast, O nature mild!
 He drew the milk so bountiful, so pure;
 His only nurses now were prejudice
 And discord, each a foul-mouth'd envious quean:
 His aim is now, deep grovelling in vice,
 To please the multitude with jest obscene,
 To flatter or to mock, calumniate and feign.

Once Saga sat, and on her shield engraved
Each act of virtue generous, good, and great:
Of graver and of buckler now bereaved,
She pines, unconscious of the world's debate:
The fond devotion to the public weal,
The scenes of Nidaros and Leir in vain
Crowd fore her eyes, and to her sense appeal:
The heron of oblivion clouds her brain;
Self-interest views the oak and laurel with disdain.
Sage Mimer griev'd the world's mischance to know,
And Balder mark'd it in his bright abode:
With bitter tears see Mimer's fountain flow!
The sap no longer gives the kernel food.
And Balder, gentle-hearted as a maid,
Visited Mimer in his cavern cold:
At once the rueful change they both survey'd:
'Twas night, and Balder sat with locks of gold,
His once unruffled brow in gloomy wrinkles roll'd.
'Twas easy to perceive all joy was fled;
Each goddess had her youth and beauty lost.
What wonder Mimer bow'd his laurell'd head,
At such discovery sad, dishearten'd, crost?
What wonder Balder, once serene and meek,
To omens dire should yield himself a prey?
Hear him with quiv'ring lip and hectic cheek,
Grief in his heart, and madness in his eye,
Rave incoherent strains, wild gazing at the sky!
Now at the ash Yggdrassil they alight,
Whose branches o'er the earth their shade extend;
The holy tree, to which the Asar bright
Down from the bridge of Bifrost all descend.
There, as a shepherd watches o'er his flock,
Odin, enthroned as judge supreme, appears;
Examines every cause with piercing look;
Enacts new laws; pronounces doom; and hears
What from the nether world his courier Hermod bears.
In this immortal ash an eagle lives;
All things it sees, and straight imparts the same
To Odin's ravens: but no longer thrives,
Vigilant as before, its look of flame.
Thick murky vapours an unwholesome veil
Spread o'er the tree, and glide with motion fleet
O'er rock, and marsh, o'er forest, hill, and dale:
The squirrel crouching at the eagle's feet
Hath naught but rotten fruit and hollow nuts to eat.
Balder and Mimer now direct their course,
Passing that tree, to Urda's mystic stream:
The forest path conducts them to the source,
Which from the rock bursts forth with silv'ry gleam:
Fragments of stone with ivy overspread
Choke up the passage to the silent dell,
To all impervious, but the Asar dread:
Berries and flowers the sacred fount conceal;
Pine forests thick around each eye profane repel.
But every growth was blighted! and behold

On the stream's brink the Norna Skulda sat,
With finger on her lips, and aspect cold,
The awful guardian of the book of fate:
Omniscient queen, whose mind can fathom all
That to Alfader's self remains unknown.
Enormous wings adown her shoulders fall:
A fillet broad upon her forehead shone,
With many a mystic rune and strange device thereon.
Green was her garment; towards the fountain now,
Now towards the days to come she turns her eye.
Wrapp'd in a sable shroud with tranquil brow,
But with averted face, sits Urda nigh.
Here with her sisters twain Verdandis too,
Mistress of time, resides: her garment bright
Was interwov'n with scales of various hue.
These females all are of gigantic height;
None dare dispute their will; resistless is their might.
Sleep never ventures here: the Nornor's eyes
Do never close, whether the mid-day sun
Or radiant stars illuminate the skies:
Awake they sit, though motionless like stone.
Urda the actions of the past unveils;
Skulda the future cons with prudence meet:
Meanwhile Verdandis weighs in golden scales
The present gifts, the gods to send think fit,
A sceptre or a grave; a triumph or defeat.
Immovable they sit, mute as the grave,
Like sphinx of marble on the Theban plain;
While shine reflected in the limpid wave
The figures of the awful virgin train.
Impatient the decrees of fate to learn
Oft to this grove the proud Valkyrior come;
With questions sharp assail the Nornor stern,
Then soar aloft, through the wide world to roam,
And fill the troubled air with strange prophetic doom.
Thus Mimer to the lofty Skulda spoke:
"O thou! who feelest neither joy nor woe,
Hostile to none, friendly to none; whose look,
Like that of falcon ardent, can pierce through
The blackest night, whether the dove doth coo,
Or the sword clash, alike unmoved; my prayer
Do not reject! and O resolve me true
The great enigma! shall Iduna fair
Again, freed from her chains, respire her natal air?"
The virgin breast of Skulda swell'd awhile:
What marble seem'd, now moved with high pulsation;
She gazed on Mimer; and he thought, a smile
Play'd on her mouth; it gave him consolation.
Urda's fount ceased to rustle through the dell;
From Skulda's lips resounds this solemn strain:
"When bravery shall fickle time compel
To constancy, and fast the recreant chain,
Upon the wings of love health shall fly home again."
She spoke. In sable clouds Night veils her brow;
And sooth'd with hope, Earth's bosom gently heaves:

The fount calls to its water: "Swell and flow!"
The blast loud whistles through the arid leaves.
Homeward with joy now hie the Asar twain,
For well the Nornor's speech they comprehend:
They oft repeat the heart-consoling strain,
While floating in the air they swift ascend,
And eager still their course towards bright Valhalla bend.
"When bravery shall fickle time compel
To constancy, shall health fly home again
Upon the wings of love." Thus through the dell
Re-echoed wide the solemn Nornor's strain.
"What other god but Thor can solve this spell?
Juggler of time is Lok, we all agree;
And Thor alone can Lok subdue—tis well—
The Queen of Love preserves the prison key,
'Tis said, that Queen alone can set Iduna free.
These words were ponder'd oft the gods among;
Thor seized their import; red as blood his cheek
With anger, from his bench he quickly sprung,
And grasp'd the pallid Loptur by the neck:
And lo! as round the spindle turns the wheel,
When busy housewife spins her flax with glee,
Thus Thor twirl'd Lok around from head to heel;
And now he touch'd the moon, and now the sea,
While at the caitiff's screams the gods laugh'd heartily.
"Thy being is a composition strange
Of Asagard and Helheim (thus said Thor):
Force must compel thee to repent and change;
Thou must be shook like oil and vinegar,
When in a vessel mix'd: but, traitor! say!
Ere from thy worthless trunk thy head be torn,
Wilt thou amend? wilt thou my voice obey?
Wilt thou, on the light wings of Freya borne,
Bring back Iduna straight to Valaskialf forlorn?
A coward and a traitor both is Lok,
And want of firmness all his acts reveal:
Fearful to be whirl'd round again and shook,
Lowly at Aukthor's feet behold him kneel!
"If the bright Queen, the fairest of the fair,
The lily, which adorns Folkvangur's plain,
Freya, will lend her wings, I solemn swear,
Spite of all spells, to loose Iduna's chain,
And bring the goddess back to Asagard again.
"My soul's resolv'd; naught shall my purpose bend,
The beauteous captive's suff'rings deep I feel:
Foul Thiasse was to blame; by him constrain'd
Was I the goddess and her vase to steal.
But o'er the forest's pines and ocean's wave,
Cloth'd like a bird with gentle Freya's wing,
I'll hie me swiftly to the giant's cave.
And back in triumph fair Iduna bring:
Health, youth, and strength again in Valaskialf shall spring."
To fetch her pinions Freya was not slow;
Her hands to fix them on Lok's shoulders deign.
Aye, and much more would she have giv'n, I trow,

Her own lost youth and beauty to regain.
Now Lok for his past conduct feeling shame,
And mindful too of Thiasse's bitter mock,
O'er hill and dale, and marsh, and forest, came
To where, deep in the bowels of the rock,
The fair Iduna sigh'd, conceal'd in gloom and smoke.
But in the dark Lok finds his way most sure:
Naught was he daunted by the giant's spell;
On Freya's wings relies the god secure,
Which time defy, and brave the power of steel.
His course he steers, thorns, brakes, and briars among;
Now like an owl he has recourse to flight;
Now like a cat he needs must creep along.
At length the secret cave appears in sight,
Where rocks piled upon rocks conceal the treasure bright.
Immers'd in grief the fair Iduna sat
Like marble statue on a monument;
Upon the sea of time so desolate,
Which never ebbs, her look despairing bent.
But spite of every hindrance, Asa-Lok
Into the gloomy cavern forced his way,
Where pined the Disa fetter'd to the rock:
Some words of comfort scarce he stopp'd to say,
But caught her in his arms, and bore her far away.
While they together flew o'er land and sea,
Behold! a bale fire vast illumines the north!
'Twas Asa-gard whence Odin, Vil, and Ve
Sent messages to Lok o'er all the earth.
But now blest tidings all Valhalla cheer:
Iduna, borne by Lok, arrives in view!
Scarce did the nymph in Odin's dome appear,
Away all care and pain and sorrow flew;
Each flow'ret oped again its chalice to the dew.
The lark now sang; each goddess felt the charm;
Again their bosom with youth's fullness swell'd:
Odin again felt vigour in his arm,
And Thor once more aloft his hammer held.
Again the sun lent to the moon its gold,
And lit anew the radiant rings on high.
Mimer no more his brow in wrinkles roll'd:
Balder no longer, madness in his eye,
Raved incoherent strains, wild gazing at the sky.
And lo! obscures the sky a vision vast,
Awful, but not unpleasing to behold!
'Tis Thiasse! who his prey pursuing fast
Hath become dazzled by the bale-fire's gold.
He flutters round it long with sable wings;
E'en as the moth, attracted by the fire,
Into the flame abrupt its body flings;
Th' enormous Jotun-fly doth thus expire,
By his own impulse hurl'd against the blazing pyre.
E'en so doth every frightful vision dire,
Which terrifies mankind i' th' hour of night,
Dissolve, when blazes forth the gorgeous pyre,
Which from the east dispenses warmth and light.

And thus the genial dew, which falls in spring,
Sheds tears of gladness on each plant around:
And every lively bird doth tuneful sing,
Inspired with joy, like Bragur, when he found
His darling wife once more in his embraces bound.

CANTO XV. THE VANER.

Ere in days of yore the lofty Asar
Schemes of conquest to devise began,
Ruling their ancestral mountain region
Near the plains of bounteous Ginnistan;
Ere they, on proud coursers prancing,
Scorning danger, sallied forth,
Giants quelling,
Dwarfs compelling,
Towards the granite strong-holds of the North.
Oft with friendly mien the peaceful Vaner
With them sought alliance to cement:
'Twas the Vaner taught the race of Odin
Art and science, life's best blandishment:
Taught them to root out the thistle,
And with flowers to deck the field;
Then to prove
Faith and love,
Niord the horseman swift as hostage yield.
Drought severe oft forest, vale and meadow,
Suffer'd from the ardent solar flame;
But no sooner Niord bestrode his courser,
Fresh and cool the air at once became:
He dispels each noxious vapour,
Paints the sky with azure hue;
Precious arts
He imparts,
Nature to adorn and strengthen too.
By his sister he became the father
First of Frey, and then of Freya fair;
By the Vaner's law he chose his consort,
Such a tie is not illicit there.
Both were lovely, joy'd to kindle
In man's breast the amorous flame:
Such a nation
Still keeps station
On Caucasian steeps, with well-earn'd fame.
Now behold the dynasts of Valhalla
Swift their course from Asia's valleys bend,
Southern fire and Orient's lofty genius
With the North's more sober blood to blend!
Naught their earnest wish concealing,
Niord their soft entreaties gain:
Straight doth Niord
Pledge his word,
And with son and daughter join their train.
Odin spake: "Th' unconquer'd North invites us
With her fir-clad mountains wild and drear!
There the beechen forest waves majestic,

Redolent with Ocean's healthful air!
 Thither will I lead my Asar,
 On those rocks my legions spread:
 Thou, O Thor!
 During war.
 During peace shall Odin take the lead,
 Planting on each isle and rock their banner,
 Shall our bands victorious still advance:
 On those rugged cliffs shall oft give battle;
 Oft our skiffs on foaming billows dance.
 Think! when with the force of iron
 Mingles Orient's genial flame,
 What a race,
 Full of grace,
 Rising there, the world's applause shall claim!"
 Joyful on his winged courser mounted,
 Niord for the whole army clear'd the road;
 Drying up each marsh, each mist dispelling,
 Fearless through impervious wilds he rode.
 Never weary, flying, swimming,
 Proud his steed pursues his course:
 Winds compelling,
 Skiffs propelling,
 Nature bows to Niord's resistless force.
 Glorious to behold was Niord the hero,
 As he pranced along the meadows gay:
 Graceful through the sky his courser's pinions
 Floated like a dream i' th' morning grey:
 Quick he views, and leaves as quickly,
 All he finds, both far and near:
 With bright beams
 Proudly gleams,
 Perch'd upon his helm, the morning star.
 Of your aid deprived, O skilful Vaner!
 What were in the north the Asar's power?
 What would then avail thy wisdom, Odin?
 What avail thy boasted strength, O Thor?
 Frey midst thorns and brakes and briars
 Flax and corn benignant sows:
 On mankind,
 Ever kind,
 Freya offspring beautiful bestows.
 She herself obtain'd a handsome bridegroom;
 Odur was he call'd on India's plain:
 On the banks of Ganges first she met him,
 Tow'ring midst a numerous warlike train:
 Crown'd with garlands, hymns reciting,
 Swains and maidens round him throng:
 With loud crash
 Cymbals clash:
 Rocks re-echo the triumphal song.
 See him on his golden car high seated
 Drawn by lions and by tigers strong!
 These, compell'd by his heroic valour,
 Humbly drag his chariot wheels along:

Laurel wreaths aloft extending,
Nymphs precede the car and sing;
Drum and flute,
Lyre and lute,
To the chaunt their aid harmonious bring.
From the dark recesses of the forest
Started forth the grim ferocious bands!
Ravish'd at the sound of drum and cymbal,
With delight they danced and clapp'd their hands.
Odur by the crystal fountain
Stopp'd them in the shady glen;
There he tamed,
And reclaimed
To the arts of peace those savage men.
Now on every slope and sun-tipp'd mountain
Most exposed to Muspel's genial heat,
Near the wave, the branches green he planted,
Which produce the raisin's treasure sweet:
Soon from him the valley's children
Learn the art to press the vine:
From its blood,
Grateful food,
Love finds nurture for its flame divine.
In the grove the amorous god presented
To the goddess bright the jovial bowl:
Clust'ring grapes and leaves adorn his forehead;
Pleasure-breathing looks reveal his soul:
Smooth his limbs like those of woman,
Still a vigorous male was he:
Yet the fair
Disa's hair
Bound him fast, and made him bend the knee.
From the trees so green the birds delighted
Mark each fond caress, each amorous freak;
How she with her hands of alabaster
Fondly pats the hero's sun-burnt cheek:
Like the billows' foam, her bosom
Proudly swell'd, exposed and bare:
Every flower
Witness bore
To the transports of the beauteous pair.
Freya now became the spouse of Odur;
Seldom could the lovers separate.
When the Asar from their old dominion
Sallied forth to found the northern state,
In his chariot drawn by leopards
Odur seated with his spouse
In his arms,
On her charms
Gazing ever, plights eternal vows.
Much it cost the hero to relinquish
Such a land, the parent of the vine:
But who would not, far beyond the raisin,
Prize a lovely female's charms divine?
Still he took his vine-plants with him,

Mindful of his precious art:
Oft in glowing
Cups o'erflowing
Odur's gift refreshes Odin's heart.
Thus, while all the other gods of Valhall
Drain the goblet fill'd with mead and ale,
Odin with the apple of Iduna,
Or with wine, enjoys his best regale:
And when Odur fled from Freya,
'Scaping from the gelid north,
He bestow'd
On the god
What he deem'd the gift of greatest worth.
How could he forget the lovely Disa
After such enjoyment rich and rare?
How thus tear himself away unfeeling
From a bosom so divinely fair?
Yet he'd oft, in bliss dissolving,
Term his spouse his greatest treasure:
With delight
On that night
Oft he thought entranced, and wept with pleasure.
But when Thiasse carried off Iduna,
Vanish'd every trace of Freya's bloom;
Old and wrinkled, flabby and repelling
Was the Disa, once so fair, become:
From the couch he leap'd in anger,
Drew his sword in wild alarm:
O confusion!
Curst delusion!
Vainly now he seeks each wonted charm.
"Is it thus thou hast deceiv'd thy lover?
Ugly witch!" disdainful thus he said:
"Grace of birth divine and youth perennial
Didst thou feign to lure me to thy bed?
But the mask hath dropp'd—I find not
Of thy charms one single trace:
Old in mien,
Shrivell'd, lean.
How canst thou unblushing show thy face?"
Naught avail'd the tears of Freya: Odur
Fled disgusted from her nerveless arms.
Where he once such poignant pleasure tasted,
Where he revell'd in celestial charms.
There he left his car and leopards:
Freya sits, to grief a prey,
Sad, despairing,
Wildly staring
At the heaven's expanse, or dark blue sea.
Never more the Asar race beheld him;
To his Vaner he return'd again.
Golden tears now shed the wretched Freya,
When she gazed upon the stormy main.
Though she found again her beauty,
Odur never more she found:

Tears of woe
 Constant flow
 From her eyes: the groves her plaint resound.
 When the apples of the fair Iduna,
 Fruit of health and youth, were found again,
 Much it griev'd Valfader's heart to notice
 Beauty sorrowing on her couch in vain:
 Straight he sent in search of Odur
 Hermod with his magic spear.
 Now his fate
 I'll relate,
 If my harpings ye will deign to hear.
 Odur hied him to the grove of laurel,
 Where first Freya met his amorous glance:
 Vain the satyrs with their music greet him;
 Vain voluptuous damsels round him dance:
 Callous now to all about him,
 Dwelling on his loss severe,
 Much he groan'd,
 Wept and moan'd
 In the sandy waste, forlorn and drear.
 Grapes and vine-leaves from his brow depending,
 Now with vacant gaze he fixes heaven:
 In the spring of youth thus solitary,
 Swim his eyes, with melancholy riven.
 Sweet illusion charms his spirit;
 Yielding to the frenzy bland,
 Lost in dreams
 Still he seems,
 On his bosom ever press'd his hand.
 Hermod, from behind the bush advancing,
 Touches Odur with his magic wand:
 Straight transform'd e'en to the very marrow
 See him now a marble statue stand!
 To this day through Asia roving,
 Him, 'tis said, the Scald hath found
 Thus alone
 Changed to stone
 In the forest, still with vine-leaves crown'd.
 For the death of her beloved Odur
 Deeply Freya mourns with grief sincere:
 In the ecstasy of melancholy
 Down her lovely cheek flows many a tear:
 Oft her heart's profound emotion
 Pours she in each lover's breast;
 Pleasing thrill,
 Flowing still,
 Painful longing! from thy poignant zest.

CANTO XVI. THE NUPTIALS OF SKADA.

While captive pined Iduna, Valhalla seem'd a grave;
 A fruitful isle was swallow'd by the remorseless wave;
 In each nook of the palace, each god, morose, alone,
 Sat looking straight before him, as motionless as stone.
 No longer the Einherier, eight hundred at a time,

In the arena skirmish for Odin's prize sublime;
 They now no longer sally from Trudvang's brazen port,
 To give wounds and receive them, in Hildur's fav'rite sport.
 They cease the glaive to brandish; their blood no longer flows;
 They spring not up with laughter from the well-levell'd blows:
 Nor roast flesh of Sâhrimner with appetite assail;
 Nor drain the horn capacious, brimming with mead or ale.
 No more in Freya's garden are faithful lovers seen,
 In ecstasy conversing under the bowers so green:
 By passion warm'd no longer, they to the fountain throng,
 Nor listen by the moonlight to Philomela's song.
 No more Hagbarth and Signe, when the blue wave beneath
 The sun descends, now descant on their heroic death,
 When they, upon love's pinions, were wafted from the vale
 Of bitter care and sorrow to bright Gladheimasal.
 While Valaskialf is shrouded by mists and noisome dews,
 In th' absence of the apple, that youth and strength renews,
 The giants, wild rejoicing, in arms all ready stand
 To lay waste proud Valhalla with vengeful sword and brand.
 The first who thought on vengeance with helm and buckler bright
 Was giant Thiasse's daughter, mischievous Skada hight:
 Clad in her brazen armour, to Valhall's gate she came,
 And knew not that her father had perish'd in the flame.
 This female was to Freya unlike in mind and grace,
 Yet wit she had and vigour, nor homely was her face:
 When mounted on her courser in the dark stormy night,
 Under her sable head-dress her eyes gave dazzling light.
 Though with impure old witches she revels in the wood,
 Yet she herself was blooming in health and youthful blood:
 On her fair cheek the tempest the rose's hue bestow'd;
 Her hair adown her shoulders in jetty ringlets flow'd.
 Like two white foaming billows her bosom swell'd half-bared;
 Her arms smooth and well-rounded; her flesh was plump and hard:
 Like the storm-wind in temper, capricious, wild and proud;
 Fearful the rocks re-echo, whene'er she scolds aloud.
 But when she came to Vingolf, her anger vanish'd quite:
 She view'd with admiration the fair-hair'd sons of light;
 With love her heart beat wildly, when Balder came in view;
 With rapture fill'd her bosom his eyes so soft, so blue.
 Those eyes, 'tis true, lack'd lustre; the cause ye well may guess,
 'Tis since Iduna's apples no more the Asar bless.
 Shouts Skada: "Peace I offer, and all my wrongs forgive,
 If Balder fair as husband, Odin to me will give."
 That Skada might not sicken from unrequited love,
 They bound her eyes, and bade her her skill in coursing prove:
 'Twas Odin's own proposal. "Begin the sport," quoth he;
 "Whom she blindfolded catches, shall Skada's husband be."
 Now like a sea-bird flutt'ring, the black-hair'd virgin stout
 Rustled, and breath'd like whirlwind the spacious hall about:
 The gods draw back; now forward they move; now halt, afraid;
 No easy task they found it to shun the giant maid.
 Though far more skill and swiftness th' Asynior all could boast,
 Before Iduna's treasure was to Valhalla lost,
 Yet Skada now excels them; she jumps about as brisk,
 As silver-scaled fishes through billows glide and frisk.

A pair of legs now catching, she laugh'd and straight began
 Their measure and proportion with eager hand to scan:
 She much admired the ankle, the powerful calf, the foot;
 These well-turn'd limbs, thought Skada, a happy prize denote.
 At first she thought 'twas Balder: she utter'd not a word,
 But rising, tore her band off, and saw that it was Niord:
 She burst into a loud laugh, which caused the walls to shake,
 And pressing to her bosom her captive, thus she spake:
 "Ha! we shall suit each other; in truth a well-match'd pair:
 As soon as with her apple returns Iduna fair,
 Begin once more thy blowing! I'll raise the wind by night:
 In tempers diff'rent moulded, by turns we'll prove our might.
 "On gold-maned Skinfax mounted, thou shalt prevail by day:
 At night, upon dark Hrimfax, will I pursue my way:
 With flowers thou lov'st to dally; to barren rocks I cling:
 Health to the north thou bringest; I Skada mischief bring.
 "In summer and in autumn, then are thy seasons meet;
 My vapours thou dispersest, and coolst the sultry heat:
 Then I, on skaits, o'er Finnmark with bow and arrow fly,
 And through fog, sleet and snow-storm my course unseen I ply.
 "With cricket on thy shoulder, with beechen branch in hand,
 While nightingales sweet singing upon thy helmet stand,
 Thou ridest on thy courser, o'er forest, hill and dale,
 With rays of light proceeding from his long mane and tail.
 "Short mane and tail hath Hrimfax; he's black and small in size:
 Hoar frost clings to his nostrils; his breathings chill the skies:
 But fearful are his neighings; and when he rears, then mark!
 Unroof'd becomes each dwelling, unmasted every bark.
 "Me gulls and sea-mews follow with shrill ear-piercing cries;
 The Mermaids from the water, at my command, arise:
 The seal jumps in the billow, when I am close at hand;
 He dares no longer sun him upon the rocky strand.
 "Dost thou not comprehend me? thou seemst to hesitate:
 Hath not Ægir a consort i' th' ocean with a net?
 Is not Ægir an Asa? is not Ran giant-born?
 Why then shouldst thou of Skada reject the love with scorn?
 "How long 'twixt gods and giants shall last the hateful feud?
 'Tis time, methinks, the quarrel to end with ties of blood:
 'Twill soon to peace eternal all obstacles remove,
 If thou to me wilt promise fidelity and love.
 "The bitter must be mingled with all that is too sweet,
 And life recall to living what lies in death's retreat;
 Joy must with grief alternate; night shift the rule with day;
 The herring shoals, when shining, become of whales the prey.
 "Not every plant can flourish; thus were the cherry-tree
 Ever from storms protected by the wall's friendly lee,
 Did not the wind its blossom scatter around like snow,
 Its trunk would soon be rotten, the tree soon cease to grow."
 By such convincing reasons the wavering god she plied:
 At the command of Odin the marriage knot was tied.
 But Idun still was absent; dull pass'd the nuptial feast;
 Each Disa mourn'd; but Freya wept more than all the rest.
 Hoarse was the voice of Bragur; the mead-horn ceased to cheer:
 A knife lay in Frey's bosom; the cause ye soon shall hear:
 He greeted not his father, but sorrowful in mood

He to the height ascended, where Hlidskialf's castle stood.
 On Hlidskialf's tower so lofty stands Odin's mystic throne;
 From thence all the world's actions are to his eye made known:
 No other god but Odin dare mount that awful seat;
 Frey on that day, however, this rule seem'd to forget.
 He fix'd the royal garland in thought upon his head,
 But half its wonted splendour with Idun's fruit was fled:
 There gazed he, sad and pensive, o'er mountain, rock and field;
 And now my rhimes shall tell ye, what there the god beheld.

CANTO XVII. THE AMOUR OF FREY.

A spacious chamber met his eyes hewn in the cavern grey;
 Therein reclining on a couch a beauteous damsel lay:
 In slumbers light indulged the maid so innocent and meek;
 The blush of morning tinged with red her alabaster cheek.
 Careless reposed her graceful arm across her forehead bright,
 Her raven locks in ringlets twined between her fingers white;
 Her small white hand quite buried seem'd i' th' streaming coal-black hair,
 Thus doth a lamb behind the leaves of a dark bush appear.
 E'en as a serpent coiled within the lily's chalice rests,
 Thus curl the silken jetty locks adown her swelling breasts:
 As loving as two sisters kiss, thus kiss the lips of rose;
 But proudly from each other turn away the breasts, like foes.
 Tow'ring the slender waist above, each claims preeminence;
 But, as between two rain-drops, none could see the difference.
 Frey gazes on the rosy lips, and on the breast of snow,
 And quite forgets Iduna's loss, and all Valhalla's woe.
 But while he gazed, his longing eyes witness'd a wondrous sight!
 For now to white the red was changed! and red became the white!
 When cherries burst, they show their stone; when her lips part, behold!
 Two rows of teeth, as bright as pearls or ivory, they unfold!
 And when the tunic fell aside with the pulsation strong,
 Up from the lovely damsel's breast a pair of rose-buds sprung!
 Then she awoke, and with her hand those treasures sought to veil;
 But strict their duty to fulfil the parted fingers fail.
 Now rising from her couch she flies, as nimble as a roe,
 To where a fountain's limpid stream adown the rock doth flow:
 She bathes her cheek, her large dark eyes and eke her snow-white arms
 A genial glow, unfelt before, the favour'd fountain warms.
 In order not to lose its strength, between the rocks it ran
 Fermenting, and a source of health became to suff'ring man:
 The grot with crutches was hung round; the lame, who hither come,
 No longer need their crutches' aid, to gain their native home.
 The blind too, who had lifted up their eyelids oft in vain,
 Found, when they drank the holy wave, the power of sight again:
 This caused much marvel; all mankind this silver stream adore;
 But it from Gerda's youth derived its wonder-working power.
 She takes out from a case a comb of burnish'd gold so rare,
 And with her fingers white divides her glossy raven hair:
 She combs her locks; they glisten bright; what pleasure they impart
 To love-sick Frey! he felt each spark; they melted in his heart.
 She wreath'd a band of twisted hair around her forehead high,
 Adorn'd with sapphires blue, which shone with wondrous brilliancy:
 She then put on a costly robe of asbest silver white;
 The border of the robe was hemm'd with garnets rare and bright.

A milk-tub made of polish'd deal he saw her take up now,
And to the flow'ry mead repair, to milk her brindled cow:
In clover deep there grazing stood the cow with crumpled horn;
I' th' middle of the meadow spread its blossom the black thorn.
She sat down on the clover green, and with her fingers neat
Under the cow she fix'd the pail, and grasp'd the swelling teat;
While the milk foam'd, the beast to stare with much indifference seem'd:
"O thou cold-hearted stupid cow!" thus Asa Frey exclaim'd.
His look the graceful Jotun nymph now follow'd ev'rywhere;
He sigh'd: "I ne'er before beheld a maid so wondrous fair."
His words she heard, but innocence dwell'd in her radiant eye,
And intellect was deeply stamp'd upon her forehead high.
Her cheek a glow unusual felt; bewitchingly she smiled;
With piety and steady faith was fill'd her bosom mild:
He saw her then sit down to spin, and much admired the zeal,
With which her younger sisters all she taught to turn the wheel.
Her arms around her much-loved sire with tenderness she flung;
She smooth'd his beard, and 'gainst the wall his bow and quiver hung;
When from the forest home he came, she piled the hearth with logs;
And in the milk put many a slice of bread to feed his dogs.
Heath-cocks, wild ducks, and partridges upon the dresser lie:
No more they now the thrushes' song disturb with piercing cry:
The hare too, who such speed had shown, how changed! with legs stretch'd out,
Now stiff and cold he lies, while blood drips from his mangled throat.
Now Gerda took from out a case a diamond of great worth,
The like was never seen before i' th' mountains of the north,
For if into the darkest room 'twas brought i' th' hour of night,
And placed upon the hearth, it shed around a dazzling light.
Now with her apron round her waist the giant-maiden stands,
The fire fierce burning hardens not her delicate white hands;
Her breast lost not its lily hue; her cheek was not more brown;
That she was giant-born, could all infer from that alone.
Towards evening to her father's house came giants old and young,
To drain the bowl, and pass the night in revelry and song:
Some stand on hoofs of horse; while some horns on their forehead bear;
Others have beards of goat; the rest a loftier nature share.
For every one is well aware, that of the giant race
There must be many tribes distinct, of unlike form and face;
With human bodies some combine the head of wolf or bear;
Some dwell in subterranean caves; some in the forest drear:
Others with human visage graced the Asar's type recall;
They war upon the gods, 'tis true, but that comes from their fall:
Though not endow'd with heavenly power, magic they understand;
In woollen oft like peasants clad they wander through the land.
Of this last race was Gerda fair: her sire would oft invite
The wild Hrimthusser to his board; she view'd them all with slight.
"Gerda's in truth a handsome girl, 'tis pity she's so cold:"
This was remark'd by Horse-leg young, and eke by Goat-beard old.
Against her robe they rubb'd themselves; they pinched her arms and thighs;
At this the Jotun damsel blush'd with anger and surprize.
"If ye cannot behave yourselves," said she in threat'ning tone,
"I'll instantly retire, and leave ye here to sup alone."
Of beauty with good sense allied so powerful is the charm,
The sturdy giants felt ashamed, and swore they meant no harm:
She fill'd their cups with foaming ale, and gave them savoury food;

But when their jokes obscene and coarse the giant carles renew'd,
She kiss'd her sire, and sought her bower: there stood she all alone,
And look'd out at the wide expanse, and gazed upon the moon:
She sigh'd with longing, but for what, she could not rightly tell;
She felt so warm, that from her breast she doff'd the silken veil.
The moon benignant shone; it seem'd towards earth its course to lower,
And sent strong rays of light within the lovely Gerda's bower:
She thought it was the sun of night, the silver-helm-clad moon,
But it was Asa-Frey himself peeping from Hlidskialf's throne.
Now when, by sleep oppress'd, her limbs upon the couch she laid,
Frey wish'd a thousand times good night to the bewitching maid.
Descending then from Hlidskialf's tower, he strait began to rove.
Like dreamer in the midnight hour, towards Freya's beechen grove.
Towards Freya's grove the love-sick god pensive pursued his way:
Its glories at Iduna's rape became of frost the prey;
The leaves all lay in yellow heaps the wither'd trunks around;
The silver brook, once used to flowers, now flint-stones only found.
And now throughout the grove resounds the tempest's awful yell!
Scared by the shock, the rain-drops bright from the dry branches fell!
So much had love absorb'd his thoughts, when this the god perceiv'd,
He thought each branch upon the trees, like him enamour'd, griev'd.
The howling of the storm amongst the trees with joy he hailed;
It much resembled, as he thought, the sighs his breast exhaled:
He knew not it was Skada's self, that through the forest blew
Behind her cloud: the whole wide world appear'd to him as new.
How dreadful was the change! now seem'd Heimkringlas dead indeed,
Since from its native soil was torn the life-renewing reed!
But it was not Iduna's form, that Frey long'd to embrace,
But thee, o Gerda! scion fair of Jotun's swarthy race.
As thus he sat immers'd in thought, sudden his eye survey'd
His sister Freya; there she stood in linen white array'd,
With silver ringlets, like a dame in the decline of life,
Who on her beauty's vanish'd spring looks back with inward grief.
She heard her brother's plaintive sigh. "Unfortunate," she said:
"Why didst thou Hlidskialf's tower ascend? hath magic turn'd thy head?
Were I in all my glory now a Disa, as before,
In the dark vales of Jotunheim naught would avail my power.
"And if it could, would Odin e'er permit Frey to espouse
A giantess? hath he not long for Eir reclaim'd thy vows?
The Disa, who when Idun fair in Valhall takes her seat.
Gives health to all the Asar's blood with liquor from the beet."
"Odin cannot compel my choice," her brother answer'd sore,
"E'en if he still possess'd his strength and glory, as before:
Giants to slay Thor boasts the power; but not to quench the flame,
Which burns impetuous in my heart for the fair mountain dame!"
Thus the fraternal pair conversed, and shared each other's grief;
But Freya breath'd the deepest sigh, despairing of relief.
She said: "My dearest brother! thee the future may console;
But as for me, no hope remains to sooth my anguish'd soul.
"For he, who hath not yet possessed what he desires, may still
Hope to obtain it; time one day may on his efforts smile:
But he, who, which he once enjoy'd, hath lost the darling bliss,
Looks from a height, and views below a fathomless abyss!
"Alas! a Vaner I'm no more;" thus sigh'd despairing Frey;
"E'en were I handsome as before, when Idun's fruit was nigh,

Still vanish'd is my peace of mind; no longer I'm the same;
 Nerveless and weak I feel; and Lok, the traitor Lok's to blame."
 While Frey thus reasons, lo! a change strikes his astonish'd sight
 The sun dispels all mist and fog! day follows upon night!
 The frost dissolves in genial dew! azure becomes the sky!
 And in a whirlwind from the grove the wither'd branches fly!
 The trees stood full of buds! these swell'd! flowers blossom'd forth! and lo!
 Freya now feels a pressure strange before her heart! below
 She casts a hasty glance, and views with pleasure and surprize
 The rose-buds on her breast again with youthful fullness rise.
 Frey gazed upon the brook; of late slowly it crept 'midst stones,
 But now through banks of violets blue with rapid course it runs:
 The spot, where grew a noisome weed, now odours sweet exhales;
 He look'd; and in its place, behold! a rose the air regales!
 Now on each other gazed the pair with mutual ecstasy;
 Of all the females in the world the handsomest was she:
 In him she view'd the paragon of males with rose-crown'd brow,
 And had she ne'er felt love before, she would have felt it now.
 A clapping loud of wings was heard: they look'd, and with delight
 Beheld the stork, who with his mate had homeward wing'd his flight:
 They had been far in southern climes, the swarthy tribes among;
 What could they not relate, had they the power to use their tongue?
 The stork now sought his clay-built nest all in the beechen grove:
 Again over the daisied mead the cattle grazing rove:
 And bursting from his tomb, soon as the sun resumed his power,
 The butterfly each flower caress'd, himself a living flower,
 The cold dissolves, while breezes mild and gentle fan the air:
 The genial warmth was felt by Frey and by his sister fair:
 They marvel much, and listen; on each other gaze, and sigh:
 Hark! tones resound from Valaskialf; they were the tones of joy.

CANTO XVIII. JOY IN VALHALLA.

Skirnir the messenger of Frey now running towards them came:
 Such now is the good news he brings, he well deserves the name.
 Soon as he saw them, loud he call'd to Frey and Freya: Ho!
 Idun to Valhall is return'd; ended is all our woe!
 When these glad tidings met their ear, delight they both express'd,
 And flew to Valhall to partake of Odin's mid-day feast:
 Great was the joy and revelry; each Asa swell'd with pride,
 When Idun sat at the right hand of Odin, like a bride.
 Before her stands the golden vase that holds the sacred fruit,
 From which the gods the purple bloom of youth and health recruit;
 Next to Iduna Bragur sits; his eyes with constant gaze
 Devour her charms: thus from the sun the sun-flower drinks the rays.
 Frigga the bounteous mother smiled: the Earth, deliver'd now,
 A wreath of flowers and ears of corn had sent to grace her brow:
 She carves Sâhrimner's roasted flesh, and sends the slices round
 By a young nymph, whose temples shine with golden fillet crown'd.
 'Twas Fulla, Frigga's handmaid. Gna, who joys to mount the steed,
 Hofvarpur hight, for every guest pours out delicious mead:
 When bearing round the brimming horns the bright Valkyrior move,
 The charms of those attendants fair inspire each god with love.
 A seat by Odin's dexter hand just between him and Eir
 Remain'd unoccupied; 'twas meant for Freya and for Freyr:
 By Thor his consort Sif was placed; the warlike god was seen

Oft on the shoulders of his wife his awful front to lean.
 Next them sat Heimdal; when his eyes Freya and Frey behold,
 Smiling he draws his lip aside, and shows his tooth of gold:
 So sharp his ears, he hears wool grow and grasses upwards shoot,
 And well he knew what in the grove those two had talk'd about.
 Next to Heimdaller Gefion sat, the proud shield-bearing maid;
 But naught avail'd to gain her heart the courtship that he paid;
 Like rose-bud just about to burst blooming and fresh her hue;
 Yet with indifference profound doth she love's pastime view.
 All the young maidens who, uncrown'd by Freya and by love,
 By death are stricken, refuge find in Gefion's holy grove:
 Here they converse and oft in sport around the meadow run,
 When cold and sharp the weather feels, and clouds obscure the sun.
 Their greatest pleasure is to view each plant and flow'ret grow;
 But in this grove no rose is pluck'd; no garlands bind their brow;
 The fountain, where they love to bathe, is shielded well from sight
 Profane, by a thick hedge; secure they sleep the long long night.
 Yet it is whisper'd, when the moon shines forth, their thoughts on love
 Will sometimes dwell; oft stolen looks they cast towards Freya's grove:
 But no one may such thoughts indulge, Gefion is so severe,
 No male, not e'en a little boy, dare in her grove appear.
 In front of her a goddess sat, whose temper's diff'rent mould
 With that of Gefion contrast forms, as heat compared with cold:
 'Twas gentle Siofna, whose blue eyes with love and softness beam,
 'Tis she who fills the heart of youth with the first pleasing dream.
 Clad in a vest of muscle-shell, with crown of sea-weed green,
 Sat Ægir, Ocean's king; he drank out of a conque marine.
 Next to him sat his consort Ran, with temper given to strife:
 The timid Disar view with dread Ægir's ill-favour'd wife.
 Harsh-featured was her face, her look malignant, ne'er was she
 So joyous, as when vessels sunk in the wide-yawning sea:
 She dwells in Ocean's deepest cave: seldom to Valhall came:
 With pain in their bright choir enroll'd the Asar view'd her name.
 With th' Asa who sat next to her she form'd a contrast wide;
 They seem'd the images of love and hatred side by side:
 'Twas Balder, who with youthful bloom all renovated shone:
 The Disar all cast looks of love on Odin's fair-hair'd son.
 His light gold tresses, parted, gleam'd over his forehead bright;
 His brows resembled just the flower "*the brows of Balder*" hight:
 His aspect's majesty divine no language can impart;
 Where'er he turn'd his eyes, their glance went deep into the heart.
 The guardian of a secret grave confided to his care,
 For which the world no language hath, nor mortal clay an ear,
 Such Balder seem'd; spite of his mild and gentle soul, I trow,
 If he but cast a glance on Thor, with reverence Thor must bow.
 Such softness with such strength combined no Asa boasts but he;
 Spite of his blithesome brow, it bears the stamp of sovereignty:
 It could appease the wrath of Ran; on him she loved to gaze:
 Then smiled she like a wave, on which a star benignant plays.
 Mother of pearl and coral bright upon the board she laid:
 To Nanna, Balder's consort, she presented them, and said:
 "Whatever mortal thou mayst chuse to rescue from the grave
 Beneath the billow, with these gifts thou shall have power to save."
 To Nanna sat just opposite Lofna with flower-crown'd brow:
 When with thy dreams two youthful hearts, O gentle Siofna! glow,

Then Lofna, when invoked, to sooth the lover's pain delights,
And spite of every obstacle, the amorous pair unites:
And if this union be denied on earth, affliction's vale,
Aloft she bears them on her wings to Freya's blissful hall.
Nanna she gave to Balder's arms; and pitying Signe's fate,
Burst Hagbarth's noose, and from the tree bore him to Folkvang's gate.
Now Hædur, fumbling through the hall, cheerless and sullen goes;
He mutters words in Vidar's ears, the god with the thick shoes:
Stone blind is Hædur, though robust, the sovereign of the night;
A tunick black as jet he wears with silver stars bedight.
The secrets of eternity are all to Vidar known;
Their stern unflinching guardian he, amongst the gods alone,
Ne'er opes his mouth; his shoulders are like Aukthor's, broad and strong,
And strong like Vidar is the man who can restrain his tongue.
Two gods, whose qualities on earth are seldom found allied,
Eternally in Odin's hall are seated side by side:
Resistless is their power combined; all view them with respect;
Loder, the god of beauty reigns; Hænir, of intellect.
The next to Hænir on the bench the serious Var appears,
Stern awe-inspiring goddess, who the rod of conscience bears;
She hears the oaths of all mankind: whoever breaks his vow,
To Nastrond down she hurls the wretch, to endless wail and woe.
Near her were many vacant seats; Forsete just and stern,
Var's firmest prop, will not so soon to Valaskialf return:
As soon as Idun was released, down to the earth he hied,
As judge supreme by Urda's wave the causes to decide.
Saga Forsete's footsteps close with graver and with shield
Had follow'd, to record in runes whatever time reveal'd:
But every morning her return the anxious gods await,
To hear her 'fore Alfader's throne her narrative relate.
But Niord, to Skada married, soon the ill-match'd union rued:
She bade him to the nuptial-couch on Dovre's summit rude;
In every corner of the rock the eddying whirlwind roars,
While Skada's brother o'er the sea, the tall Vandhose, soars:
His arms cling to the sky; his legs drop dangling o'er the wave;
He laughs; the seamen at his sight are fill'd with terror grave:
Now all at once, to water changed, he gushes down amain.
And all he meets in his career drives headlong down to Ran.
Now Skada with dishevell'd hair from Dovre's cliffs arose;
She grasp'd her lance, to deal around dire wounds and mortal blows:
"Up! come to help me! bridegroom dear!" thus call'd she out to Niord:
The god turns pale with anger, when he hears her voice abhorr'd.
But luck would have it, Idun fair was on that very morn
Replaced in Valhall; at her sight Niord felt his strength return;
Like tempest from the south he rose, and vanquish'd the east-wind,
And Skada fled to hide herself drear Finnmark's rocks behind.
Lately at Garderik she put in force a strange resolve;
With fragments of sharp ice, which should not on the tongue dissolve,
She fill'd her lungs; with these she sought the ambient air to freeze,
But Niord the mischief soon dispell'd with flower-scented breeze.
At length they peace conclude: nine days was Niord to wear the crown,
Healthy and free the north remain, subject to Niord alone:
Skada the three succeeding days might march with flag unfurl'd:
Thus with alternate change do Good and Evil rule the world.
Ere Niord to Skada was allied, the north was far more mild;

Often with fire from Muspelheim the northern air he fill'd:
 But longer now the mists prevail, so doth the grim east-wind;
 For no one boasts the power to tame Skada's malignant mind.
 While Skada slumbers in her cave, 'tis Niord's peculiar care
 In arches o'er the verdant earth to mould the light-blue air;
 And where are more delightful woods and meadows to be found,
 Than those of Denmark, when the lays of nightingales resound?
 Niord weeps with rage, while Skada fell lays waste his rich domain,
 But changed his precious tears become to fecundating rain;
 When rain descends, it never fails to damp the tempest's wings;
 Thus ever 'gainst his consort's spells some antidote he brings.
 From Vingolf Niord was absent, when the mead was handed round,
 For while Forsete sat as judge by Urda's wave profound,
 He clear'd the air from vapours foul: where'er extends his power,
 Healthy and free each peasant breathes, sickness prevails no more.
 Not far from Balder Snotra sat with mild and graceful look:
 She blush'd, while from a silver dish small cakes her fingers took;
 In gesture, movement, and in speech her gentle grace she blends,
 And often to the poet's lay her soft expression lends.
 Hlyn too was there, whom Frigga sends to guard the race of men
 From danger, when dark, Surtur spreads his snares o'er marsh and fen.
 Next Uller sat the archer good, with bow across his loins:
 Instead of war, to end all feuds by duel he enjoins.
 The Asar thus in Valaskialf their joyous vigils keep,
 Which on the arches vast of heaven rests its foundation deep;
 Each azure-colour'd cupola on columns doth repose;
 Straight as the forest's finest fir each marble column rose.
 Bucklers and swords with silver hilts around these columns shone.
 Now Bragur strikes the golden harp, and in pathetic tone
 He sings the danger that the gods so lately had incurr'd,
 And while he sang, Iduna's cup pass'd round the festive board.
 Now far beyond Valhalla's roof ascends each swelling note,
 And melts away towards Hlidskialf's tower far in the air remote:
 E'en as the loftiest pine in height exceeds the humblest flower,
 Thus Ervin's minster is eclips'd by Hlidskialf's awful tower.
 Now Frey and Freya take their seat: then joins the banquet Tyr,
 Brother of Thor; no danger doth that valiant stripling fear:
 Behind Valfader's chair he stands, while lasts the sumptuous feast,
 And waits upon him like a page, in scarlet kirtle drest.
 But still insensible to joy and mindful of her woes
 Sigh'd beauteous Freya; copious tears bedew'd her cheeks of rose:
 Ah! what is beauty? (thus she thought) and why should it return,
 If from the heart the heart's beloved remain for ever torn?
 While Freya thus indulged in grief, Odin, the mighty lord,
 His courier Hermod call'd; he came, and, charged with Odin's word,
 Went out again, but reappear'd, quick as a waterfall,
 And Freya's daughter, little Hnos, he led into the hall.
 The little creature smiling stood behind her mother's chair,
 Over her shoulders delicate stream'd down her well comb'd hair:
 The mother wept still more; her child close in her arms she prest;
 A flood of golden tears humect the lovely Freya's breast.
 See Odin now the god sublime quick from the table rise!
 To Hermod whispers he a word with anger in his eyes:
 Straight Hermod vanish'd from the hall, arm'd with his magic wand:
 Not half so swift the falcon flies, launch'd by the hunter's hand.

O that Alfader had not mark'd the beauteous Freya's grief!
 Alas! how anger's haste destroys all prospect of relief!
 If Odur could have seen, methinks, his consort fair once more,
 Repentance' sting he would have felt, and lov'd her, as before.
 But now to marble statue changed, what can he feel? 'Tis true,
 His eyes wide open stand, but naught those eyes have power to view:
 No animation from the grapes doth wretched Odur prove
 That deck his brow; on feet he stands, but those feet cannot move.
 Now Freya must for ever grieve, and her own grief impart
 To other hearts; henceforward love was mix'd with painful smart:
 Happy, as handsome, Hnos became, as she advanced in size;
 She brings delight and joy to love; but Freya tears and sighs.

CANTO XIX. THE EINHERIER.

From Valaskialf to the next hall Odin repairs in state,
 Where thousands of th' Einherier their king's approach await.
 The folding doors, at Syn the portress' touch, wide open fly!
 Then enters, 'mongst the champions brave, Odin the lord so high.
 With kindness he salutes them all, for every one he knew;
 A troop of warriors lately slain had just appear'd in view:
 Their limbs were all besmear'd with blood, deep gashes on their breast;
 They stared as in a dream, and thought: Who could this scene have guest?
 Then Eir advanced; she follow'd close Odin the chief so great:
 In all their gaping wounds she poured the liquor of the beet;
 These closed again, changed to slight scars; then woke the warriors brave,
 And found they were recall'd to life, and rescued from the grave.
 Pale from the fight, a strong old man enter'd with snowy beard;
 His skull was cloven by a sword; frightful the gash appear'd;
 But Eir upon his bleeding front, while he before her kneel'd,
 With a strong pressure laid her hand; the wound that instant heal'd.
 The glorious father of the fight then ask'd the warrior's name:
 "I am Starkodder," answer'd he, "a chief well known to fame:
 Food for the ravens I have given myriads of foes on earth;
 But here I meet them all as friends, and recognize their worth."
 Hærfader gravely then replied: "A Nidding once wert thou;
 By gold seduced, thou didst commit a crime on earth below."
 "I sinn'd once in my youthful days," Starkodder humbly said;
 "But even till my eightieth year atonement have I made.
 "From Helheim's prison-bars I saved King Oluf, it is true:"
 But lo! King Oluf now appears: the old man well he knew:
 He straight embraced him, moved to tears, and said: "Well mayst thou plead
 Innumerable glorious acts to cancel one misdeed.
 "The giants tempted thee, but Thor soon to thy succour came;
 Thrice happy he, who in his breast the dark-hued Alf can tame!"
 A rustling noise was heard, 'twas Thor shining in brazen arms;
 He rush'd into the hall, and caught Starkodder in his arms:
 He press'd him to his heart, and with emotion wept aloud:
 Now Roska brought a leopard's skin, and gave it to the god:
 Amongst th' Einherier clash of shields resounds with deaf'ning din,
 When on the veteran's shoulders broad Thor hung the leopard's skin.
 A club made from Yggdrasil's wood he places in his hand;
 Thus 'mongst the demi-gods enroll'd Starkodder takes his stand:
 Counsel he gives to those who once were guilty of a crime,
 I' th' holy wave of Balder's fount to wash off Nastrond's slime.
 Now to the field of battle his th' Einherier all with glee:

How the vast plain with heroes swarms, like billows on the sea!
 The danger, that the greatest strength and bravery on earth
 Could scarce o'ercome, was pastime here; mere children's play and mirth.
 And now the phalanx in the shape of a boar's head they form;
 The lances clash with rustling noise like branches, when a storm
 In autumn whistles through the grove, ere snow makes white the green;
 Each glitt'ring blade like lightning strikes, that kills before 'tis seen.
 Astounded at these wonders all, Starkodder silent stood:
 The buildings that inclose the space with ravishment he view'd.
 Vingolf and Gladheim on one side their lofty turrets rear;
 Valaskialf in the centre; left doth Freya's dome appear.
 But over Valaskialf he mark'd the awful tower immense,
 The like of which was never seen o'er all the earth's expanse;
 'Twas like the serpent Jormundgard in all his colours bright,
 When poised upon his tail he stands in perpendic'lar height.
 Upon the buckler-cover'd roof two beasts Starkodder view'd;
 A goat over the dome, a stag over the portal stood:
 Heidruna doth all other goats in value far excel,
 Since from her udder, 'stead of milk, flow streams of hydromel.
 But from the antlers of the stag a rill with brilliant spray
 And pleasing murmur spouted forth; it never ceased to play;
 A silver basin, when it falls, receives the bounteous stream;
 In various channels thence it flows to the world's bound extreme.
 On a balcony take their stand to view the feats of arms
 The Disar all: what Scald hath power to sing their matchless charms?
 Garlands of oak with their fair hands they wreath, and cast below
 As trophies in th' arena vast, to grace the victor's brow.
 Starkodder mounted on the roof to view each wondrous sight,
 While Hermod friendly show'd the way by evening's rosy light.
 He mark'd Heidruna the green leaves from th' ash Yggdrassil crop,
 Which from the earth beyond the roof extends its branching top.
 Not far from Valhall's lofty gate, where Heimdal sentry stood,
 Starkodder the vast bridge of heaven, the gorgeous Bifrost, view'd:
 In its construction precious stones of various hue it blends,
 And, rising in one single arch, o'er all the earth extends.
 Over this bridge, when they descend to earth, the Asar ride
 To sit as judges in the grove, by th' ash Yggdrassil's side:
 This bridge is dangerous to pass, steep, narrow; but, like bees
 Upon a wall, the gods contrive to hold on it with ease.
 Southward appears a verdant grove, and there upon a height,
 Resting on azure columns, stands a palace fair and light:
 High beech-trees of the liveliest green encircle this domain:
 There, to Starkodder Heimdal said, doth lovely Freya reign!
 Northward appears a forest black; on a steep granite rock
 Stands a strong castle, with deep ditch, which any siege could mock;
 Its roof was tiled with copper shields; Trudvang the name it bore:
 There, Heimdal to Starkodder said, dwells the all-powerful Thor!
 The sun now sank beneath the wave, and clear and round the moon
 On Valaskialf, on Folkvang bright, on massive Trudvang shone!
 Athwart the clouds Starkodder saw far off a dazzling light:
 "How now?" to Hermod thus he said, "have ye two moons at night?"
 "The light thou takest for a moon," thus answered Hermod mild,
 Is Breidablik; that mansion's roof with costly pearls is tiled:
 There Asa-Balder sits enthron'd the fleecy clouds among;
 Hark! how he chaunts with the white Alfs the dulcet vesper song!

“And hark! what thrilling melody the echoing clouds impart!
Like the soft joys of innocence, it melts the coldest heart:
But in the hall below resound laughter and boist’rous glee,
And like the dove before the hawk, the pious tones give way.”
To Vingolf now they both descend; there joy tumultuous reigns:
In honour of Valfader’s name his horn each warrior drains.
There the good Scalds, who oft the north had gladden’d, touch the chord,
They all like loving brothers sit at Odin’s oaken board.
A Drapa now, a splendid theme, together they rehearse;
With glorious choral harmony resounds th’ heroic verse:
’Twas like to many a bunch of grapes, each from a diff’rent vine
Gather’d, and now together press’d to form a generous wine.
Here neither jealousy intrigues, nor envy gnaws the heart;
Each hears with deference sincere when others aught impart,
And each rejoices like a child who lovely flowers beholds,
When, what his own hath not conceived, another’s brain unfolds.
“There, next to Thor,” thus Hermod said, “Starkodder, is thy seat.”
At times throughout the vast saloon flashes a splendour great;
It flashes from the shields that hang in rows against the wall;
The silver hilts and the steel blades a dazzling ray let fall.
When now the mead was drank, and when each Scald had ceased his song,
Enter’d the scoffer Asa-Lok the jovial guests among;
His nature is well-known: now red with insolence he grew;
And to the mock’ry of the gods exposed himself anew.
Though by the greater gods despised and hated by the less,
Yet often they must needs admire his wit and liveliness;
At times his cunning was of use worse mischief to prevent,
And when buffoonery prevail’d, there was his element.
But not innocuous were his jokes; sharp, like the razor’s edge,
Both friend and foe alike they cut, yet ’twas his privilege.
When circulates the brimming horn and seriousness gives way,
We sometimes listen to a fool and tolerate his play.
With Fenris first he play’d, the wolf, whom he in a dark cave
Of a foul witch begot; but all the guests with aspect grave
Beheld the sport; it pleased them not, nor did his laughter help;
For all the Asar fear’d the wolf, though he was but a whelp.
His eyes glared fiercely; every day his size and strength increas’d:
Unwilling Odin in his hall suffer’d the hateful beast:
To Skirnir, messenger of Frey, he turn’d aside his head,
Whisp’ring a mandate in his ear; Skirnir the hint obey’d.
But now Lok could not fail to see that Fenris was by all
Abhorr’d and fear’d; without the gate he led him from the hall.
Loud howl’d the wolf; to earth he hied; he there a robber found,
And help’d to murder, while his teeth enlarged the victim’s wound.
Now to the stable hasten’d Lok by special leave of Thor,
And brought in one of the white goats that drew the hero’s car:
The bearded father of the flock was heard to sigh and groan;
It vex’d the reverend goat to play the part of a buffoon.
With Fulla’s garter at one end Lok by the beard made fast
The sturdy goat; the other end he tied to his own waist:
Now to the goat he turn’d his back, and struck him with a thorn;
The beast enraged ran at his foe full butt with levell’d horn.
To a short distance they retired; now they again fell to;
The gods in Valaskialf laugh’d loud the sport absurd to view.
This amused Lok; no shame he felt within his breast; he thought

That, while at him they laugh'd, they all were laughing at the goat.
 But such buffoonery soon must fail amusement to impart;
 Loud laugh'd the mighty gods, 'tis true, but 'twas not from the heart.
 Oft doth a scene absurd and strange the lungs to laughter move,
 E'en when the heart and sense such scenes must ever disapprove.
 Gefion began to frown; now Thor a sign to Bragur made:
 That silly play offended much the chaste high-minded maid.
 She rose to quit the hall, but Thor whisper'd to Bragur: "Pray
 Recite, to soothe the virgin's ears, some soul-inspiring lay!"
 Then Bragur tuned his harp and said: "Now listen to my lays!
 Behold! I strike the golden harp in noble Gefion's praise!"
 At this the maid resumed her seat; what female could eschew
 To listen gracious to the song, that gives her honour due?

CANTO XX. BRAGUR'S SONG IN HONOUR OF GEFION.

When the Asar's numerous band
 From the East to Gauthiod's strand
 Rode, on coursers arm'd in mail,
 Sword in hand, o'er mountain, vale,
 Forest, lake, their march pursuing,
 The proud Jotun race subduing;
 Gefion, as a bulrush strait,
 Hied one summer evening late
 To where Svea's fountain flows,
 Where the Jetter's dwelling rose
 Built of wood; where Gyllfe's hand
 Levied tribute from the land,
 Far as the wave, whose stormy spray
 Scoops through the hills a double bay.
 There while the Scald's poetic fire
 To strains harmonious waked the lyre,
 The mighty chief sat in his hall,
 Surrounded by his champions all.
 All lauded the heroic lay,
 And Gefion, who pass'd that way,
 Lured by the harp's melodious sound,
 With sensibility profound
 Listening to each ecstatic note,
 Remain'd fast rooted to the spot.
 The sons of Gyllfe much incline
 To bend the knee at beauty's shrine:
 No sooner they the Disa view'd,
 As listening at the gate she stood,
 They sprang up from their bench; with prayer
 They earnestly besieged the fair
 To enter in the festive hall,
 Where she took seat, admired by all.
 Though melancholy was her mien,
 She shed new lustre on the scene:
 Her eyes' bewitching glance could melt
 Each warrior's heart beneath his belt,
 Hearts, which were slow to move before,
 Save when the clarion blew for war.
 And now the Scald had ceased his lay;
 The harp's last tone had died away:

Gefion arose, her bosom swelling
With conscious dignity, repelling
All hope her favours to obtain:
As when on silv'ry lake the swan
Doth proud its swelling neck deploy,
The water feels a thrilling joy
The bosom downy-white to lave,
Which with indifference ploughs the wave.
Thus Gyllfe's warriors Gefion bright
Behold with wonder and delight,
And striking on their shields, proclaim
Loud homage to her spotless name;
But with a cold disdain the maid
Their homage and their vows repaid.
"Farewell, ye champions mountain-born!
Lo! to my lips I raise the horn,
And with the pledge of hydromel
I bid ye all a long farewell!
Now to the grove to gather flowers,
Late moisten'd by benignant showers,
My course I bend, while through the vale
Yet sounds the plaint of nightingale:
And when to-morrow's moon shall roll
In silv'ry track athwart the pole,
The daughter of the East again
Shall join her much-loved sisters' train."
"Nay! Gefion! stay with us! oh stay!
And when the summer's lengthen'd ray
Tinges our hills, thine be the toil
To plant fresh flowers on Svithiod's soil.
But if from hence, O goddess bright!
Thou art resolv'd to wing thy flight,
No more will joy or pleasure deign
To smile on Svea's drear domain."
"Well then! your zeal for Gefion prove!
And with her on it, drag this grove
Into the Ocean! I the land
Will deck with flowers; but it must stand
An island green 'midst billows blue:
If not—receive my last adieu!
Gefion ye ne'er shall see again,
O Jetter! in your proud domain."
"Let Gefion swear with us to stay,
We'll all submit to Gefion's sway:
Let graceful Gefion deign to smile,
We'll straight her fondest wish fulfill.
Choose the best portion of the land
Thyself! forthwith the Jetter band,
Harness'd like Ægir's coursers brave,
Shall drag it forth into the wave:
There as an island shall it stand,
O goddess fair! at thy command!"
The Disa now her skill display'd:
A plough with precious stones inlaid
She took, and plough'd the grove around,

With all its trees, a trench profound.
 This done, she southward placed a rock
 The billows' utmost rage to mock:
 Through the deep trench in rush'd the main,
 And quicksands follow'd in its train.
 With joy and pride her bosom swell'd,
 When she her fav'rite grove beheld
 Wash'd by the ocean's azure spray:
 Next towards the north she form'd a bay,
 Protection ample to afford
 To ships; and call'd it Issefiord.
 To Gefion's car the champions bright
 Yoked themselves, changed to oxen white:
 The grove far from the hills they drew,
 And fixed it midst the ocean blue.
 There as an island stands apart
 The continent's most fruitful part!
 And since the grove the billows lave,
 Sealund's the name the Disa gave:
 And future ages all proclaim,
 The island well deserves the name;
 Since there the finest grove they see
 Gracefully married to the sea.
 Thus Sealund stands! thus took its birth
 The brightest ornament of earth!
 A south, with teeming verdure graced,
 I' th' bosom of the north enchased!
 Now through the vacant space doth flow
 The wave, in which the heavenly bow
 Reflects itself: now vessels sail,
 Where once the car roll'd through the vale;
 And fishes swim, where once the trees
 Responded to the evening breeze.
 Then join your voice to Bragur's lays!
 He strikes the harp in Gefion's praise!
 Hail, Gefion! glorious Disa, hail!
 Ne'er shall the poet's ardour fail
 To render thee all homage due;
 Thy power triumphant still we view;
 For Sealund with each vale and hill
 By Oresund doth flourish still.

CANTO XXI. CONVERSATION BETWEEN SKIRNIR AND FREY.

But when the moon had fled the rock behind,
 Follow'd by Maanegarm the winged fiend,
 Who, constant in pursuit, to human eyes
 Mostly invisible, but in the skies
 Sometimes in form of wolf, when rain pours down,
 Protrudes his head amidst the vapours brown:
 From ocean's bed the sun majestic rose,
 Like blushing Freya with her cheeks of rose,
 When from the bath outstepping, she displays
 (Alone, naught fearing indiscretion's gaze)
 Her charms voluptuous to the morning chill,
 While on the trees the birds are slumb'ring still.

Skirnir the gallant courier mounts his steed;
Fulla had fill'd his flask with Suttung's mead;
While fair Iduna, mindful of the brave,
To guard his life and health, an apple gave.
Lo! thus prepared, he cleaves the liquid sky
Charged with a mission from Alfader high
For on that very night was Hermod flown
(Odin's own courier) to a distant zone;
There to avenge by punishment sublime,
O Freya! thy perfidious consort's crime.
Charged with his errand now must Skirnir ride
To Dovre's caverns, where the dwarfs reside;
Those smiths ingenious, who with wondrous art
Can to all metals various forms impart:
By Odin's order they were strict enjoin'd
To forge a fetter, Fenris wolf to bind,
Subtle and slight, but strong his force to quell,
And proved and charm'd with many a mystic spell.
For iron nought avail'd, nor copper chain
The dangerous monster's fury to restrain;
For such, like singed threads, he burst in twain.
But as o'er Bifrost bridge he pass'd along,
Thus Skirnir mused: "Methinks, it were not wrong,
Before I leave the regions of the sky,
To ascertain, if my own master Frey
Hath not some mandate for his trusty swain;
For though to Odin, king of gods and men,
We all must bow, and own his sovereign might,
Yet our own master claims an equal right."
Thus said, he spurr'd his courser toward the grove
Of birch-trees, where the Asa loved to rove.
There Frey, with chin reclining on his hand,
Was wont to sit, and muse, while o'er the land
The seed is sown, and with fond hopes elate,
The husbandmen th' approach of autumn wait.
But when this time Skirnir his master found
With pallid hue, immers'd in grief profound,
He wonder'd much, and thus exclaim'd aloud:
"How now? my sovereign! thus with sorrow bow'd,
When all creation, deck'd in radiant vest,
Indulges brightest hopes, which thy behest
Alone can gratify; for in thy hand
The Fates have placed the fecundating wand,
Which spreads abundant harvests o'er the land.
But little would the sower's pains avail,
Didst thou not send unseen through mead and vale
A swarm of Alfs, the labourer's way to clear,
The thieving sparrows with their darts to scare,
And root out all the noxious insect race,
Which lie in ambush in each furrow's trace.
But 'tis in autumn that we most admire
Thy power, O Asa, when with looks of fire
Thou gildest bright each waving field of corn:
For when the reaper's scythe at dawn of morn
Blithesome resounds, thy greatest triumph then

Is hail'd with rapture by the sons of men.
 'Tis far more cheering to their hearts to hear
 The scythe's shrill sound, than clang of shield and spear,
 To do Thor homage in his proud career."
 "Ah! what avails my boasted power and pride,
 If it can naught effect (thus Frey replied)
 Than causing trees to shoot and corn to grow?
 What boots my form divine and radiant brow,
 If I be not beloved? my power how vain!"
 "And art thou not beloved?" rejoin'd the swain:
 "Doth not all nature at thy altar bend?
 Doth not the mighty Odin call thee friend?
 For thee each Disa feels an ardent flame,
 And all the gods thy love fraternal claim."
 Now Frey began each circumstance to tell
 That him on Hlidskialf's lofty tower befel:
 How in the mountain cavern he beheld
 A form, which every other form excell'd,
 An image of the fairest and the best,
 That stamp'd itself for ever in his breast.
 Then Skirnir: "Now doth my loved master prove,
 I well perceive, the mighty power of love:
 Whoe'er of love's keen arrows feels the smart,
 Freya with doubts and fears distracts his heart.
 With hand upon his breast, in wayward fits,
 Despairing of success, the lover sits:
 Yet could he once his soul to action strain,
 An easy triumph he, perhaps, might gain.
 Why thus despair? Is Gerda thy beloved?
 Cannot she, thinkst thou, by thy prayers be moved?
 Is she not young, and handsome, soft and mild,
 In the first spring of life a flow'ret wild?
 Thinkst thou a goblin bridegroom doom'd to prove
 The exquisite reward of Gerda's love?
 Shame were it for a ruler of the skies,
 Should Horse-leg, the rough clown, bear off the prize;
 Or should a damsel of such wondrous charms
 Languish and pine in Goat-beard's shaggy arms."
 Then Frey: "Could I the maid's consent obtain,
 Yet fear I Odin, king of gods and men;
 He would refuse his sanction." "Why suppose
 Said Skirnir, "Odin would thy views oppose?
 To bind the marriage knot consent he gave
 Whilom 'twixt Ægir, monarch of the wave,
 And the perfidious harsh ill-favour'd Ran,
 Who spreads her net to drown the race of man.
 And did he not his sanction too accord
 To bind fierce Skada with benignant Niord?
 How then could his impartial spirit blame
 A better suited match, a worthier flame
 'Twixt thee and Gerda, loveliest mountain dame?
 "Not always so austere and so sedate
 Trust me, is Odin, as when high in state
 He thrones amidst Valhalla's champions grave:
 He too hath sometimes been love's humblest slave;

The lively Freya, with her cheeks of rose,
 Hath oft disturbed that prudent god's repose:
 Then weary of the banquet, and the sight
 Of arm'd Einherier in the mimick'd fight,
 Disguised to earth he oft descends, and there
 Clasps in his fond embrace some mortal fair.
 "Hast thou forgot the time, when Odin, fired
 With love for Princess Rinda's charms, attired
 As a laborious smith, once found his way
 To Garderike, where her sire held sway?
 First prudently he strove to gain the fair
 By gifts of iron, gold, and silver rare:
 But she rejected all; and with disdain
 She smote the cheek of the presumptuous swain.
 But nought rebuff'd, again he took the field,
 Like chieftain arm'd with brazen helm and shield;
 He urged his suit, and met with no success;
 A second blow chastised his eagerness.
 But since a blow from silken hand of dame
 With no dishonour soils a warrior's name,
 Like oil it served to increase the Asa's flame.
 "Once more he to the charge return'd, array'd
 This time in guise of lowly waiting-maid:
 He sold his liberty, with fondest care
 And earnest zeal to serve his mistress fair:
 He wash'd her feet on each revolving night,
 And in the humblest duties felt delight:
 This moved her tender heart: and that relief,
 Which to the hardy smith and plume-clad chief
 She had refused, she voluntary gave
 To the profound devotion of a slave.
 "Still more of Odin's various loves, in spite
 Of Saga's prudence, can I bring to light,
 Although she graves them on her sable shield
 In mystic runes, from vulgar ken conceal'd.
 When first was ratified the bond of peace
 Between the Asar and the Vaner race,
 Loud through the mountains of the eastern chain
 Was heard of love and bliss the jocund strain.
 The Vaner damsels with long streaming hair,
 Their forms voluptuous to the girdle bare,
 Join'd in the mazy dance and rais'd the song
 To crash of cymbals and the sound of gong.
 The vine's rich juice their cheeks had colour'd high
 And gave fresh lustre to each flashing eye;
 Such thrilling accents from their pouting lips.
 Such melting tones were heard, as might eclipse
 The strain of nightingale, when to the grove
 He lures his mate with blandishments of love.
 "Now to the deepest glen the nymphs withdrew;
 The Asar close th' alluring prey pursue.
 Heimdal soon vanish'd; Vidar, too, the grave,
 Most taciturn of all the Asar brave,
 Who ne'er his prowess boasts; then Hermod flew
 Into the copse, and, some say, Odin too.

Well, well! the transports of that blissful night
 The genial bard engender'd, Qvaser hight;
 His mother was a damsel of sixteen,
 Fair-hair'd, blue-eyed, of loveliest shape and mien;
 She brought him forth amidst the myrtle grove,
 And gave him to the gods, a pledge of love.
 "He grew to manhood fast, was wise and strong,
 And from his mother learn'd the art of song.
 With various talents blest and generous mind,
 He travell'd o'er the earth to serve mankind,
 And much he joy'd to place within their reach
 All that his wisdom or his skill could teach.
 But malice slumbers not; at close of day
 It lies in ambush to destroy its prey.
 Qvaser oft wander'd o'er the mountain steep;
 Two scowling dwarfs there kill'd him while asleep;
 Into a golden vase they pour'd his blood,
 From which, with honey mix'd, a drink they brew'd
 This drink the Scalds' bright science could inspire,
 And fill man's bosom with poetic fire.
 The vengeance of Valhalla to prevent
 And screen their guilt, the dwarfs a tale invent;
 They spread abroad that Qvaser they had found
 In the deep flood of his own wisdom drown'd.
 But to conceal their crime they strove in vain;
 And ample vengeance for his brother slain
 On those malignant dwarfs brave Suttung took;
 He seized them both and bound them to a rock;
 That rock, by stormy billows lash'd, doth stand
 In the mid ocean, distant far from land.
 As a still further punishment, he left
 The traitors life, of all its joys bereft:
 There haunts them still the ghost of Qvaser slain,
 And hunger gnaws them with eternal pain."
 Frey sigh'd, young Skirnir smiled, and still his tale
 Continued sprightly: "Suttung did not fail
 To seize the vase fill'd with the precious juice,
 For well he knew its value and its use;
 The vase he trusted to no dragon's care,
 But to his prudent daughter, Gunliod fair.
 Then Odin first conceived the project bold
 Of gaining mast'ry of that vase of gold:
 He mounted on his courser, Sleipner hight,
 And swift descending from Valhalla's height,
 Soon reach'd a field, where arm'd with scythes he view'd
 Nine savage goblins of the Jotun brood,
 Intent, by the broad streaming northern light,
 To cut down all a peasant's corn that night;
 And Odin knew their master, Bauge, dwell'd
 In a huge cave close bord'ring on the field.
 No deference pay to justice or to right
 The thievish giants; their sole law is might:
 They rove the world around and laugh to scorn
 The Asar's golden rules; the peasant's corn
 They carry off, while he lies fast asleep,

And, what he sows, those ruthless robbers reap.
Night of their force and fraud conceals each trace,
For Night herself is of the giant race:
Her sire, the giant Narf; an Asa bright,
Delling, became her husband; then did Night
Give birth to honest Day: thus oft arise
Virtue and grace from ugliness and vice.
But Night when she o'er earth her ride extends,
Mounted on Hrimfax, whom she often lends
To Skada, acts in concert with the brood
Of giants, and conceals their deeds of blood.
But Moon, the graceful child with golden hair
About her temples, boasts a courage rare,
And far beyond her sex and age; 'tis she
Exposes oft the giants' villany;
And when from a dark cloud with radiant head
Fair Moon emerges, to the rocks they speed
To hide themselves; but soon commence again,
And to their mountain lair bear off amain
The fruits and treasures of the luckless swain.
Then when the husbandman walks o'er the field
At dawn of day, and views his harvest fell'd
And all laid waste, he thinks the nightly frost
Hath caused the mischief and his labours cross'd.
Then he complains to Frey, but vain his prayer;"
Frey sigh'd, and gaz'd around with vacant stare.
Skirnir continued; still he hoped, forsooth,
With tales and jests his master's mind to sooth.
"But not alone the giants mischief cause,
The cunning dwarfs too oft infringe the laws;
They, when the summer breeze embalms the air,
In shape of ants and cockchafers repair
To th' field, and there devour the ears of corn,
Laughing the wretched peasant's plaint to scorn.
When Odin now the thievish giants view'd,
Pity and indignation fired his blood;
He took out from his pouch a polished stone,
Than which for sharp'ning scythes a better one
Could not be found; then call'd out loud and blythe:
'Which of ye needs a stone to wet his scythe?'
He threw it high in air, but as it fell,
The greedy giants had with rancour fell,
Disputing for the stone, each other slain,
And streams of blood incarnadined the plain.
"Then Odin towards the mountain hied him strait
And knock'd, with Bolverk's name, at Bauge's gate;
He there took service, and with nine men's power
For the nine reapers household labours bore;
But this condition fix'd, Bauge a road
Should find him to fair Gunliod's abode.
Now Bauge bored the rock, and Odin blew
Into the hole, but the dust backward flew
Into his eyes. The giant's trick was plain;
The hole was not made straight; but when again
Bauge his borer used, the god applied

Quickly his mouth and blew. To th' other side
 Now flew the dust; the aperture was free;
 And Odin, in a serpent's form, with glee
 Glides through the rock; the giant with his steel
 Strikes after, but in vain he strives the snake to kill.
 And Odin, when he reach'd the other side,
 Resumed his proper form with conscious pride.
 With snow-white arm beneath her cheek of rose,
 There Gunliod slumb'ring lay in deep repose;
 While the lamp spread a flick'ring ray around,
 Odin beheld the vase with garlands crown'd.
 Odin presents himself, not fiercely now
 Like a wild man, but with majestic brow
 He stands; then with a lover's ardour kneels
 Before the maid, and all his soul reveals.
 His eloquence, his manly beauty gain'd
 Her heart; three nights with Gunliod he remain'd.
 And oft, while on his mistress' form he gaz'd,
 She to her lover's lips the mystic vessel rais'd.
 Right lustily he drank; then with his prize
 Triumphant he regain'd his native skies."
 Now Skirnir ceas'd his story, and awhile
 Gazed on his master with an artful smile;
 Then Frey his silence broke: "So! thus doth love
 An Asa! sensual joys alone their passion move!
 The sweeter fruit of sentiment, I trow,
 The race of Bor and Bure do not know.
 O Skirnir! did the Fates to Frey accord
 To dwell on Hlidskialf's tower, like Valhall's lord,
 How fortunate! then every morn the sight
 Of Gerda would my ravish'd soul delight.
 This would repay me amply for my sighs
 And for my nightly tears: alas! there lies
 A barrier insurmountable between
 My love and me: all I dare hope to glean
 Is her dear image, which can ne'er depart;
 Here, here, it lies, deep buried in my heart.
 Of her bright charms the deep imprinted trace
 Nor time nor circumstance can e'er efface.
 What greater pleasure, Skirnir! can we prove,
 Than to behold the darling maid we love?
 Oh yes! there is a pleasure far more sweet;
 When looks reciprocal our glances meet,
 And earnest give of future sympathy:
 Oh! 'tis the most enchanting melody,
 When the sweet voice of the beloved fair
 Whispers "I love thee" in her lover's ear.
 Yet e'en the tongue can ne'er its happiness,
 With half the ardour, half the force express,
 As doth an eye, whose silent eloquence
 Reveals each thought, and beams with love intense.
 "Now hie thee swift to the dark giant's land,
 And execute Valfader's stern command!
 Procure a fetter forged with mystic spell
 Fenris the wolf to chain, that monster fell!

Not difficult the task will prove, methinks,
For the dwarf's science from no labour shrinks.
But neither mystic spell nor magic chain
Can to Valhalla bind my heart again:
To Gerda solely it belongs; it flies
With wings impetuous through the azure skies
Over Ginnungagap, abyss profound,
And hovers with delight the mountain fair around.
But shouldst thou find the dear enchanting maid,
Tell her what thou hast seen, what Frey hath said!
Doubtless already me with scorn she views;
The giant's hate the Asar still pursues.
As for the rest she is too wondrous fair,
Too graceful in her manners, shape and air,
Not to expect with sighs and homage meet
A host of lovers kneeling at her feet.
And if the swain, to whom she plights her vow,
Is less esteem'd by the whole world below,
Than is the god—should Gerda preference give
To him—what then avails my proud prerogative?
“Farewell! Now hie thee hence, my Skirnir brave!
To execute the order Odin gave.
But on thy master's woes be silent still!
E'en could I hope to bend her father's will,
Could he, though giant-like to softness steel'd,
From interested views be taught to yield,
What then? but little comfort this would prove;
The father's power I court not, but the love
Of his fair daughter. O thou Gerda dear!
Couldst thou but view thy ardent lover here
Immersed in grief profound, thy generous heart
Some words of comfort would, perhaps, impart:
Would give asylum to affection's sighs,
And learn a suitor thus sincere to prize.
Thus doth the mountain's summit wrapt in snow
Melt by degrees before the summer's glow,
And to a plant gives birth, which scents the gale,
More fragrant than the lily of the vale.”
Thus spoke the god, and sat him down beside
The brook to weep; the waters onward glide,
And, as they flow, receive the lover's tears,
While mirror-like the stream his beauteous image bears.
But Skirnir, who in missions from the god
So oft had visited the dwarfs' abode,
Had learnt their various arts; and now while Frey
Sat gazing on the stream with mournful eye,
Skirnir, I say, with sudden impulse took
A handful of the water from the brook,
Which the reflection of Frey's image gave;
Into his horn he quickly pour'd the wave,
And stopp'd it with a cork; then to his side
Made fast the horn, and gallop'd off with pride.
This artifice by Frey was noticed not;
Gerda alone absorb'd his ev'ry thought.

CANTO XXII. FREY'S PLAINT AT THE FOUNTAIN.

O Swain! who sighest sad with cheek so pale,
 And to the gentle Freya dost complain,
 Because thy vows and ardour naught avail
 The love of a proud maiden's heart to gain:
 Because to thee no joys the vernal gale
 Affords: Ah! blame not Freya! she thy pain
 Beholds and shares; forlorn, a pray to woe
 Herself, her golden tears incessant flow.
 Naught surely can compete with love's delight;
 But love resembles much a northern spring:
 For one day's pure and genial solar light,
 Nine days of sleet and cloud discomfort bring.
 Many the birds whose screams the ear affright,
 But few there are, that can melodious sing:
 While lapwings, sparrows, owlets never fail,
 Seldom is heard the voice of nightingale.
 A graceful maid is rarely to be found;
 But should the object of thy fond pursuit
 Shine forth to view with matchless beauty crown'd,
 She may be silly, harsh, or dissolute;
 But e'en if beauty, virtue, judgment sound,
 All in thy choice unite, what doth it boot?
 She for another feels a sympathy,
 And with indiff'rence turns her eyes from thee.
 To guarantee the zest complete of love,
 How many things must be on earth combined!
 First, two hearts which a mutual passion prove:
 Then grace and beauty, with a soul refined:
 Then the moon shining through the beechen grove,
 When the spring greets the earth with zephyrs kind:
 Then meeting without danger or suspense:
 Then the embrace; and with that—innocence.

CANTO XXIII. THE JOURNEY OF SKIRNIR.

Respecting the metre of this Canto, see the note.
 Now Skirnir, eager his zeal to prove,
 Down Bifrost urges his course amain,
 And, speeding through Hertha's gloomy grove,
 Soon reaches the Giant's drear domain.
 'Twas like the wind blowing o'er the road,
 Which gate nor barrier hath power to stop:
 'Twas like the blast raging o'er the flood,
 Which lashes to foam the billow's top.
 Now Skirnir thought: "Pitch dark is the night,
 Brakes, briars, and brambles impede my course:
 And the wind and the rain with all their might
 'Gainst the bosom beat of my jaded horse.
 But if no Giant in th' hour of need
 To give me refuge as guest will deign,
 Then Skirnir must on his panting steed
 Return in haste to Valhalla again."
 To Elivagor he chose the road,
 He came to a fiord, and fain would cross:
 And there at the brink a ferryman stood

With wrinkled brow, and with aspect cross.
“Who art thou, fellow, that standst so grave
Upright in thy bark?” thus Skirnir cried:
“If thou wilt ferry me o’er the wave,
I’ll give thee oatcakes, and herrings beside.
“Upon my shoulder my wallet see!
Therein of provisions a store I’ve put.”
Then answer’d the ferryman scornfully:
“Fine horseman thou, with thy shoeless foot!
A woollen kirtle is all thy treasure,
Yet thou talkst like a lord of wealth and power.
Ha! thinkst thou slaves to thy will and pleasure
Us Giants to find at the midnight hour?”

SKIRNIR.

Steer hither thy bark! thou grumbling wight!
Thy name and thy lineage quick declare!
Why stand there idle the livelong night,
And lose every chance to earn a fare?

HARBARD.

A Nidding is he who denies his name;
Yet were I base as the torrent’s scum,
My birth to reveal I’d feel no shame:
’Tis not such as thou shall make me dumb.

SKIRNIR.

I seek not to cross the fiord, I swear,
To teach thee manners and language meet:
But thou hast perchance a sister fair,
Who would more courteous a stranger greet:
Or thou art link’d to a beauteous bride,
Who would not disdain on a youth to smile:
Then ferry me quick to the other side!
I fain would commune with her awhile.

HARBARD.

Aye! aye! our females are smart and fair;
That Odin himself must needs confess:
I only wish more renown’d they were
For constancy and for gentleness.
If in search of beauty thou makest thy trip,
Thou’lt meet with dames that will please thee well:
But beware lest a kiss from the wife’s soft lip
Be repaid by a kiss from the husband’s steel!

SKIRNIR.

Like dogs forsooth are your mountain brood,
Envious and snarling and quarrelsome;
Who to other creatures refuse the food,
Which they themselves can never consume.
Incapable of true love are ye,
Yet ye fain would exact return of love:
Ye seek not to hide your inconstancy,
Yet expect your matrons should constant prove.

HARBARD.

Thou hast talk’d enough: ’tis an envious theme:
Now rest thee, and quench thy thirst, and eat!
But ere I ferry thee o’er the stream,
Thou must proof exhibit of talent meet.

No fare from trav'lers I'm wont to take;
 But if they cannot give answers good
 To every question I chuse to make,
 Down at once they sink in the dark blue flood.
 And now the goblin began to ask
 Young Skirnir about the orbs of heaven:
 What various names ('twas no easy task)
 To the sun and moon and stars were given:
 To earth and water, to fire and air,
 To plants and trees, to the wind and rain:
 And what the terms expressive were,
 Which all their properties explain.
 But Skirnir's answers never fail,
 And all his ready wit display:
 "The earth is call'd by the Asar, *vale*:
 By the Alfer, *green*: by the Vaner, *way*:
 The *cave of metals*, by Dwarfs 'tis named:
Fruit-bearer, by all the Giant brood."
 Then Harbard, raising his oar, exclaimed:
 "In truth, my hero! thou answer'st good."
 "Heaven," Skirnir quickly then rejoin'd,
 "Is term'd by the Asar the *ceiling blue*;
 The Vaner term it the *realm of wind*:
 And *drypsal* 'tis call'd by the Dvergar crew:
Fairloft by the Alfs: by the Giants 'tis hight
Opheim." All these answers, 'twas plain to see,
 Were much approved by the ferrying wight,
 And Skirnir's cakes he devour'd with glee.
 "To the moon by the Dwarfs, I know full well,
 Of *yellow-shiner* the name is given:
 By the Asar, *dreamer in the vale*:
 By Hela 'tis term'd the *wheel of heaven*:
 By the Alfs, *year-reckoner*: the Giants proud
 With the name *inconstant* soil the moon:"
 Then Harbard chuckled, and cried aloud:
 "Much knowledge, 'tis plain, thou hast, my son!"
 "The sun is call'd the *darter of rays*
 In Valaskialf by the Asar all:
 But the Dwarfs, who cannot endure its blaze,
Sight-blinder the glorious orb miscall:
 'Tis named by the Alfs the *wreath of gold*:
Night-vanquisher by the Giant breed."
 These answers grave Harbard much extoll'd,
 And herrings he eat with his oaten bread.
 "The cloud that flits the heavens along
 Is term'd by the Asar the *car of Thor*:
Rain-dropper in every Vaner's song:
 And *runaway* base in the Giant's lore:
 By the Alfs *shade-giver*; the Dwarfs, who thrive
 In their grots, and dislike the glare of day,
 To the cloud the term *umbrella* give,
 Since it shields them well from the solar ray.
 "The wind doth many a title claim
 From the denizens of air and earth:
 The *wide-embracer* is its name,

The *blust'rer*, *railer*, and so forth.
The *metal-melter*, the *smoky-veil'd*,
Are appellations given to fire.
And *hair of the earth* the trees are call'd,
When their branches wave in their green attire."
Fresh questions the boatman grave proposed,
But the answers of Skirnir never fail.
Of day and of night the names he posed,
And those bestow'd on corn and ale.
Then Harbard said: "Ne'er met my eyes
A man with wisdom so profound:
Yet Gestur's riddles, I surmise,
Will far beyond thy reach be found."
Grim Harbard now unmoor'd his bark,
And briskly Skirnir stepp'd on board;
For naught he valued the Giants dark,
And felt secure with his trusty sword.
And though the frightful boatman stared
As stiff as a corpse with his evil eye,
Yet not a whit was the hero scared,
For his witchcraft all he could well defy.
But Harbard soon lays down his oar,
For lo! the skiff no guidance needs:
Steady it nears the mountain shore,
Urged by the stream, which upwards speeds.
Unlike all other streams this wave,
Which from the mountains take their source,
And toward the sea, their common grave,
Flow downward with unerring course.
Swift gliding on the wizard brook,
They reach a drear and barren spot,
Where dews in vain bathe the naked rock,
Nor plant nor blade of grass takes root.
No bird's soft carol here fills the sky,
All nature here seems a lifeless corse;
Naught is heard but the owl, which flitting by
Assails the ear with warnings hoarse.
'Twas night: the earth in frost was bound:
Thick flakes of snow from heaven descend:
Rising on every side around,
Huge ice-bergs seem their course to fend:
The shaggy beard of Harbard froze,
And icicles his ringlets deck'd:
But naught could Skirnir discompose;
On him the cold had no effect.
'Twas day: a torrent rustling through
A drear and sandy desert flow'd;
The wind like breath from furnace blew;
The sun was veil'd by sultry cloud;
A thirsty buffalo its snout
Protruded from the tepid wave:
Yet scorching heats and vapours naught
Affect the nerves of Skirnir brave.
Quoth Harbard: "Friend! I must allow,
Thy nature can all climes withstand:

Thou heedest neither Greenland's snow,
 Nor scorching suns of Negroland."
 Then Skirnir answer'd smiling, "Right!
 Nor heat nor cold should travellers dread:
 Were I a soft effeminate wight,
 Think'st thou, I should so far have sped?"
 The bark now with redoubled speed
 Shot 'gainst a perpendic'lar rock;
 The bark had timbers proof at need,
 Else were it split by such a shock:
 But naught alarm'd was Skirnir bold,
 When dash'd against the marble steep.
 Now Harbard's brows in wrinkles roll'd,
 And many a curse he murmur'd deep.
 "Now we're arrived upon the strand;
 Yon silver-hair'd blind veteran see!
 If thou hast wit at thy command,
 The cavern's gate he'll ope for thee.
 If thou his riddles canst unravel,
 The mountain's treasures he'll display:
 But hast thou doubts, 'twere best to travel
 Homeward, young friend, without delay.
 "For Gestur none admits, before
 His riddles they correct unfold:
 In chains of copper by his door
 Yon four ferocious dogs behold!
 His riddles shouldst thou fail to guess,
 On thee he'll loose his mastiffs strait;
 Then will thy mangled limbs express
 In language clear the wand'rer's fate."
 "I am prepared for all his guile;
 Let him begin forthwith his task!
 And thou wilt find, that I have skill
 To solve each riddle he may ask."
 "Nay! nay! thou dost, advent'rous youth,
 Thy skill, perhaps, too highly prize:
 But now 'tis time from Gestur's mouth
 To hear them: Hark!" aloud he cries.
 GESTUR.
 What is it that union and mirth inspires,
 Yet oft is the cause of quarrel and strife?
 Which oft the tongue with eloquence fires,
 Yet oft deprives it of power and life?
 SKIRNIR.
 Not difficult is this question, I trow;
 Mead is the key to the riddle proposed:
 Wit from the mead-horn doth often flow;
 By the mead-cup oft is the fool exposed.
 GESTUR.
 I pass'd on a road, where three roads met,
 Yet these roads never touch'd each other.
 Howe'er ingenious thy mother wit,
 Here's a nut to crack, thy brains will bother.
 SKIRNIR.
 To a frost-bound river thou didst come,

And o'er the ice thou didst glide with speed,
While under thy feet the fishes swum,
And birds in the air flew o'er thy head.
GESTUR.

I yesterday drank, but water 'twas not,
Nor any pottage with liquid drench'd,
Nor wine, nor beer, nor mead was my lot,
Yet my burning thirst was easily quench'd.
SKIRNIR.

Beneath a tree thou didst lay thee down.
While the *dews* of night all creation drench'd;
At morn thou didst lick the dew from the stone,
And thus thy thirst was easily quench'd.
GESTUR.

A two nosed bride groom I know full well,
Who kisses his bride with such ardent zeal,
That if thy finger were placed between,
His nose would smash both bone and skin.
SKIRNIR.

The answer deft I can scarcely miss:
Who would not shrink from the ardent kiss,
That the *hammer* to the anvil gives,
When his trade the smith laborious drives?
GESTUR.

Two creatures without lungs I know;
Yet such is the force with which they blow,
That metals they melt, and snakes they breed,
Which have power to hiss and to bite, when dead.
SKIRNIR.

Thy lungless wights are the smith's *vast bellows*,
And *swords* for the warrior's use they form:
How weak would prove e'en the bravest fellows
Without their swords in the battle's storm!
GESTUR.

A wondrous weaver there is forsooth,
Who sits on his woof, and weaves his cloth:
His eyes are four, and his legs are eight,
And his knees exceed his body in height.
SKIRNIR.

I would not as model of beauty cite
The *spider*, yet he's an industrious wight;
He's thrifty too; and from his own breast
He weaves his woof, and he builds his nest.
GESTUR.

'Twas black as a raven, and bright as a shield,
And sharp as a spit, as it lay on the field,
But lately it glow'd with an ardent flame,
But now like the grave it is cold and tame.
SKIRNIR.

Thou sawst the *lava* from Hecla flow,
Which in the sun's beam so bright did glow;
But o'er snow-clad fields meandering down,
It ceased to flow, and it turn'd to stone.
GESTUR.

Of a white-hair'd female I've been told,

Who well knows how white balls to mould;
 Yet hath this female never a hand:
 This riddle, pray! dost thou understand?
 SKIRNIR.

'Tis the long-neck'd *swan* with its colour white,
 Who loves to sail on the lake so bright:
 No hands hath she, but her yellow feet
 Can give to her eggs the figure meet.
 GESTUR.

A corpse sat riding a corpse upon,
 And though without life the steed moved on;
 Across the river it speeded fast,
 And stopp'd on the opposite bank at last.
 SKIRNIR.

On the ice lay a *horse* deprived of breath,
 And on it an *eagle* frozen to death:
 On the drifting ice the courser sped
 Across the stream, although it was dead.
 GESTUR.

Who is it in ashes sleeps like a slave,
 And seems neither life nor vigour to have?
 Yet when 'tis angry, and throws off its mask,
 O! then its mercy 'tis vain to ask.
 SKIRNIR.

In the midst of ashes the glimmering *spark*
 No one ever deigns to notice or mark:
 Yet should it escape, and flame abroad,
 Then woe to each straw-roof'd dwelling of wood!
 GESTUR.

Who is that wizard with cloak of grey
 That speeds o'er forest and stream his way?
 Who flies 'fore the wind, and not from the lance,
 And darkens the sun's beneficent glance?
 SKIRNIR.

Thy riddle is easy, O Gestur blind!
 'Tis the *cloud* compels the sun to yield:
 But Niord comes riding upon the wind,
 And the cloud in turn must quit the field.
 GESTUR.

What beast is that in yonder field
 Whose house protects him like a shield?
 Toad-like in form, his house of horn
 May laugh the serpent's tooth to scorn.
 SKIRNIR.

The *tortoise* thou must mean, I'm sure:
 Beneath his shell he sits secure:
 Happy the chief who takes the field,
 Guarded by such a powerful shield!
 GESTUR.

Who are those lively females, say!
 In summer clad in hue of clay,
 But when stern winter hovers in sight,
 They flaunt in bridal robes of white?
 SKIRNIR.

Thou speakst of *partridges*, I guess;

While winter lasts, white is their dress;
Like bears, their coats aside they fling,
And brown, like clay, become in spring.
GESTUR.

What nymphs are those, who speed away,
Unmarried, to their dying day;
White caps on their dark locks are worn,
And flowing trains their backs adorn?
SKIRNIR.

Thou meanest sure the waves of ocean,
Which winds so easy put in motion,
But to a speedy end they come;
Their joy is naught but froth and scum.
GESTUR.

Who plunges oft in the sea profound,
And joys with tooth to seize the ground?
Who saveth many a chieftain good
From dangers dire by wind or flood?
SKIRNIR.

This riddle doth, O wizard blind!
With thoughts sublime inspire my mind:
The *anchor* surely thou dost mean,
Emblem of Hope to mortal men.
GESTUR.

What guests are those, that in silence drain
A cup, which unemptied doth still remain?
Though the guests in silence their bellies fill,
The cup itself makes a clamour shrill.
SKIRNIR.

Each little *pig* abstains from noise,
When he his mother's milk enjoys:
But never the mother can silence keep,
She grunts for pastime loud and deep.
GESTUR.

Thy wits will fail thee, I surmise,
Shouldst thou perchance a monster meet,
Who boasts ten tongues and twenty eyes,
With twice five tails, and forty feet.
SKIRNIR.

Thy frightful beast, O Gestur blind!
Can with no terrors fill my mind:
The pregnant *sow* be pleased to slay
That stands by yonder trough, I pray!"
The sow was slain; such was her doom;
They counted the pigs in the mother's womb:
Skirnir, in troth, had guess'd aright,
For lo! nine farrow appear'd in sight.
The news threw Gestur into fits;
Too great for him was this mental shock:
Changed to a statue there he sits
For aye, upon that fatal rock!
Now wagg'd their tails, were mild and tame
The dogs, so fierce and wild before:
When Skirnir to the mountain came,
Wide open flew the cavern door:

And in went Skirnir, fearless swain,
 His master's errand to fulfil:
 Of peril reckless and of pain,
 He felt he was an Asa still.
 Through the rock's windings intricate
 Without a torch he found the road;
 He reach'd an open silver gate,
 Near which a stream o'er diamonds flow'd.

CANTO XXIV. GERDA'S LOVE.

Skirnir the open silver portal view'd,
 And through an archway straight his course pursued:
 The passage, cut through coal, and polish'd bright,
 Gave to the traveller sufficient light.
 But soon, when he some paces onward sped,
 Again the starry vault shone o'er his head.
 To a court-yard he came; and there his eyes
 Met with a sight that fill'd him with surprise:
 For there, instead of ducks and hens, a brood
 Of snakes and lizards crawl'd about for food,
 Which from her apron's fold a maiden threw,
 And call'd them to be fed in accents strange and new.
 But all at once the maid, when she espied
 The swain, rush'd back behind a porch, and cried
 Stoutly for help: her speech brave Skirnir naught
 Could comprehend; 'twas Finnish, as he thought.
 A numerous train of carles and maidens, scared
 At the shrill sound, slept forth and round them stared.
 Skirnir observ'd them close: their stature short
 And squab: their visage sallow; coarse, lank, swart
 Their hair; small eyes that with no meaning glow;
 Nostrils compress'd; a forehead flat and low;
 Their fingers, like dried carrots, long and lean;
 Awkward their gait; ignoble all their mien:
 Their looks betray, so lustreless, so tame,
 Their portion scant of the celestial flame:
 In Finnmark and in Greenland such a race
 May still be found, devoid of soul or grace.
 "Now help me, Thor!" quoth Skirnir, in despite:
 "Hath my good master lost his senses quite?
 Is then his love a witch like one of these,
 Whose aspect bare the warmest blood would freeze?
 Love's blind, they say, but madness 'twere, forsooth,
 For such a hero in the bloom of youth
 To pair off with a damsel so uncouth."
 Thus musing towards the porch he cast a glance,
 And there beheld from 'midst her train advance
 The beauteous Gerda: wonder and delight
 Enchant his soul at such a vision bright!
 He stood entranced, and dumb: e'en so doth stand
 The humble swain, when at his lord's command
 He ploughs the earth, and turning up the mould,
 Discovers fill'd with coins a vase of gold.
 Now could he well conceive his master's flame,
 For ne'er his eyes beheld a lovelier dame:

Not golden-hued her locks, like those which deck
The brow of Freya; down her ivory neck
Part flow in ebon ringlets, part entwine
With many a glossy wreath her front divine:
Not heavenly blue her eyes, like those which grace
The lofty females of the Asar race;
But like two garnets dark they fervent beam,
And fix the heart with soul-subduing gleam.
In just proportion every feature shone,
And all combin'd to form a paragon.
Now Skirnir, when the power of speech again
He felt, address'd the fair, and to explain
His mission straight began; but with disdain
Hasty she answer'd: "To thy lord return!
And tell him, Frey for me may vainly burn.
Ne'er let him hope to touch my heart, still less
The mountain damsel in his arms to press:
I hate him; is he not of Asar race?
And can we e'er forget the dire disgrace
Heap'd on us giants? by their mystic spells
Our Utgard-Lok in gloomiest caverns dwells.
Yet is his prison vast; we still can boast
A world more glorious than the one we've lost.
We hold more treasures in our grotts profound,
Than on the surface of the earth are found.
With ether's glitt'ring orbs let Odin toy;
In frothy billows Ægir seek his joy;
Frigga in fading flow'rets boast her choice;
The Alfs in unsubstantial air rejoice:
But we possess fire, metals, precious stones,
At our command the fierce volcano groans:
We need but nod, as the proud courser shakes
His mane, earth with a fev'rish motion quakes:
Walls, castles, towns are levell'd with the ground,
And forests sink in wat'ry wastes profound.
Though Odin in Valhalla boast his might,
Lok hath an elder and superior right,
And earth still owns him lord: but think! O think!
The time will come when all your power shall shrink:
Your race expire; Valhall in flames be hurl'd;
Though now ye vainly dream to rule the world."
Now to fair Gerda answer'd Skirnir mild:
"Who taught thee such conceits? thou lovely child!
Not from thy own conception comes thy speech;
Too innocent thy heart such flights to reach:
For Utgard-Lok thou knowst not, ne'er hast seen,
With hair upright like quills and swarthy mien:
This from thy father thou hast learnt, I ween.
'Tis well; that thy opinions are the same
As his, who shall thy filial reverence blame?
Yet think again! but distantly art thou
Allied with Utgard-Lok, who reigns below:
Naught with that chief in common dost thou share;
He, frightful to behold; thou, wondrous fair.
Like rose-bud thou, t'embalm the air design'd;

Like deadly nightshade he, to blast mankind.
 Yet oft the virtues of a child suffice
 To expiate her father's crimes and vice:
 From unlike sources various products spring;
 Joy sometimes grief; misfortune bliss doth bring.
 Between the sand runs not the muddy stream
 So long, till purified it shows a gleam
 Like that of diamond? in its surface bright
 The maidens then to view their forms delight.
 From mould impure sweet flowers their birth derive,
 Yet lift their heads in air, and fragrant thrive.
 Now let the rose of love thy front entwine,
 And with earth's brightest jewel heaven combine!"
 Now Gerda thus replied in soften'd tone:
 "Thy speech is courteous and discreet, I own:
 With zeal and eloquence dost thou fulfill
 The task imposed thee by thy sov'reign's will:
 So now depart! but first, I pray thee, taste,
 Thy strength to renovate, our night's repast,
 Then quick returning to thy bright domain
 Inform thy anxious lord, his suit is vain.
 Tell him, however prudent, smooth and kind
 Thy words, they naught have influenc'd Gerda's mind.
 Stout champions, brave in war, our mountains yield,
 Chiefs, whom in power the Asar ne'er excell'd:
 Should such a chief one day his passion prove
 For me, and bend my heart to mutual love,
 Then will the mountain nymph with joy and pride
 Accept his hand, and hail the name of bride.
 Here in my native vales content I live;
 'Midst mountains high, and fountains clear I thrive.
 A princess too by birth, born to command,
 Among the giant race pre-eminent I stand.
 And, trust me! not so humble or so low
 Doth Gerda feel, as with submissive brow
 T'intrude herself amongst the gods on high;
 To meet contempt from every Disa's eye,
 Who hold my birth too mean, myself too base
 To form alliance with the Asar race."
 "Therein thou dost the fair Asynior wrong;
 (Thus Skirnir answer'd with persuasive tongue)
 Pride, arrogance prevail amongst mankind,
 But in a Disa's soul ne'er harbour find.
 The features grand that mark the gods on high
 Are virtue, wisdom, and simplicity,
 Not birth; since 'tis well known the gods among,
 That Thor and Odin both from nothing sprung,
 Like insects, at Alfader's nod; though now
 On Valhall's throne they sit with radiant brow."
 To him replied the lively Gerda: "Love,
 For what we know not, we can never prove.
 I know my native vale, each rock, each field,
 But Frey or Valhall ne'er my eyes beheld.
 Me hath he never seen; whence springs his flame
 At once so ardent for the mountain dame?

Methinks, to tell thee truth, my gentle swain!
All goes not right in thy fond master's brain."
And now his master's actions and his fate
Did Skirnir circumstantially relate:
How he ascended Hlidskialf's lofty tower,
And what from thence he view'd in Gerda's bower:
How, when her charms she bared, love's potent dart
At once transfix'd his vacillating heart.
With downcast look and palpitating breast,
Deep blushing, Gerda listen'd to her guest.
But when young Skirnir talk'd about the moon,
She laughed, and quick resumed her jesting tone.
"If like the moon thy master be," she said,
"Let him ne'er hope to win a youthful maid!
For pale and sallow is the moon; such hue
All blooming damsels with repugnance view:
Such love is lukewarm."—"Nay!" the swain replied,
"Did Frey once press thee in his arms as bride,
Thou wouldst not of his lukewarm love complain;
But since my powers of argument are vain,
'Twere best I seek my couch; but first, I pray,
Let me the bower, where thou dost sleep, survey.
A present from my sov'reign lord I bear
For thee, which I would fain deposit there."
Laughing, she pointed out her chamber-door,
Then went herself his supper to procure;
For Gerda was by nature good and kind,
And Skirnir's jovial frankness pleased her mind.
Skirnir now stood alone; her couch he view'd,
Near which a vase of alabaster stood,
Wherein the maid, before she went to rest,
Was wont to lave her face, her arms, her breast:
'Twas fill'd with water: with his project pleas'd,
In haste his horn the gallant Skirnir seiz'd;
Within the vase all its contents he pour'd.
And charged it with the image of his lord.
This done, he left the bower of Gerda strait,
And his own chamber sought with mind elate.
But now the mountain damsel, when her guest
And all her menials had retired to rest,
Flew to her chamber, curious to behold
The gift from Valhall brought by Skirnir bold.
Curling her lip, as maids are wont to do,
She thus exclaim'd with laugh contemptuous: "Now
I needs must view the wond'rous present given
By the enamour'd denizen of heaven.
What can it be? diamonds, or rubies bright,
Silver, or gold are common in my sight:
Such treasures in our spacious grotts abound,
But in the skies, I trow, are seldom found."
But when around she look'd, and naught could find,
She laughed again, but anger vex'd her mind:
"I thought as much; a miserable joke;
Worthy of Asar;" jeering thus she spoke.
"I must allow, the gods do far surpass

In fraud and mockery our giant race.”
And now the maid began to loose her zone,
And from her shoulders doff the woollen gown:
Bared to the middle by the diamond’s light
She stands; what glorious charms appear in sight!
In th’ hollow of her hand she caught the wave
To cool her purple cheek, her front to lave;
But when she view’d the image bright of Frey
Reflected in the wave, a piercing cry
She gave, and started back with fear assail’d;
Then blushing, cross-ways o’er her bosom held
Her arms, and catching up her robe in haste,
Around her beauteous body wound it fast.
But soon to admiration changed her fear,
And to her mind the stratagem was clear.
Wrapp’d in her garment to the neck, she flew
Once more the image beautiful to view:
The form divine of the enchanting god
Melted the maiden’s heart, and fired her blood:
What majesty displays his forehead high!
What tender mournful smiles beam from his eye
Of fire! his bosom seems t’ exhale a sigh:
’Twas meant for Gerda; from his polish’d brow
Adown his ivory neck the golden tresses flow:
With hand placed on his heart he seems to say;
“Here Gerda reigns with undisputed sway!”
Pensive awhile she stood; nor was aware
That down her damask cheek had roll’d a tear
Into her lover’s mouth: an ardent flame,
O wonder! from the gelid water came,
And enter’d deep her heart: now with a sigh,
O’er the vase leaning, she exclaim’d: “O Frey!”
Then sudden started back once more, afraid,
Some prying witness might her bower invade:
But when secure that she alone was there,
She oft bow’d down to kiss the image fair.
It vanish’d now within the eddying wave,
Which had the power thy purple mouth to lave,
But not to cool thy lips, O virgin bright!
But when the water clear again in sight
Brought back the image of the god beloved,
Reflection deep the heart of Gerda moved.
Seldom with greater care explores the sage
The vast conceptions that his mind engage,
Than doth the deep-enamour’d maiden trace
Each separate feature of her lover’s face;
O’erlooking, while each beauty glads her heart,
In favour of the whole, each faulty part.
But here must Gerda search for faults in vain;
Perfect was Frey; without one flaw or stain
His form; a god, a prince amongst the Asar train.
Now vanish’d all her pride; she now became
Soft as a dove, and gentle as a lamb:
Now slides her ’kerchief from her ivory neck;
The air was warm; no fears her passion check.

"This image, by the waves' reflection made,
 This image cannot see," she blushing said:
 "I cannot rest enjoy, until I lave
 My arms and bosom in the cooling wave."
 Thus said, her tunic from her breast she threw,
 And stood with half her charms exposed to view:
 'Twas thus, as poets tell, fair Embla stood,
 When bursting from the tree her Askur first she view'd.
 Now on her couch she fain would court repose,
 But strove in vain to sleep; full oft she rose
 To look into the basin standing nigh,
 And contemplate the much-lov'd form of Frey.
 At length the gentle Siofna, who unseen
 'Midst Gerda's train had enter'd, and the scene
 Had witness'd, felt compassion for the maid,
 And waved her poppy garland o'er her head:
 She closed her eyelids with her magic art.
 And sent delightful dreams to gladden Gerda's heart.

CANTO XXV. SKIRNIR FULFILS HIS ERRAND.

Respecting the metre of this Canto, see the note.
 When Skirnir awoke at the morning light,
 (The sunbeams redden the sky)
 With friendly mien, all with brass bedight,
 The Giant his couch stood by;
 Like a Guldbrand pine so tall, so strong;
 (The birds on the trees sing sweet)
 In his hand he bore an iron pole long,
 And Skirnir he came to greet.
 His daughter stood near him with witching look;
 (On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
 As the ivy around the gnarled oak,
 Thus did Gerda her sire entwine.
 A cup of drink for Skirnir he bore;
 (The sunbeams redden the sky)
 "Before," quoth he, "thou leavest my door,
 Hear, and take with thee my reply!
 "Young Frey loves dearly my daughter bright;
 (The birds on the trees sing sweet)
 And if I have read in her soul aright,
 She thinks him a consort meet.
 "But thou knowest, without her father's yea,
 (On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
 'Tis all labour lost; but, the truth to say,
 I to favour this match incline.
 "But goods must be given in change for goods;
 (The sunbeams redden the sky)
 And heretofore 'twixt Giants and Gods
 Hath not flourish'd much amity.
 "Young Frey hath a sword, the best i' the north,
 (The birds on the trees sing sweet)
 And Gerda, methinks, is that sword well worth;
 So on just conditions I'll treat.
 "When the heart once loves with fervour and truth,
 (On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)

In war no longer delights the youth;
He sighs at his mistress' shrine.
"Let Frey then give me his mystic sword!
(The sunbeams redden the sky)
My daughter dear will I then accord
As consort to him for aye.
"But if he refuse to cede the glaive,
(The birds on the trees sing sweet)
The hardest rock that repels the wave
He might just as well entreat."
With this answer the swain rode homeward bound,
(On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
And returning, shorter the road he found
Than in coming, ye may divine.
As he gallop'd once more o'er the flow'ry mead,
(The sunbeams redden the sky)
He thought, by the rustling his falchion made,
Of Odin the lord so high.
The magic fetter came o'er his mind
(The birds on the trees sing sweet)
That was destin'd Fenris the wolf to bind:
Then he jump'd from his courser fleet,
And began to climb up on Elver-hoy:
(On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
And there two dwarfs he perceiv'd with joy
Fit to execute his design.
There they sit, and enjoy the morning breeze;
(The sunbeams redden the sky)
They love to rest under branching trees,
But from the sun's glare they fly.
And oft they dance on the humid grass,
(The birds on the trees sing sweet)
And joy the mystic circle to trace
On the turf with their nimble feet.
When Skirnir met them, he bared his sword,
(On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
And thus address'd them with threat'ning word:
"Hear me, little masters mine!
"By Odin's order I crave your aid
(The sunbeams redden the sky)
For Fenris wolf a fetter to braid;
This instant your labours ply!
"If not, I will slay ye both, I swear."
(The birds on the trees sing sweet)
The little men, how they shook with fear!
They scarce could stand on their feet.
They blink like mice with their little eyes.
(On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
"Nay! put up thy sword!" each Dwarf replies;
"Behold! here's the magic twine!
"We heard of the order that Odin gave,
(The sunbeams redden the sky)
And the very best cord shall Odin have
To bind his arch-enemy.
"This fetter was forged, O Skirnir, hear!

(The birds on the trees sing sweet)
 Of the beards of woman; the nerves of bear;
 Of the noise of a kitten's feet;
 "Of the breath of birds; of fishes' scum;
 (On the flowrets the dew-drops shine)
 Of the roots of rocks; with finger and thumb
 Have we full'd this wondrous line."
 Now from them the swain took the magic chain,
 (The sunbeams redden the sky)
 And the Dwarfs they fled to their grots again,
 And Skirnir vaulted on high.
 Now Bifrost appears with its brilliant sheen;
 (The birds on the trees sing sweet)
 Its tints enliven the sky serene
 The returning chief to greet.
 Like a bird in spring brave Skirnir flew
 (On the flow'rets the dew-drops shine)
 And Valhall anew much he joy'd to view,
 And partake of Sâhrimner's chine.
 And now he relates to Odin and Frey
 How their mandates he fulfill'd;
 Odin smiled on the swain with a grateful eye,
 Frey's bosom with rapture thrill'd.
 Praise and honours on Skirnir overflow;
 What pleasure in Valhall reigns!
 For Frey shall now be freed from his woe,
 And Fenris be bound in chains.

CANTO XXVI. THE WOLF FENRIS AND TYR.

What joys Valhalla's realm pervade!
 In brilliant nuptial dress array'd,
 A last farewell bids Gerda now
 To forest, rock, and vale below.
 Towards Bifrost bridge ascends the fair;
 Like shooting star she cleaves the air.
 On heaven's exterior bulwark stand
 In pride of place th' Asynior bland:
 And when their scrutinizing eye
 Survey'd the darling choice of Frey,
 As full in Asgard's view she came,
 Vanish'd at once each latent flame
 Of envy, sullenness, and pride,
 And all admired the graceful bride.
 Her glossy ringlets ebon dark
 A contrast not unpleasing mark
 With the bright locks of golden hue,
 Which down the Disar's shoulders flow.
 They welcome her with tones of love,
 And lead her straight to Freya's grove:
 Gluing to Gerda's lips of rose
 Her own, what joy each Disa shows!
 And every Asa courts the bliss
 Her well-turned lily hand to kiss.
 Of Frey's content I need not speak,
 Therein must fail my harpings weak.

He who hath courted, and hath known
What 'tis to call his maid his own,
He knows and feels it too; while naught
Can by the art of Scald be taught.
But such sensation, youth! if thou
Yet knowest not, go learn it now!
And when in thy fond maiden's arms,
Thou gloatest on her radiant charms,
And feelst 'twere primest ecstasy
Or thus to live, or thus to die,
Then wouldst thou know, and couldst reveal
The joys that Frey and Gerda feel.
Here ends my song of love; too soon
My harp must sound with diff'rent tone:
Oft from the lay sweet echoes spring,
As from the little bird in spring,
When, flutt'ring through the beechen grove,
He fills the air with notes of love.
Oft too its tones the ear assail
With sound as harsh as that of whale,
When he, through ice-bergs struggling, blows
And snorts amain with giant throes.
Like foam, the words then hurried fly,
Which from his nostrils mounts the sky,
And forms a column gleaming bright
Amidst the lurid clouds of night.
The sweetest plant of joy beneath
Lurks oft, alas! the germ of death!
Misfortune soon its power assumes;
And 'midst the liveliest joys and fumes
Of pleasure on the marriage night
Intrudes with livid face, Affright!
True, shouts of joy Valhalla shook;
But sudden, springing from a nook,
Fenris the wolf, with eye of flame,
Unwelcome guest, to the banquet came:
He paced around with fiendish grin,
Snapping at every Asa's chin:
And oft with unremitting spite
The Disar's legs he strove to bite.
But Odin, weary of this bane,
Possessing now the mystic chain
Wherewith to bind the hateful beast,
To Heimdal whisper'd his behest;
And quick transferr'd the magic band
Into that faithful Asa's hand.
Heimdal, he knew, had skill and wit;
To cope with Fenris none more fit:
And next to Lok he boasts the pow'r
In jesting to beguile the hour.
The wit of Heimdal, void of hate
Or malice, bloom'd like violet:
But not innocuous Loptur's jest,
Like thorn, it lacerates the breast.
Heimdaller, holding now the band

Slender as bowstring in his hand,
Approach'd the wolf, and with a smile:
"Let us," said he, "the time beguile,
Since, banish'd to the realm of Hel,
Sorrow and hate have bid farewell
For ever to Valhalla's court,
With some diverting manly sport!
In honour of Frey's nuptial feast
Let each some art that suits him best
Exert to please the gods! and thou,
My wolf! thy feats of strength mayst show:
For deeds of strength they all admire;
And thou must, sure, the prize acquire."
"Yes!" grinn'd maliciously the wolf:
"What thou hast said is true enough:
The hammer, when by strength or skill
Unexercised, is useless still.
But first allow me to demand,
What means that fetter in thy hand?
Thou Asa with the golden tooth!
Wouldst bind me like a dog, forsooth?"
"He, who hath power himself to free,
Cannot be fetter'd easily:
The slave is bound; but in the hand
Of strength an honourable band
Becomes the fetter:" (thus replied
Heimdaller.) "And since 'tis thy pride
The strongest iron bars to gnaw
In two, as if 'twere so much straw,
Permit me, to afford delight
To Odin and the Disar bright,
To bind thee with this brittle chain,
Which thou canst surely bite in twain."
And now the wolf began to look
Around him for his father Lok;
But all in vain; no Lok was there;
The hateful beast then scowl'd with fear,
And sunk his tail, and show'd his tooth,
And loll'd his tongue from his frothy mouth.
Then howl'd he forth in tones of spite:
"I will not thus be bound to-night:
Go thy way, artful Heimdall! go!
Methinks, it is not needful now
On such a cord my strength to use,
Thor, Frey, and Odin to amuse.
On bars of brass or iron they
Have seen me oft my strength display.
If forged by common art that cord,
No pleasure would such feat afford:
But if by magic spell 'twere made,
Then foully were the wolf betray'd."
Heimdaller blush'd: but Asa-Tyr,
The youthful page devoid of fear,
When Heimdall's cheek so red he view'd,
In anger bit his lips to blood.

He griev'd to see an Asa droop,
Unable with the wolf to cope,
And from the contest forced to fly
In silence and humility.
To humble the malignant beast,
Himself now enter'd in the list,
And cried aloud: "Come, wolf! behold!
My hand as hostage thou shalt hold!
While round thy limbs the cord is laced,
Within thy mouth shall it be placed,
And lying at thy mercy there,
Nor trick nor fraud hast thou to fear."
On Tyr's presumption every god
Astonish'd look'd: he tranquil stood.
Now Thor thus whisper'd: "Youthful friend!
What rashness! what dost thou pretend?
Thy courage, certes, I admire,
But naught a hero can aspire
To do without his hand." "No fear
I feel, thou cautious one!" said Tyr.
"Thy counsel sage I need not now;
Two hands, perhaps, requirest thou,
But thou shalt see, and frankly own,
That Tyr can do with one alone."
Thus said, his dexter hand the youth
Into the wolf's wide-gaping mouth
Undaunted thrust: the wolf is bound
With the dwarfs' cord his limbs around.
And now to loose or burst the chain
He struggles hard, but all in vain:
Since naught his utmost powers avail,
The Asar laugh to see him quail.
All laugh'd, excepting Asa-Tyr;
The sport, alas! hath cost him dear,
For, bitten from the wrist, his hand
In Fenris' bloody jaws remain'd!
But the youth, still undaunted, thrust
The stump into a heap of dust,
And stretching out his arm on high,
He shouts with voice that rends the sky:
"Now first my strength innate I feel;
Hard was the trial, yet 'tis well.
Now to Vaulunder's forge I'll go,
And he will make for Tyr, I know,
A hand of iron, fit to wield
Or glaive or mace i' th' bloody field:
What foes will dare the chief environ,
Whose hand and glaive are both of iron?"
Thus said, he left in haste the hall,
Much pitied by the Disar all.
They thought: "O what a valiant youth!
Thor's fame he will eclipse, forsooth."
But Gerda's thoughts alone on Frey
Were fix'd; both breath'd a tender sigh,
And hied them to the shady grove

To revel in the joys of love.
On Thor now Odin cast a look;
Thor silent stood; then Odin spoke:
"This is too much! is't then our doom
Brutal as giants to become?
O rueful act! what boots, my friend,
Courage by reason unrestrain'd?
Lost is thy hammer in the wave,
And Frey hath giv'n away his glaive,
That glaive which caused a mortal chill,
And whose bare look sufficed to kill;
Now in the mountain cave it lies,
And giants learn its worth to prize.
True, the wolf Fenris is trepann'd,
But Tyr hath lost his dexter hand;
Ran in the ocean rules her lord,
And Skada shares the power with Niord."
Thus said, As-Odin slowly rose;
His robe around his limbs he throws:
Vingolf he leaves with gloomy mind,
But Asa-Thor remains behind.
He sits with hand beneath his chin,
And eyes the wolf with looks of spleen,
But both keep silence: in the hall
The waiting-damsels enter all,
To quench the lights; in darkness now
The god must sit with wrinkled brow:
Yet still he fix'd with looks of ire
The wolf, whose eye-balls vomit fire.
Now to a burst of laughter wild
The god gave vent, which Hlidskialf fill'd
With terror; then the hall he left,
And bang'd the door, with fury chaf'd.
He doffs his helmet; through the air
Shines, meteor-like, his streaming hair!
He mounts his car; through heaven he rolls,
And awful thunders shake the poles.
Down on the earth all night he threw
His lightnings; many a one he slew:
Here towns and villages became
A prey to th' all-devouring flame;
A forest there of oak-trees fum'd,
Down to their very roots consum'd.
The children scream'd; the mothers tore
Their hair; Thor foam'd like angry boar:
And he, who whilom lov'd to save,
Prov'd unrelenting as the grave.
But when at length shone forth the day,
Towards Trudvang's gate he bent his way;
There Sif receiv'd him in her arms,
And strove to sooth his wild alarms.
The goddess well knew how t' assuage
With bland caress his utmost rage;
She knew his wrath would soon be o'er,
And tenderness resume its power.

Then smiled the earth with tears of dew,
 Such as an infant's face bedew,
 Whose father too much wrath has shown
 And struck too hard his little one.
 Repentance now Thor's looks bespeak,
 And tears roll down his manly cheek,
 For he, when calm, was good and kind.
 He then sent down on th' morning wind
 Roska and Tialf to Gefion's strand,
 And every circumjacent land,
 With gold and silver, to divide
 'Mongst those whose dwellings were destroy'd.
 The dead he to Valhalla brought,
 And next the helpless infants sought
 Who perish'd on that fatal night;
 And bearing them to Folkvang's height,
 He bless'd them all in Freya's name,
 And chang'd to Alfs they straight became.
 Now wings upon their shoulders grew,
 And 'midst delights so strange and new,
 Meeting again, assembled there
 In Freya's grove, their parents dear,
 They sport and play the trees beneath,
 Unconscious they had suffer'd death.

CANTO XXVII. THE BANQUET OF ÆGIR.

Hlesey's an island of renown;
 But now 'tis small, for time and tide,
 Batt'ring its base on every side,
 Into the sea have plough'd it down;
 But great in times of old its worth;
 Then Hlesey could the rage abate
 Of the fierce Dragon of the north,
 Yclept by nations Kattégat.
 There, built of finest muscle-shell,
 Amidst vast beds of sea-weed bright,
 The vaulted hall appears in sight,
 Where Ægir ever lov'd to dwell.
 While raging Ran o'er ocean flew,
 By his pearl-jug was Ægir seen;
 And now he drank, and now he blew
 For pastime in his conque marine.
 Cruel was Ran; frightful her frown;
 Like the fell goddess Hela, she
 Delighting to destroy, with glee
 Spreads out her nets mankind to drown:
 But, like th' unruffled sea, the smile
 Of Ægir all creation charms;
 And oft doth he the hours beguile,
 Soft dallying in a mermaid's arms.
 While Ran afar is storming, he
 Basks in the sun at home; his soul
 It joys with diamond-pointed pole
 To trace runes on the placid sea.
 The surf each time reveal'd his joy,

When he behind the rushes prest
(Far from his scolding wife's annoy)
A billow to his ardent breast.
On Frey and Gerda oft he smiled:
Much did his heart the vision charm
Of the fair couple arm in arm
Indulging in love's transports wild.
For much the Gods did Ægir prize,
And by the Gods was lov'd full well.
Heaven thus to bathe in Ocean joys,
Who loves its genial ray to feel.
And now he bade them to his feast:
When Rana wander'd far from home,
To banquet in his friendly dome
His friends with eagerness he prest.
In vats of flint and ice profound
His ale and beer the monarch stow'd;
Fish, lobsters, crabs in store were found,
And cook'd in many a diff'rent mode.
No help he needs to deck his board,
For every time he guests invites,
The active Finnafeng delights
To serve as cook his much-lov'd lord.
But little fuel he requires;
The rivers for their monarch toil:
And, warm'd by subterranean fires,
Lo! of itself each spring doth boil.
Where Malstrom whirls with frightful sound
Into its gulf the eddying wave,
That gulf, from which 'tis vain to save,
Whiten'd with foam for leagues around:
There Eldir's club to atoms breaks
Whatever falls to Ocean's share;
There Ægir's mill for ever clacks;
He grinds his wheat and barley there.
To Gerda's father Asa-Frey
As present gave, we know full well,
The best among the blades of steel,
With which no other arm could vie:
He granted, not to die forlorn
Of love himself, the giant's prayer;
Gave him his sword, and in return
Receiv'd a nymph of beauty rare.
Much Gerda lov'd her consort Frey;
Apart they never more could dwell:
His portrait Frey did far excel;
He won the greatest victory:
And Gerda then, her love to mark,
Enraptur'd with his graceful mien,
Gave to her friend a wondrous bark,
The like of which was never seen.
Well might the Scald in times of yore
Of Hringhorn, Balder's vessel, say,
It flew unscathed o'er marsh and sea,
Nor quicksand fear'd, nor rocky shore.

There safely could the Disar fair
Sit by the gods in pomp array'd;
But not the battle's shock to bear
Was pious Balder's vessel made.
In time of peace this bark behold
Glide swiftly from its haven gay,
And towards the mart pursue its way
With a rich cargo in its hold!
Of horn is built its lofty prow
With sable shining crooked rings;
And when it flies, each swelling bow
Aside in foam the billow flings.
There is another bark of fame,
'Tis by the giants own'd, we know;
'Tis built of dead-men's nails, and so
Of Naglefar it boasts the name.
In the morass this vessel lies,
As yet a huge unfinish'd hulk;
Year after year its builder tries
Unwearied to increase its bulk.
All those who from the dead neglect
To cut the nails off foot and hand,
Bring ill-luck to the Asar band,
And mischief cause to rule uncheck'd.
From this the giants an immense
Advantage o'er the gods derive:
By idlesse and improvidence
Thus mischief never fails to thrive.
But for the bark, which Gerda kind
As present to the Asar gave,
It can the wildest storm enslave,
And stiffly sail against the wind:
In armour all the gods can stand
Upon its deck with sword and helm,
And sail from bright Valhalla's land
To plough the waves in Ægir's realm.
And when the gods to brave the gale
No longer chuse for pleasure's sake,
Then Gerda can this vessel take
And fold it up like silken veil.
Then lies it, free from tempest's shocks,
In Gerda's bosom (blissful coast!)
And gently 'tween two surges rocks,
Such as the Ocean cannot boast.
The Asar's voyage to Ægir's isle
Think now how glorious 'twas to view!
The morning sun rejoicing too
Deign'd warmly on their course to smile.
See silent Vidar by the mast!
And Odin by the rudder stand!
And see, like flowers in vase incased,
In all their charms th' Asynior bland!
How gently sail'd the bark along,
As on a river; ne'er it lurch'd
Nor plunged: upon the boom was perch'd

Heimdaller; Bragur tuned his song;
Niord waves the standard high in air;
Like subtlest dust ascends the spray:
An awning, framed by Frigga's care
Of oak leaves, veil'd the solar ray.
Their temples wreaths of flowers adorn;
Nor did there lack amusement good,
For by the gangway naked stood
Young Tyr, as when he first was born:
In his left hand he grasp'd his sword;
A shark enormous hove in sight!
The hero brave jump'd overboard,
With the fell shark to prove his might.
Now must each Disa shake with fear;
The monster bravely fought, in truth;
It open'd wide its frightful mouth,
And snapp'd with fury after Tyr.
But soon doth cease the Disar's pain,
And gaily now they laugh aloud;
The hero sprung on board again;
Down sank the dying shark in blood.
Ye all do know, the spiteful Ran
Delights with monsters fierce to live:
She to that shark did mandate give
To execute her envious plan:
By her 'twas sent to plague with fear
The guests who sped to Ægir's hall;
But when the shark was slain by Tyr,
She then dispatch'd a monstrous whale.
Foaming it roll'd impetuous by,
So vast, it seem'd an isle broke loose!
It snorted loud, while from its nose
A wat'ry column spouted high.
But Heimdall lo! for sport in haste
Athwart the wat'ry column flew;
Then brilliant shone, as through he past,
A band of seven-colour'd hue!
Now Vidar standing at the poop
Fix'd with his fearful eye the whale:
At once its powers of mischief fail;
To Vidar's eye all creatures stoop.
Aloud read Odin many a rune;
The whale must to the bottom go;
For Vidar's look, like a harpoon,
Had pierced the monster through and through.
'Twas eve: the land begins to loom;
Now Hlesey full in sight appears:
And much it joys Valhalla's peers
To greet Hler Ægir's friendly dome.
Like clouds which shooting through the sky
Rush eager towards the wave's embrace,
Thus lightly did Skidbladner fly,
Its name well suits its worth to trace.
The anchor's tooth now bit the ground:
The sun its parting radiance shed.

A troop of Mermaids towards them sped,
 And sportive swam the bark around:
 There three by three those nymphs were seen,
 Their arms around each other's neck,
 With flowing hair as rushes green,
 And limbs like snow without a speck.
 Each with a silver-tissued veil,
 And brows with garlands white attired,
 Sporting and dancing, never tired,
 With songs of joy their guests they hail.
 And now the Alfer they invite
 To join their train with accents bland:
 The bark the thoughtless Alfer quit,
 And with their partners haste to land.
 They sat by pairs upon the rock:
 Each Alf a gallant warrior proved;
 The Mermaids like true females loved,
 Unshrinking from the amorous shock:
 There was no lack of pinching, flouncing,
 Of kisses, and embraces warm:
 The sound was that of sea-birds pouncing
 Amidst a silv'ry herring-swarm.
 Hler Ægir sits upon his throne,
 With sceptre emblem of his might:
 His silver helmet, gleaming bright
 With crest in form of Dragon shone.
 Yet from this helm so fair to view
 Oft came a soul-appalling sound;
 'Twas like the tempest howling through
 The hollow of a rock profound.
 I' th' middle of the festive hall,
 For night had now obscured the earth,
 A lump of gold placed on the hearth
 Gave ample light and warmth to all.
 The monarch here his friends regales
 With what his realm produces best;
 And every guest exulting hails
 The generous founder of the feast.
 But while the gods enjoy'd their feast,
 As far as Finnmark's farthest dale,
 Midst fogs, and snow, and sleet, and hail
 Flew Asa-Lok like one possest.
 Wildly his cheek of corpse-like hue
 Contrasted with each ebon lock
 Wide streaming through the ether blue,
 Like vapours dark at Ragnarok.
 Vexation great the caitiff feels,
 That Fenris wolf in chains should pine:
 But forming quick a bold design,
 Bats' wings he fastened to his heels:
 Then to his shoulders wings of owl
 With art ingenious making fast,
 He seem'd a huge ill-omen'd fowl,
 As o'er the rocks and plains he past.
 "So! I have not invited been,

Among the rest, to Ægir's isle:
And, though a god, am held too vile
To figure in that brilliant scene;
But Thor is absent, so 'tis said;
He wanders warring in the east:
Now I'll mix gravel in their bread,
And spoil the glories of their feast.
"Since I cannot their pleasures share,
Others' enjoyment I'll prevent:
While Lok 's a prey to discontent,
No guest the smiles of joy shall wear.
Ha! they shall soon be made to feel,
No rose is pluck'd without a thorn;
And drops of wormwood I'll distil
Into each Asa's drinking-horn.
"Great powers I have not; yet in need
The weakest worm hath force to wound:
My tongue the Disar shall confound,
And floods of tears I'll make them shed.
Since they're averse to Asa-Lok,
To make them fear him be my aim:
My gibes obscene their ears shall shock;
My calumnies destroy their fame.
"Who on the power of truth relies
'Gainst slander, will repent full soon;
Since there is but one truth alone
Against a hundred thousand lies.
How easy is it to deceive
Mankind, if we but have the will!
The mass all, that they hear, believe,
And Lok in fraud is master still."
Such was the restless caitiff's song,
As sharp he grazed the mountain's side:
On his best weapon he relied,
His merciless, unwearied tongue.
But, passing by some dwarfs, he paused,
And in his service press'd them all;
Chusing sharp adder's stings, he caused
His tongue to be belay'd withal.
With garland strange he deck'd his head,
His hair he twisted into horns;
Thereto he added sharpest thorns,
With dark-blue hemlock flowers bespread.
To Hlesey now his course he bent,
And there bold Finnafeng he slew,
Who strove his entrance to prevent
Among the jovial Ægir's crew.
Sprinkled with Finnafenger's blood,
He sat him down by Ægir's gate,
Preparing for the stern debate
With shameless front and accent rude.
Spite of his visage blood-besmeared,
He rose and enter'd the saloon;
Around him insolent he stared,
And thus he spoke in jeering tone.

“Now hail to ye, ye Disar all!
 Hail to ye, gods! Valhalla’s powers!
 Without the blast inclement roars,
 But here ’tis snug in Ægir’s hall.
 Indulging in your evening feast
 Fill’d with bright ale each drains his horn:
 Despised is the unbidden guest,
 But your contempt he laughs to scorn.
 “With haughty glances towards the ground,
 To answer Lok ye all disdain.
 The slave of Ægir I have slain,
 His cook for science so renown’d:
 To Ægir’s hall he barr’d my way,
 But I chastised his insolence:
 The slave must, true, his lord obey,
 But expiate oft his lord’s offence.
 ODIN.

How darest thou, wretch! without a blush
 Invade the Asar’s brilliant sphere?
 Thou ne’er shalt be invited here!
 Thou screeching owl behind the bush!
 Avaunt! thou kill-joy! quick retreat,
 Nor here thy odious form intrude!
 My lance, I swear, when next we meet,
 Shall pierce thy heart, and drink thy blood.
 LOK.

More kind and decent was thy tone,
 When, dress’d as lowly waiting-maid,
 Thou turn’dst the silly Rinda’s head,
 Heiress of Garderike’s throne:
 Clothed in the garment of a slave,
 Was conduct that for Odin fit?
 Ha! though thou art more wise than brave,
 Thy prudence far exceeds thy wit.
 BRAGUR.

How darest thou thus presume to vent
 On Valhall’s king thy envious spite,
 With hair like hedgehog’s quills upright,
 And sland’rous tongue on mischief bent?
 Valhalla’s rays thy eye-balls sear;
 Down then! to realms of darkness hie!
 And since the sun thou canst not bear,
 For ever from its splendour fly!
 LOK.

’Tis not thy menace makes me shrink;
 Thy sword rests ever in the sheath;
 Useless! except to waste thy breath
 In empty boasts, to doze and drink!
 Cautious of shedding blood art thou,
 To bite less proper than to bay:
 When call’d upon to wield the bow,
 The valiant Bragur slinks away.
 IDUNA.

How dares thy spiteful tongue assail
 The god, whose lyre enchants the earth,

Whose lofty song throughout the north
Cheers, like the moon, life's gloomy vale?
Who raises merit to the skies,
Who points the genuine road to fame;
From evil causes good to rise,
And stamps the Nidding's act with shame.
LOK.

Why prudish now 'gainst vice protest?
Slow wert thou 'gainst the mountain fiend
Thy precious virtue to defend,
When he thy juicy apples prest:
Fear taught thee to be soft and tame,
Thiasse could tell us *how* and *when*;
Of Bragur's honour, dainty dame!
Thou wert not quite so mindful then.
GEFION.

A dame, more pure and innocent
Than Ydun, nowhere can be found:
'Tis time thy sland'rous tongue were bound,
Yet 'tis to me indifferent.
Foul sower of all calumny!
What wretched harvests must thou reap!
Pursue thy trade! add lie to lie!
I hold thy utmost malice cheap.
LOK.

To men thou'rt scornful, cold, and glum,
But that is while the day shines bright:
'Tis well no power of speech hath night,
And that each forest tree is dumb.
Whene'er behind the bush, proud maid!
Thy limbs thou bathest in the flood;
Thou dost not then disdain, 'tis said,
To cool the water-demon's blood.
ODIN.

This is too much. I'd have thee know,
The moon's bright disk thou canst not stain;
That lily fair 'tis labour vain
To soil; 'tis casting coals on snow.
Fly, caitiff, to thy rocks remote!
Cease to disturb the social hour!
Bark, an it give thee joy, without,
Like mastiff chain'd at Ægir's door!
LOK.

Hold thy tongue, Odin! blind, in troth,
Are thy awards i' th' tented field.
The bold must oft to witchcraft yield,
When Odin boils the magic broth.
'Tis thy delight the brave to lower,
And crown with palms the base and mean;
Oft dost thou borrow Mimer's power,
But seldom his discernment keen.
FRIGGA.

Ha, Lok! dost thou presume to call
The chief, whom all the gods revere,
Alfader's self, unjust, severe,

And partial, in this sacred hall?
 He will not now disturb the peace
 Of Ægir's hospitable board,
 But grief he'll force thee to express
 To-morrow for each sland'rous word.
 LOK.

Hold thy tongue, Frigga! Asgard's queen!
 From scratching, pain oft follows strait;
 Like the queen bee, with many a mate,
 But with no king is Frigga seen.
 Not sparing of thy charms art thou,
 By zephyrs pleas'd to be carest;
 In Spring thy looks too plainly show
 The longing that pervades thy breast.
 FREYA.

O Lok! since wrath hath no effect
 The venom of thy tongue to tame,
 Let females some exception claim:
 Treat them at least with some respect.
 Behold, the tears of Freya flow!
 Would they could melt thy stubborn hate!
 Ah me! what pleasure feelest thou
 The gods' fair fame to lacerate?
 LOK.

What causes Freya's grief? I pray:
 Is it from longing I behold
 Her cheek bedew'd with tears of gold?
 What dost thou long for? Freya, say!
 Thy husband fair has fled, 'tis true,
 But 'tis not, sure, a hopeless case;
 Thou canst find lovers not a few,
 Eager and fit to take his place.
 But why did Odur break his chain?
 Ha, Freya! did he find thy kiss
 Too warm, too prodigal of bliss?
 Or was it that he felt disdain
 For charms which had so oft been bared
 And closely scann'd in Valaskialf,
 And felt no zest in favours shared
 With every Ase and every Alf?
 FREY.

Be silent with thy hissing, snake!
 With fire-red eye, where malice glows,
 Why thus delight to prick the rose,
 When thistles grow on every brake?
 Why thus calumniate the good?
 Why cause a gracious female pain?
 Go! hie thee hence to Angurbod,
 With locks as coarse as horse's mane!
 LOK.

With cynic lust thine eye still shines;
 Tis thou hast Valaskialf betray'd,
 O Frey! since with thy sword hath fled
 All vigour from thy jaded loins.
 Fair Gerda with her luscious kiss

Sucks out, like leech, thy warmest blood;
Each time thou tastest Freya's bliss,
Much joy it gives to Angurbod.

HEIMDAL.

With the dark wizard 'neath yon rock,
Upon my life, thou must have drank,
And here thou com'st, with liquor rank,
Our ears with ribald taunts to shock.
Thy sparks of wit proceed, I trow,
But from the fumes of mead and ale;
Its emptiness we all do know:
Thy sarcasms here must ever fail.

LOK.

Ha! Lok must now succumb, 'tis plain,
Since pompous Heimdall threatens too;
Think'st thou I fear thy famous bow,
Made of mere vapour, sleet, and rain?
And what is Heimdall's self, I ask,
When of his gaudy colours shorn?
What is he then behind his mask?
A simple watchman with his horn!

BALDER.

Behind thy ribaldry so coarse,
I can discern a vein of wit,
And genius too for all things fit,
Did virtue lend her sterling force.
Like *Will o' Wisp* with spurious light,
Thou friskest the deep marsh about;
While others thou wouldst fain benight,
Thy own fantastic flame goes out.

LOK.

The lamb doth scarce compassion meet;
Coward, he lets himself be slain:
Lok ne'er before his foes will deign,
Lamb-like, in piteous strains to bleat.
Vain, Balder, is that rule of thine,
Patience and piety to use;
He only bows at virtue's shrine,
Whose arm is weak and wit obtuse.
Vidar spoke not, but earnest stared
Full in the face of Asa-Lok;
The caitiff instant felt the shock,
With quiv'ring lip and visage scared.
The water-spout with gloomy frown,
Thus column-like from heaven doth come,
With thick shoes stamps old Ocean down,
And scatters far the billow's scum.
Now black the vault of heaven became;
Athwart the vapours thick and close,
While Loptur's blood with terror froze,
Glitter'd afar a lurid flame!
Of thunder now tremendous peals
Shake earth and make the billows roar,
And every one instinctive feels
With awe th' approach of Asa-Thor!

Lok sigh'd and sweated now with fear,
 Yet still his terror he conceal'd;
 At length the lightning's glare reveal'd
 The white-hair'd goats and golden car.
 But when Thor full in view appear'd,
 Lok's colour fled, his spirits fail'd;
 At sight of the majestic beard
 Of ebon hue, the traitor quail'd.

THOR.

Be silent, thou of sland'ers worst,
 Who striv'st the Asar's fame to soil!
 Ne'er doth thy Nidding's brain recoil
 From hatching some vile scheme accurst.
 But come, I'll put an end full soon
 To all thy schemes of treach'ry fell;
 To Utgard's shades I'll cast thee down,
 And bind thee fast with chains of Hel.

LOK.

I tremble not; I turn not pale;
 Thou hast not got thy Miölnir now;
 Thy genuine hammer lies, we know,
 Buried beneath the serpent's scale.
 Aye! spite of all thy godlike vigour,
 Oft didst thou, Thor, my pity move;
 I laugh'd to see the silly figure
 Thou mad'st in Skrymur's sweaty glove.

THOR.

Be silent, thou pestiferous cloud,
 That striv'st to damp celestial fire!
 Thou'lt find, no hammer I require
 To punish thee and all thy brood.
 Behold that pine on yon high rock!
 Thereon I'll hang thy odious form;
 All creatures shall thy suff'rings mock,
 Traitor! when dangling in the storm.

LOK.

Methinks it is no longer fit
 That Lok should throw away his jests;
 My songs were meant for jovial guests,
 For those who value mirth and wit.
 The other gods with temper hear
 My gibes, and like my humour well;
 But Thor a joke could never bear:
 'Tis time I bid ye all farewell.
 Thus said, he plunges in the sea;
 Swift as an eel he scuds along;
 But after him, by anger stung,
 Thor hurl'd a lightning's forked ray.
 But Lok intent his limbs to save,
 Deep under water bow'd his head;
 Innocuous 'midst the boiling wave
 The thund'rer's flaming arrow sped.
 Thus as, when vanish clouds and rain,
 The air breathes more serene and mild,
 Each lovely Disa gracious smil'd;

Joy colour'd high their cheeks again.
 Freed from the wretch, their torment dire,
 They pass the night in dance and song;
 And strains from Ægir's golden lyre
 Re-echo loud the rocks among.

CANTO XXVIII. LOK'S TREACHERY.

The reader is requested, before he begins this Canto, to read the note.
 In serpent's form Lok fled away into the ocean blue;
 All the fell monsters of the deep now met him full in view.
 In order to avoid them, how dexterously he toils!
 Now in a line deploys him, now rolls himself in coils!
 The peasant standing on a cliff followed with curious eye
 The course of Lok, as like the wind he swiftly glided by:
 Fearing pursuers, up he swam as far as Lindernæs,
 On Norway's coast; and hid him there 'midst sea-weed, sand, and grass.
 At length his shape resuming, upon a reef of rock
 He seats himself, like goatherd who watches o'er his flock.
 "What have I done? Ah! woe is me! from Valaskialf's abode
 Thus exiled, what is Loptur now? a giant, or a god?
 Am I thus amongst monsters condemn'd my time to pass?"
 Where's now my fav'rite pastime, the zest of life? alas!
 Must I 'midst stupid giants dwell in the realms of night,
 Who dose like sleepy dragons o'er gold and silver bright?
 For them no sunshine blazes, no spring brings with it joy,
 The art the blockheads know not existence to enjoy:
 They know not love's soft blandishment, they prize not music's tone,
 Their only pastime is to hear the cascade rushing down.
 Heavily slumbering like bears in gelid caverns drear,
 What doth avail heroic strength, if th' hero be a bear?
 Shall I ne'er listen to again the sound of Bragur's harp?
 At times on the good bard, I own, I used my wit too sharp.
 In Fensal shall my eyes no more the fair Asynior woo?
 My impudence no longer tinge with red their skin of snow?
 No longer now shall Odin sage be overreach'd by me?
 'Twas my chief sport to disconcert his stiff formality.
 Shall my sarcasms no longer put to blush Asa-Thor?
 Thor is indeed a hero, and had he half the store
 Of wit, that falls to Loptur's share, to all Valhalla's power
 He could defiance bid, and force each god his crest to lower.
 He suits me well; with patience my raillery he bears;
 With him I love to travel; and when his car he steers
 Athwart the spacious regions of heav'n with pond'rous wheels,
 And thunders shake Heimkringlas with soul-appalling peals,
 I share Hlorrida's glory: each time earth trembling shook,
 I thought myself his equal, and frown'd with swagg'ring look.
 Each Disa smiled enchanting, when courteous I address'd her;
 With blushes Fulla trembled, when in my arms I press'd her.
 She is in love with Lok, I know, poor little innocent thing!
 And many other Disar in my net I hoped to bring.
 My impudence doth in their cheek the blush of shame recall,
 But soon, becoming used to it, they'll cease to blush at all.
 Sweet to my taste Sâhrimner was, and sweeter still the mead;
 And when the proud Einherier pranced about the flow'ry mead
 With shield and lance, I was content: all things to hear and see,

And mock at all the gods by turns, was charming sport to me.
 I was the clev'rest of them all, and with the gods I play'd,
 Just as a cat does with a mouse, which he has just waylaid.
 First doth he his poor captive with feign'd caresses quail;
 His eyes with malice sparkle; he frisks about his tail:
 At length when weary of the sport his food Grimalkin needs,
 His teeth inflict the mortal crunch, and then poor mousie bleeds!
 But now Puss on the house-roof sits, nor deems himself secure
 E'en there; he licks his beard and paws; his master from the door
 Hath chased him in his anger, because i' th' cupboard he
 With his dame's hams and bacon had chosen to make free.
 But if their loss I feel, will not they feel my loss much more?
 Odin, I'm sure, when no one laughs, will feel vexation sore.
 Long days of constant seriousness the Asar soon will rue;
 They'll find that to the zest of life mirth must contribute too.
 Heavy and dull are they become already; there they sit,
 And yawn, and in their mead-horn gaze, when they have emptied it.
 Let but the Disar once the bread without the leaven taste,
 Insipid will it prove, I trow, without friend Loptur's yeast:
 Without the poignancy of change pleasure itself must pall,
 And light, unchequer'd e'er by shade, be insupportable.
 No diff'rence of opinion now excites ye; true, ye breathe,
 But spiritless and dull your life; 'tis the repose of death."
 In such reflections Loptur from sorrow sought relief,
 And often gazed he wistful upon Yggdrassil's leaf.
 "Could I," thought he, "of Asa-Thor the pardon once obtain,
 The favour of the other gods 'twere easy to regain."
 Thus Lok amidst the grove of pines pensive and restless stray'd;
 His silence deep at length he broke: "I have it now," he said;
 For Thor his hammer I'll procure; I think, upon my life,
 To get his hammer back again he'd give away his wife."
 Now over hill and dale he flew, quite joyous at the thought,
 And passing through the hard-wood grove, soon reach'd the mountain grot:
 There at the entrance of a cave sat Thrymur, giant-king,
 Around a bunch of arrows sharp twining a golden string:
 Red ribbands in his courser's mane then did he interlace,
 While the full moon pour'd streams of light adown his dusky face.
 Into the field the giant look'd, and seeing Lok, cried out:
 "Ha! welcome here! thou smallest toe in mighty Odin's foot!
 To visit us poor folks below doth Loptur condescend?
 What pleasure can an Asa find in our dark goblin-land?
 Have the gods turn'd thee out of doors? hast thou been indiscreet?
 Shame were it such a chief of worth so scornfully to treat;
 To start them game the gods, perhaps, thee falcon-like have sent:
 Speak out then, thou accomplish'd rogue! say! what is thy intent?"
 Now sitting down by Thrymur's side with mien composed he said:
 "With insults deep and injury the gods have Lok repaid;
 Did I not hope one day your cause to aid, ye giants good!
 I ne'er would set my foot again in Valhall's curst abode.
 You do require a spy, methinks, to find out and detect
 All that the fraudulent Asar brood against your realm project:
 Some clever and ingenious wight; and where on earth's vast round
 More proper for this task than Lok can any one be found?
 Besides, unknown to ye no doubt, I've often proved your friend,
 And to some gratitude from ye I may with right pretend:

But howsoe'er with pitying eye my sufferings ye regard,
In my own conscience, in my heart I find my best reward."
Then Thrymur answer'd, laughing loud: "What means this canting speech?"
With pious look and honied words thinkst thou to overreach
Us giant champions, as ye catch the larks with berries red
Behind a net of horse-hair fix'd, and 'bout the meadow spread?
Tears canst thou shed, like Dragon foul, when, eager for his food,
He seeketh travelers to entrap within the marshy flood;
But out with it! thy errand quick, O turncoat vile, relate!
Be frank for once, or in thy face, by Hel, I'll shut my gate."
"Ah! thou hast reason to be proud and haughty," answer'd Lok:
"Now may'st thou with contempt on Thor, and all Valhalla look:
Hast thou not found his hammer 'twixt the scales of Jormundgard?
A glorious booty 'tis, forsooth: 'twill all your pains reward:
For though that hammer's use thyself thou dost not understand,
Immense advantage 'twill afford; thou may'st with right demand,
In ransom for that weapon, all the wealth thou canst conceive;
Whate'er thou chusest to exact, the god will freely give."
"What ransom?" cried the giant harsh and rough: "doth Thor possess
Gold, silver, copper, as I do within my deep recess?
Such gifts small value have for me; for riches naught I care;
But much of Freya have I heard, and of her beauty rare:
They say, she doth in form and grace all other dames eclipse;
Ivory her limbs, of gold her hair, of coral are her lips:
Her voice sweet music; plump well-rounded arms; a laughing mien;
A mouth that is for kissing made, and loves it too, I ween.
I burn with ardour to embrace a nymph of colour white;
No more the dames of swarthy hue my passion can excite.
If therefore Freya fair, as bride, Odin to me will give,
Thor in exchange his hammer bright that instant shall receive.
Did not Frey wed a Jotun nymph? If so, with equal right
May Jotun Thrymur claim as spouse his sister Freya bright.
Such my proposal is, which thou to Asagard mayst bear;
Why should we plague each other's lives with endless hale and war,
Let friendship durable ensue upon this marriage tie!
But mark me! Miölner eight miles deep doth in the ocean lie:
Never again shall Thor, I swear, his much-prized arm behold,
Unless I clasp in my embrace Freya with hair of gold."
Thus spake the giant-king: a dwarf, as page, came to the gate,
And oped it; in his master went; the dwarf then closed it strait.
Lok stood without at th' midnight hour abandon'd and forlorn,
To Asar and to giants both the object of their scorn.
He laugh'd out loudly in the dark: so fearful was the sound,
The owls perch'd on the forest trees fell down upon the ground.
To learn the cause, the scolding Ran rose from the depths of ocean,
And scars on warriors' limbs now bled afresh at th' wild commotion:
Fell Jormundgardur shook himself; for miles and miles around
Men, fields, and dwellings were submerged in ocean's waves profound.
Each Nidding starting from his couch by stings of conscience vex'd
Arose; a cold sweat on his brow announced a soul perplex'd:
Fenris loud howling through the sky the vast creation scared;
Lok's laughter and the wolfish howl the long long night were heard.
"Giants and gods alike I hate," said Lok: "soon shall they prove,
How terrible that power can be, which but itself doth love.
Would I could make them perish all together! ha! what bliss,

Could I the vast Heimkringlas sink i' th' bottomless abyss!
 Ye've exiled me from Valaskialf; asylum ye refuse;
 But means of vengeance still I hold, and such I mean to use.
 Like tree rubbing 'gainst tree in fell collision shall ye come,
 Until a flame arise, and all your hated brood consume:
 Then shall ye when too late, I trow, do honour to my skill:"
 Thus did the traitor Lok the air with groans and curses fill.
 "With force unmanageable works the purblind mountain race;
 The Asar boast their virtue pure, combined with strength and grace:
 If to an act of treachery I once could Thor incline,
 Then cunning overreaches strength; the triumph then were mine;
 Thor a mere giant then becomes: when at the midnight hour
 Odin of witches dire invokes the soul-appalling power,
 Yggdrassil trembles; then grows dry the fount in Urda's vale:
 Then shines the frightful Jormungard with doubly brilliant scale:
 Hel's colour from a livid blue changes from joy to white,
 And Heimdal's horn excites the world to sempiternal fight."
 But since his last expulsion Lok to mount to Valhall's dome
 Without safe conduct ventured not, and houseless still must roam:
 Towards evening he reach'd the grove of beech on Sealand's isle,
 As homeward with his plough return'd the peasant from his toil.
 There is a spot within that grove, whence fountains with delight
 Spring from benignant Hertha's breast, and through the sand stream bright:
 'Twas on the spot where Leire stood, and afterwards king Hro
 With many a stone and plank and joist constructed Kongebo.
 At morning and at evening's blush there loved the Alfs to rove,
 And scatter Freya's tears like dew throughout the beechen grove:
 And when she prick'd her finger with her needle, up they took
 The drops of blood, and pour'd them on the green plants by the brook:
 Lo! by the next revolving sun those plants with flowers were crown'd,
 Which spread delightful odours through the grove for miles around.
 They took the yellow sparrows grey, who o'er earth's surface rove,
 And kiss'd their beaks and taught them how to pour forth notes of love.
 Nightingales they became at once, whose tones so sweetly sound,
 And fill each youthful heart with dreams of tenderness profound.
 Now ev'ry morning they anoint the locks of Freya fair
 With precious unguent, which embalms with fragrancy the air.
 Once from the Disa in a shell they stole some drops of oil,
 And pour'd them on a weed; a Julian flower repaid their toil:
 But far too strong that odour proved; its strength prevails e'en now.
 Some drops were left; with water mix'd upon the turf they throw
 Those drops, and lo! upon green stems blue violets fragrant grow!
 Thus in that grove the little Alfs amuse themselves secure;
 They teach the peasant's cock to crow loud at his master's door,
 To rouse him from his slumber, and make him hie with speed
 To earn with plough and harrow for wife and children bread.
 At night they show the lover, who through the forest roves,
 The way that he should wander, to find the maid he loves:
 And when he meets her, when her hand he presses tenderly,
 The Alfs their hands together bind with links of flowers, which she,
 Now kind become, ne'er seeks to loose.
 But while the blithesome crew
 Of Alfs were dancing on the grass yet glitt'ring bright with dew,
 Lo! from an ash-tree's hollow trunk Lok started forth to view!
 The Erl-king in the full-moon's glare he much resembled now,

With crown of blackberry, thick beard, and tail like that of cow.
At first the Alfs were terrified; away they fain would fly;
They fear'd it was their enemies the black Alfs hov'ring nigh:
But when they Loptur recognized, they hail'd him with a shout
Of laughter, and delighted frisk'd their new-come guest about:
He pleased them; in their frolics oft he took an active part;
He was an Asa, well they knew, but knew not his bad heart.
"How now? friend Lok! what dost thou here i th' forest? art thou sprung
From th' branches of the tree, to dance our mirthful choir among?"
"Yes! my dear little creatures! Lok, ye know, doth love ye all;
Eager to teach ye novel sports, he comes to join your ball."
He join'd the dance; a circle now the Alfs around him trace,
But Lok's tail made a rustling noise, like serpent in the grass:
Sudden the fountain ceased to flow; the once transparent brook
Troubled and dark became, while toads in stagnant marshes croak;
A swarm of crickets hover round a corpse with deaf'ning cry:
But how could innocent white Alfs suspect Lok's treachery?
Thus on the grass in Autumn late two lovers often sit;
They gaze upon each other's face with rapture and delight;
They feel not that the fev'rish air announces: "One shall die!"
Grasping their flow'ry garland in their hands, their ecstasy
Makes them incautious; they inhale the pestilential breath
Of the foul Lok, who lurks behind the bushes on the heath.
The placid moon, which cheer'd so oft their love with radiance meek,
But which had not the power to cool the deep blush on their cheek,
A few weeks later on the bier a lifeless corpse doth view
Crown'd with white flowers: from Lok's black art such bitter fruits ensue!
"Ye friendly little Alfs!" said Lok in soft cajoling strain,
"D'ye wish to know the reason why I join your sportive train?
Ye're call'd Valhalla's children; the Asar hold ye dear;
Poor Lok needs your assistance, and therefore comes he here.
I have been sadly indiscreet; too free hath been my tongue;
But Ægir's banquet is to blame; his liquor was too strong,
My head too weak: I've mock'd the gods; my crime I frankly own:
But if great Odin will once more admit me near his throne,
If Thor for what I've said or sung will grant his pardon too,
I promise in return (my word is truth itself, ye know)
To fetch him Miölnir back again, which deep in earth now lies;
So that again he may strike home, and win each glorious prize,
Nor fear that a short hammer-shaft his strength might neutralize."
The friendly Alfer promised all for Lok to intercede:
Like doves so white to Valhall's dome they flew his cause to plead:
With folded hands in lengthen'd file entering, they knelt before
The Asar, for the culprit Lok forgiveness to implore.
All hearts were moved; first Freya smiled; then Frey: ah! who can say
"No," to a prayer for mercy, when such lovely children pray?
Now they led forth the criminal, who soft behind them crept,
He flatter'd, play'd the hypocrite, fell on his knees, and wept;
He tried to kiss Thor's garment: at this demeanour base
The hero blush'd with anger, and struck him on the face.
"Avaunt! thou miserable wretch!" said Thor, with fearful cry;
"Thy abjectness more wrath excites, than did thy treachery."
"Dear shalt thou pay for this," thought Lok, "thy pride one day be cool'd;
The bowstring's pulled so frequently, it snaps at length: but hold.
I must refrain from menace, be meek and humble here,

And all my schemes of vengeance till fitter time defer."
 So now in haste up springing, he loudly shouted! "Peace;
 Good tidings now I bring ye: all strife and hate shall cease:
 Giants and gods no longer eternal war shall wage;
 The bosom melts with kindness, that once throb'd high with rage.
 The heart of Thrymur beats with love; the object of his flame
 Is Freya; to the rocks and woods he sighs out Freya's name.
 And when athwart the birch-trees he views her glorious fane,
 And marks her spindle sparkling with many a yellow skein,
 The female, thinks the giant, who such a quantity
 Of flax can spin, must truly a clever housewife be.
 She's just the dame for Thrymur's taste; soft, delicate, and thin
 Must be the fingers, that can draw the silken thread so fine.
 Her skin the lily's hue presents, her cheek the peach's bloom,
 Her lips are red as blood, I'm told; the rest all white as foam:
 With brightest gold in colour her silken tresses vie,
 And three times can she wind them around her forehead high.
 They say she's in affliction, her husband she has lost;
 Good sense this doth not argue to be so deeply crost:
 But it denotes fidelity; and that, one may surmise,
 Supposes that she too upon fidelity relies:
 For ah! where would the guerdon be of virtue, if one doubted
 Incessantly? for Freya too, whose beauty is undoubted.
 The thistle no attention meets, e'en from the butterfly;
 But the rose ne'er can rest in peace for th' homage of the bee."
 "Thy sermon on fidelity, I pray thee, spare us now!"
 Said Freya, laughing: "emblem of fidelity, we know,
 Is Loptur's heart: but quickly Thrymur's demand prefer,
 And thy remarks on virtue another time we'll hear."
 "They are not mine, fair lady!" quoth Lok: "I only come,
 As messenger from Thrymur, to Valhall's azure dome.
 Freya the Disa fair he loves with manhood's fervent fire;
 His love for her all Jotunheim with softness doth inspire.
 His father, Lok of Utgard stern, so wrapp'd up in his son,
 Hath for the ardent lover's vows a tender pity shown.
 Brother-in-law of Odin thus should Utgard-Lok become,
 A mighty change will then forthwith o'er all Heimkringlas come:
 Henceforth twixt good and evil no diff'rence will appear;
 All contrasts blend harmonious, when the dark owl shall pair
 With the white dove: sunshine shall mix with the volcano's gleam
 And in Valhalla's fragrant grove unsavoury vapours steam:
 Smooth-skin'd and beardless man become; woman a beard shall wear;
 Twilight will all the fashion be; day and night disappear:
 Sweet violets on carrion bloom; a blade of straw a knife,
 A spit a lily straight become: the warrior and his wife
 Will change professions; she the javelin, he the distaff hold:
 Such transformations wonderful our eyes will then behold.
 But Thrymur is a serious wight, this must not be forgot,
 He's somewhat jealous too, and jokes he understandeth not:
 And Freya must, if she consent to share the giant's reign,
 As Thrymur's spouse, in subterranean gloom for aye remain.
 True, love will vanish from the earth; but where, I pray, the loss,
 Since hate no longer will exist our hearts to plague and cross?
 Heimdaller's Bifrost then will lose its variegated hue,
 No more display its gorgeous rays, red, yellow, green, and blue:

Those colours will together blend, and form a dingy grey;
And toads within their moss-grown pools will sing like thrushes gay.”
At this proposal Freya’s breast with indignation swell’d,
And thus with words of bitter scorn Lok’s project she repell’d:
“Were Freya to the giant’s land disposed to go with thee,
Must Freya terribly, forsooth, in want of husband be.”
But now the Asar, when the sun its earliest rays display’d,
Assemble all to hold the Ting beneath Yggdrassil’s shade.
There, to avoid temptation, they did not Lok invite:
But Lok to visit Heimdal went towards the rainbow bright:
Soft in his ear he whisper’d, gave counsel, swore that zeal
For Valhall had induced him that mission to fulfil:
“The gods,” said he, “I know, ’gainst me a strong aversion have,
But the whole thing, as thou perceiv’st, is of importance grave.
Thee judgment lacks not; my advice thou’st heard me frankly state;
Follow it, if it seem thee good: if not, reject it strait!
But whatsoever be resolv’d, let it be quickly done,
For execution the design should follow hard upon.
Heimdaller who had heard what past ’tween Lok and Thrymur grim
At th’ entrance of the grot, and knew, Lok did not lie this time,
Approved of the proposal, and took the counsel well:
The worm thus often pierceth the nut with hardest shell.”
Then Asa-Heimdal at the Ting thus spake aloud: “’Tis time
The giants’ pride to tame, methinks, and vanquish Jotunheim.
To raise them to the rank of gods, that oft we’ve done; thereby
Our strength we lost not: doth not Niord fierce Skada mollify?
And Ægir with his potent arm check Rana’s perfidy?
Young Gerda dotes upon her spouse; she’s full of charm and grace;
She gave Skidbladner to the gods; she’s of a better race:
Women with coal-black hair from her descend, within whose blood
The flame of love more ardent glows. Say! were not Lok a god,
What mischief might he not effect in regions void of light?
And hath not oft the moon bestow’d the power of day on night?
But should light’s ray, deserting heaven, descend into th’ abyss,
Would not for ever disappear our glory, strength, and bliss?
Shall we then Freya cede? ah no! by the great gods, I swear,
Valhall a joyless waste would prove, if Freya were not there.
Iduna’s fruit of health and youth accords, ’tis true, the power,
But Freya ’tis who sows the seed of love’s delightful flower:
We all admire her; when the gods she folds in her embrace,
The ecstasy that fills their soul what tongue hath power to trace?
And shall that lovely Disa depart from us for aye?
Shall mist for ever darken Folkvangur’s vivid ray?
And must that bosom soft and fair against the hairy breast
Of the rough giant throb, and by his rugged hand be prest?
Shall lips, which utter tones so mild, and soul unite with soul,
Be soil’d by the disgusting kiss of such a goblin foul?
Shall eyes, whose soul-subduing rays a power restless prove,
Be doom’d to contemplate a form impossible to love?
No! rather let Yggdrassil’s top in Nastrond’s marsh corrode,
Or Bifrost sink dissolv’d in dew to Ægir’s deep abode!
Myself, who on the brink of heaven must watchful stand in arms,
I can but catch a fleeting glimpse of Freya’s matchless charms:
But when, each morning, crown’d with flowers she o’er my bridge doth pass,
With fecundating smile the realm of mother Earth to grace,

With tenfold zeal inspired, in hand my Gialler-horn I take;
 Its joyous tones to love of life and strength mankind awake:
 Quitting his nest, then soars the lark towards the celestial height;
 A thousand carols to the world proclaim with loud delight,
 That Freya's soul-enchancing smile hath bless'd Heimdaller's sight."
 Heimdaller's words find no dissent: the Asars' hearts they move;
 And Freya's eyes rewarded him with such sweet looks of love,
 He blush'd like morn, when through night's veil the day begins to break:
 Tears glisten'd in his radiant eyes, and roll'd adown his cheek.
 Heimdaller then Lok's plan explained, and spoke: "Ye Asar high!
 His hammer Thor will ne'er regain, unless we mystify
 The amorous giant: as ye know, he seeks a bride more fair
 Than those he's been accustomed to, in his dark mountain lair.
 Unused to females, who possess grace, beauty, symmetry.
 To dupe the giant's senses coarse no arduous task would be.
 If Thor will but consent to dress in feminine attire,
 There is a bride at once most fit to cool the giant's fire!
 Let Thor like Freya be array'd: to further the deceit
 She'll not refuse, I trow, to lend the robes and jewels meet.
 Odin a lotion too can give of faculty divine
 To wash off all callosity and roughness from the skin.
 Thor then, with face as white as meal, and cheek as red as blood,
 Will lose his shaggy beard, 'tis true, but not his hardihood.
 Let the famed necklace Brising about his neck be wound;
 There in exchange for Miölnir a bride at once is found!
 Before his bosom two round stones we'll fix within his vest,
 And there, in outward form at least, appears a woman's breast!
 And these when wrapp'd in scarlet cloth, at the bare sight will fill
 With sulphur all the giant's veins, and cause his blood to thrill.
 A bonnet with a long white veil to grace his brows were meet;
 And bunch of keys, tied to his waist, the bridal dress complete.
 Lok too, as waiting-maid attired, with Thor shall bend his way
 To Utgard's realm: he'll not refuse, I guess, this part to play,
 Then, when Thor sits upon the couch in the dark giant's dome,
 When bearing Miölnir in their arms the black dwarfs forward come,
 When Thrymur, drunk with love, shall place the hammer on Thor's breast,
 What then Thor has to do, methinks, I need not here suggest.
 In Heimdal 'twere presumption great, by words or argument,
 To teach great Asa-Thor the use of his own instrument."
 With joy the Disar clapp'd their hands, and with each other vied,
 Delighted with the stratagem, to dress up Thor as bride.
 The gods indulge in hearty laugh; Yggdrassil flouts the sky;
 Its branches green wave o'er the roof of Valhall gloriously.
 Balder, Forsete, Mimer were absent from the Ting,
 And mightily this favour'd Lok's project. Drupner ring
 On Odin's finger dropp'd, indeed, on the grass others nine,
 And fain, to its construction true, would warn its lord divine:
 But the Asynior's laughter gay banish'd from Odin's breast
 All scruples; so that Loptur's guile he deem'd a harmless jest.
 Thor did indeed remonstrate: "How? as female, Thor appear?
 Unheard of! ne'er can I consent the female garb to wear."
 But Freya with her lily hand patted his cheek, and lo!
 All scruples vanished from his breast, all wrinkles from his brow.
 "Tis true," said Freya, "mortal man composed of wretched dust
 Must by his nature ever be a victim to mistrust;

Must ever guard himself against the influence of hate,
 Which ne'er the most illustrious deeds fails to calumniate;
 But Thor in Trudvang rules; who dare his acts divine arraign?
 Surely to aid a humorous freak his godhead cannot slain."
 Young Fulla, bearing Freya's robes, now enter'd in the hall;
 But Odin's hand must widen them; for Thor they were too small:
 But to give him a slender waist their utmost efforts fail,
 For he was stout, and would not move without his coat of mail.
 Now on his breast the two round stones 'twas Hermod's task to place;
 At this the fair Valkyrrior blush'd, and laugh'd, and hid their face.
 Now they suspend about his neck the necklace, Brising hight,
 With many a ruby rich adorn'd, and many a diamond bright.
 Now to the face and neck of Thor Odin applied his hand;
 All roughness vanish'd at the touch: white, delicate and bland
 Became his skin; no hue remain'd, which Thor could designate.
 Now round his brazen helm a cap with long white veil they plait;
 He don'd his gloves, and Megingard around his girdle laced,
 To act with force, when in his hand his Miölner should be placed.
 Now red they take to paint his cheek; they cut his nails; when drest,
 A sprig of whitethorn in full bloom they fasten to his breast.
 Now round the god travestied thus th' Asynior young and gay,
 Like children at a fav'rite game, delighted frisk and play:
 "O Thrymur! gallant Thrymur!" in chorus loud they chime,
 "Hast thou ne'er been love's vassal, thou'lt not escape this time."
 To harness now and yoke the goats was Tialf's peculiar care:
 Then Thor and Lok in female garb ascend the golden car.
 Thus down o'er Bifrost's dizzy height, in Freya's robes array'd,
 Drove Asa-Thor; a tinge of rose the vault of heav'n o'erspread.
 As the car pass'd, Heimdaller blew his horn in glorious style,
 The virgins nine salute the god with fascinating smile.
 Seen from the earth, like meteor bright the golden car appear'd;
 This time no thunder shook the poles; no forked lightnings glared:
 The car athwart the azure sky swift glided like a swan;
 Therein sat Tialfe, Asa-Lok, and Thor, the giants' bane.

CANTO XXIX. THE HAMMER OF THOR RECOVERED.

Seated in his golden car,
 Gliding swift as shooting star,
 Thor, with Loptur by his side,
 Towards the giant's dwelling hied.
 Lok on treason ever bent,
 Pleased his foes to circumvent,
 At the triumph of his guile
 Chuckled with malignant smile.
 Now tremble the rocks! they proceed on their way:
 The mountains a wide yawning entrance display!
 But only half open the portal was found;
 And a flame often flash'd through the darkness profound.
 Black as jet, but streak'd with flame,
 Thrymur to the portal came:
 There the giant proud and strong
 Tower'd amidst his vassal throng!
 On his brows a diadem
 Deck'd with many a brilliant gem.
 Now he greets, with conscious pride,

Graciously his beauteous bride.
At the porch as his life-guards six monarchs behold!
One glitt'ring in Silver; one flaming in Gold;
One in Iron dark blue; one in Copper bright red;
White in Tin was this chieftain; that, sable in Lead.
From the car the gods descend:
Thrymur see! his hand extend
To conduct his fancied spouse:
High his blood with passion glows.
Many a gloomy corridor
Must the Asar pass, before
They can reach the giant's throne,
Shining in the vast saloon.
Each gem, like a princess so fine and so fair,
Graced the hall: sprightly Ruby, gay Emerald was there;
Mild Sapphire, and Diamond so regal in mien:
Their splendid tiaras enliven the scene.
Through the humid caverns, where
Sunbeam ne'er hath cheer'd the air,
Thor moves onward, free from dread,
By his giant consort led.
Little dwarfs, the way to show,
Foremost march the gall'ries through,
Holding each a sulphur brand
Blazing in his rugged hand.
Half conceal'd in a corner, and far from the light,
There stand the shield-bearers, all ready for fight:
There was sour-featur'd Vitriol, and Arsenic fell,
Whose look would the stoutest assailant repel.
Like a little child in mien,
Pale and cross was Cobalt seen:
Oft it stared with ghastly frown,
Sitting on the gelid stone.
Through the hall its fetid breath
Spread around a scent of death:
Legs it had not, but a pad
Crown'd its venom-swelter'd head.
In the midst of the hall blazed a coal-cover'd pyre,
And the giants assembled in troops round the fire:
Cuirasses they wore on their hair-cover'd breasts,
And defiance they breath'd with their high-waving crests.
Echoing now the rocks among
Loud they chaunt a magic song:
Like the dismal yell its sound
Of the agonizing hound,
When its belly drips with gore
Torn by tusk of angry boar,
While his bowels o'er the plain,
Gasping short, he trails with pain.
Dame Hela two chieftains illustrious had sent
From her palace; they both were of regal descent:
Consumption, in gorgeous apparel array'd;
Plague, with spots on his robe, and all conquering blade.
Sole of all the giant race
Lok of Utgard did not grace

Thrymur's hall that marriage night:
Visions dire his mind affright.
Treason doth he apprehend;
Carrion scents his nose offend.
In a corner now was spread
Deck'd with skins the nuptial bed.
While all the old giants and infants were stow'd,
Wrapt in sleep, in the sov'reign of Utgard's abode,
Each grown male and female, each maiden and swain
To assist at the marriage of Thrymur remain.
Thor in silken robe array'd
Counterfeits the bashful maid:
Now his eyes he glanced around;
Now he fix'd them on the ground:
Now the two round stones inspire
Thrymur's breast with amorous fire.
Then the goblet-bearing swain
Enter'd midst the festive train.
Now with hydromel sparkling each goblet he fill'd;
Now into the hall rush'd the giants so wild:
With flames now the cheeks of each other they smutt'd,
And, like rams, with the horns on their temples they butt'd.
Eager now to join the feast
Towards the board each giant prest:
Much they stared the bride to see
Eat and drink so lustily:
Though he many a goblet drain'd,
Thor unsated still remain'd:
Still he for more liquor cries:
What a sight for Thrymur's eyes!
Scarce fill'd was Thor's goblet, he emptied it strait,
Though fill'd to the brim; a whole ox he ate,
Eight salmon to boot; and with marvellous speed
The husband of Sif swallow'd three tons of mead.
Then said Thrymur: "So much meat,
So much fish doth Freya eat?
So much beer? so much mead
Can she swallow? strange, indeed!
Who would not astonish'd be
Such a dainty dame to see
Drain each oft replenish'd bowl,
As 'twere but a thimble-full?"
But Lok, who as waiting-maid stood by the side
Of Thor, in excuse whisper'd Thrymur. "Thy bride
Eight nights without eating or drinking hath past,
And deep longing for thee was the cause of her fast."
Thrymur now at what he heard
Chuckled joyful in his beard:
See him with enamour'd mien
Towards his consort's bosom lean!
But Thor's flashing eyes subdued
Soon the lover's hardihood;
Quick the giant must retire
Aw'd by Aukthor's look of fire.
Then said Lok, from the giant all fears to remove:

“Her thoughts ever dwelling on Thrymur and love,
Poor Freya eight nights without sleeping hath past,
Hence her eyes are so red, and her brow overcast.”
Then a female black as coal,
With short frizzled hair like wool,
Enter’d in the festive hall;
Young was she, smooth skinn’d, and tall:
On her brows a crown she wore,
Emblem of her regal power:
While around her waist a zone
Deck’d with many a jewel shone.
“Come, sister! ’tis time (so a truce to your blushes)
To couch with your bridegroom on bed of dry rushes:
As consort of Thrymur I’ll hail thee at morn;
And many a gem shall thy temples adorn.”
Now to fetch the shaft divine,
Giant Thrymur made a sign.
“In the bosom of my bride
Be it placed!” the giant cried.
“’Tis the hour of midnight; now
Must be sworn the marriage vow:
Now by Miölnr’s iron bright
Mutual faith and troth we’ll plight.”
Scarce was utter’d the order, when in came a troop
Of dwarfs bearing Miölnr; and oft must they stoop:
Scarce sufficient were they, though their number was great.
And they gasp and they groan under Miölnr’s vast weight.
When the Asa held at last
In his hands the hammer fast,
Pleas’d was he its nib to view
Shining with reflection blue:
Then he raised his stature up
To the very cavern’s top:
Roll’d his eye-balls flashing flame!
Red, blood-red his cheek became!
The head-dress and veil from his helmet drop down;
Indignant he tore from his body the gown:
With the beard on his chin, and the scars on his breast,
The broad-shoulder’d champion as Thor stood confest!
Berserk fury in his eye,
Now he swung his arm on high!
While he dealt his deadly blows,
Higher still his courage rose.
Who shall now the carnage trace
Of the wretched Jotun race?
Ha! what bloody torrents roll
From each giant’s cloven skull!
When Thrymur was kill’d, arm’d with club and with spear,
Darting forth from their caverns fresh giants appear:
But Thor hammer’d round him as brisk as Vaulunder,
When he beats on his anvil the iron asunder.
Hrugner now, a man of stone,
Onward moved with haughty frown,
While his eyes with ghastly glow
Hurl’d defiance on the foe:

'Stead of heart, within his breast
Was a granite fragment placed;
Twas three-corner'd; there it stood
Void of feeling, void of blood.
And lo! for the giants a figure of clay
Of aspect ferocious now join'd in the fray!
His bosom was fill'd with the heart of a horse;
Strong and mighty it made him, and swift at the course.
Now 'gainst Hrugner naught alarm'd
Thor advanced with Miölner arm'd.
On the club of Hrugner, lo!
Thor inflicts a deadly blow!
With such energy 'twas given,
Hrugner's mace was piecemeal riven,
While its scatter'd fragments fall,
Frightful clatt'ring round the hall.
But the clay-fashion'd chieftain was Mokkurcalf hight:
He struck on his shield, and presumed on his might;
But, pierced by the sword of young Tialf in the fray,
The horse-fiend fell down with a horrible neigh.
Now was heard the dying moan,
Many a shriek and many a groan!
Thor was dreadful in his ire;
Naught could tame his warlike fire.
Thousand giants round him lay,
Victims of the bloody fray.
Down like tool of paviour fell
Miölner with a pond'rous peal.
Now, reeking with blood, sprang the treacherous Lok
'Mongst the wounded, like Nidding, their miseries to mock;
When he met with a giant all drench'd in his gore
And dying, he laugh'd, and he stabb'd him once more.
Now there reign'd a silence deep,
As when winds and billows sleep
On the coast: with gloomy mien
Thor beheld the frightful scene.
From the giants' dark abode,
Fill'd with mangled limbs and blood,
Every vital spark had fled:
All was silent! all was dead!
In vain all their courage the giants display;
With eyes closed in death, like mow'd rushes they lay:
Naught remain'd of their strength or their valour behind;
From their bodies hath fled the invincible mind.
As the lion, when his might
Hath victorious proved in fight,
Viewing now his vanquish'd prey
Breathless, bleeding, fore him lie,
With revenge no longer burns,
All his rage to pity turns,
And the beasts' high-minded chief
Ruminates in silent grief;
Thus Thor, when his fury was o'er, look'd and sigh'd
Deep in silence and pensive, his victims beside:
But Lok, like the lynx, from his lips licking gore,

Grinn'd with cruel delight, and still thirsted for more.

CANTO XXX. THE VALA'S PROPHECY.

As Thor sat silent, and the fight was o'er,
 Slow from the giants' blood a smoke arose,
 And white and thick the vapour spread itself!
 Trembling with guilt and fear Lok veil'd his face.
 At length the smoke, dissolving by degrees,
 Develop'd a gigantic female form:
 Silent she stood; her eyelids were half-closed;
 Her visage pale as death: through all the caves
 Glimmer'd a lurid flame. Upon the brow
 Of Lok glared visibly the stamp of crime.
 The mountain dame long contemplated Thor
 With look serene, though stern: the god remain'd
 Mournful and mute. At length a sigh exhaled
 Of deep compassion from her lab'ring breast:
 Grave was her aspect; in each feature reign'd
 The calm of peace: peculiar tenderness,
 Mix'd with severity, restrain'd her wrath.
 "Sad tidings have I to announce to thee,
 O Thor!" thus she began; "for thou hast soil'd
 Thy honour: Lok hath taught thee how to sin.
 But for a short time longer shalt thou bear
 Thy Miölnir: sore it grieves me to announce
 Thy fall, O Thor! for thou art good and brave,
 And dear to me for aye will be thy name.
 But the whole Ocean cannot wash away
 The rust that stains thy shield; then listen now
 Calmly to what I shall unfold, and learn
 From me thy future fate! Though all creation
 To ashes burn, yet that which is eternal
 No flame consumes; 'tis only the foul mask
 That bursts, and falls to dust.
 I sing to thee
 A song of heavy import, "the World's End."
 Into Valhalla's realm shall find its way
 Corruption leagued with pain: with splendour false
 Dazzled your eyes become, like those of man:
 This deeply moves the pious Balder's heart;
 He warns, but warns in vain; unheeded still
 Remains his counsel sage: the heavenly Frigga
 Now to a mere terrestrial Hertha sinks:
 In Freya's look voluptuousness alone
 Predominates and burns: ferocious Thor
 Becomes, and Odin weak: then Lok shall weave
 His woof of treach'ry and deceit: all things
 Forebode the fall of the degen'rate world:
 Frivolity with vice reigns close allied;
 Then bursts thy roof of pearl, O Breidablik!
 Lok in the dark the fatal arrow guides;
 Drown'd in fraternal blood affection lies:
 The corpse of Balder decks the pyre: the race
 Of Alfer disappear from Valaskialf:
 Peace is compell'd to abdicate her reign,

While war and pestilence rage uncontroll'd.
Now every day still more and more corrupt
Becomes the race of Askur; no respect
Is paid to oaths: i' th' hand of brutal force
The glaive tyrannic crushes and dethrones
Truth, piety, and justice: idols grim
Of stone, or wood, or brass, alone are worshipp'd,
Where whilom burnt a pure and holy flame.
Now men are sacrificed at Odin's shrine
Like cattle: many a gentle maiden drown'd
In Hertha's honour in the mystic grove.
Where then shall innocence protection find?
The probity so famed of th' olden time
Hath vanish'd from the earth: but Lok! thy joy
Shall be of short duration; thou shall fall
A victim to thy own insidious arts;
Thou first didst cruelty to th' Asar teach,
And cruel shall thy expiation be.
In a deep subterranean cave shall thou
Be captive held, and rage and foam in vain:
The Asar in their wrath shall seize and fasten
Thy body to a rock: one peak shall bear
Thy shoulder, one thy loins, and one thy knees.
No one for thee the smallest pity feels:
Thy sons each other shall, like wolves, devour,
And their intestines bind their guilty sire.
Yet true and faithful shall remain thy spouse,
And she alone; and though the serpents huge
Hang venom-breathing o'er thee, pair by pair,
Dropping their foam on thee but half alive,
Yet Sigyn's gentle nature shall not fail;
Assiduous she will stretch a vessel forth
To shelter from the dropping venom him,
Who once was dearly lov'd: the vase, when fill'd,
She carries out; then on thy fester'd wounds
And lips the poison falls; writhing with pain
Thou tremblest; at the shock earth trembles too.
Then Odin hurls his javelin wide around,
Slaying the wretched denizens of earth
To gorge himself with plunder: blood doth cleave
E'en to the robe of peace: where then repose
Can find the weary wand'rer? lo! Guldveige
Advances, goddess like! her shrine of gold
Is worshipp'd fervently o'er hill and vale.
She can the wildest wolf with fetters bind,
Yet she capricious to the worst of men
Accords her favours, and is prodigal
Of treasure to the vile and base alone.
Then is good counsel in Valhalla scarce,
For Mimer hath long since the sacred grove
Abandon'd in despair, and in a well
Dwells like a reptile. Odin, true, his eye
Has given in pledge to him, that he may see
More clear athwart the murkiness, but vain
The gift; more dim doth Mimer's sight become.

The vaults wide gaping of the rocks present
The aspect of a coffin! Nastrond's gulf
Opes its tremendous jaws, where serpents foul
Hiss and exhale their poison all around,
Mix'd with the flame of sulphur burning blue!
Into that gulf fall headlong down the men
Who never felt repentance; round their limbs
The speckled serpents coil, intent to bite:
Huge as an ox, with formidable spring
Conscience, the giant scorpion, tears the heart
Of th' vicious with its fangs: deep in their flesh
Fell Nidhög revels with insatiate tooth:
Flames crackle loud in the abyss profound,
And Bragur's harp divine is heard no more.
Down in Hvergelmer Elivagor roars;
On every coast by shipwreck lives are lost:
The ancient firs and oaks with branches bare
Uprooted lie: the moon is swallow'd up
By Maanegarm: the sun, like out-burnt coal,
Grows dark, while loud the giants' laugh resounds
To mock the Asar with insulting gibe.
Deep in the bosom of the mountain now
Shall Utgard-Lok his progeny excite
With eloquence indignant to avenge
The death of their forefathers. Fialar now,
The blood-red cock, is heard to crow! the dog
Yells loud and oft before the cave of Gnypa!
Then Hela opes her gates with frightful clang!
With golden helms, and yellow tresses bright
Wide streaming through the air, to battle ride
The proud Valkyrior: the decrees of fate
The Nornor now no longer can conceal.
Then days of tempest, war, and pestilence
And foul revolt arise: his brother's life
The brother spareth not: no mercy shows
Man, flush'd with battle, to his fellow man.
Shakes with affright Yggdrasil's top, and straight
Becomes the prey of flames! the Asar tremble,
And terror reigns upon their brows divine.
Sighs from the rack and groans re-echo loud
The miseries of the earth: upon the bridge
Heimdaller perch'd blows fearfully his horn
To rouse all nature to th' eternal strife;
While Jormundgardur lifts his head and hisses.
With vapours dark the rainbow, once so bright,
Becomes obscured: down ride the Asar: Bifrost
Breaks down with frightful crash: the sky sucks up
The vapour like a swamp: the heavens thus lose
Their brightest ornament; while Naglefare,
With giants fill'd, through noisome weed-choked marsh
Forces its way; the black flag at the mast
Triumphant waves; Lok, prince of Utgard, stands
Himself exulting at the prow, and calls
Aloud for battle! All the giant band
With clash of shields re-echo loud the cry!

Now Fenris breaks his chain; he howls aloud,
And hails the giants with applauding yell.
His foam covers the ocean; with affright
The stars fall headlong down from heav'n, and sink
With hissing noise, extinguish'd, in the sea.
Upon the waters all the fish lie dead:
Now slowly rising from the south advances
A column thick of vapour! joy pervades
The giants' hearts, when they behold the flame
Athwart the sultry vapour burning blue.
'Tis Surtur, whom the vast abyss sends forth,
Of the most frightful darkness puissant chief,
Grasping in both black hands his steel-blue glaive.
Now towards Valhalla's realm he seems to move;
Now towards the earth: he rolls along the sky,
And vapours foul, and howlings horrible
Conglomerate around his dusky brow.
But who 'gainst Surtur rushes to the fight?
'Tis Frey; but he turns pale, for now his sword
He hath not: hark! a trampling loud is heard
Of horses' hoofs: 'tis Odin; see! he hastes
To join the combat, boldly piercing through
The thickest of the fight: upon his front
The scars of Geirsodd bleed afresh: his steed
Is white; a golden crest gleams on his helm:
With Gugner arm'd he rushes on the wolf!
Alas! by Fenris' jaws Valhalla's lord
Is seiz'd and swallow'd up!—a morning ray
Of purple shines afar with glimm'ring light—
'Tis Odin's blood.—Now Frigga in the sky
Is seen wringing her hands, with aspect pale:
She strives grave Vidar's courage to excite:
Like whirlwind in the midst of vapour forth
She sends her son. Vidar no longer now
Keeps silence; fearfully he groans and sighs:
His eyes flash fire, but with extended jaws
Fenris, the wolf, rushes to meet his foe,
Gnashing his frightful teeth: but Vidar soon
O'ercomes the wolf, as were he but a whelp:
He throws him on his back, tears out his tongue,
And tramples him to death beneath his feet.
At length arrives a great important hour,
For now to vapour by the power of fire
The waters all dissolve, and the white sand
Of ocean's depth extreme is bared to view.
Now Jormundgardur feels the burning heat,
And writhes impatient with sensation strange,
Unused on land to fold himself in coils.
See with uplifted hammer Thor approach!
So fierce a combat ne'er was seen before:
The snake with cunning strives around the limbs
Of Thor, in brazen armour cased, to wind
His dark blue rings, while on the monster's scales
The hero's hammer deals repeated blows.
Long and uncertain lasts the awful fight;

At length is heard a hideous scream; for now
 Victorious Thor hath given the mortal blow,
 And tramples with his heel the monster's head.
 But in the agonies of death around
 The hero's feet the serpent winds his folds
 Still closer, and with venom-spreading foam
 Bedews the conqueror's front, and groans and dies.
 Thor stands victorious; but too soon grows pale;
 He staggers; now he rallies; now again
 Staggers nine paces; and sinks down in death!
 So heart-appalling is thy dying look,
 O Thor! th' Asynior all expire of grief:
 They feel it like a dagger in their heart.
 Garm destroys Tyr; but Tyr in dying pierces
 The monster's heart: now from his lurking-place,
 Like cat, springs Lok, and brandishes on high
 A sulfurous torch from Nastrond; on his brow
 Glitters a brazen helm: Heimdaller moves
 'Gainst him with sword uplifted, one blow strikes,
 And down to Nastrond sinks th' eternal foe.
 Then vanishes like colours in the night
 Heimdaller's self: the dwarfs are heard to sigh
 Deep in the rocks; they die of fright; yet shines
 Awhile the golden car of Thor; but soon
 It disappears: the two white goats expire.
 But lately gleam'd a feeble light, but now
 'Tis utterly extinguish'd: all creation
 Sinks overwhelm'd in one vast shower of blood.
 Alfader reigns once more sole lord of all.
 With mind reluctant hitherto have I
 A strain interpreted of presage dire,
 The world's destruction, and the Asar's fall.
 But listen now to a more pleasing theme,
 The hope and consolation that ensue!
 From ocean's depth a new-form'd earth shall spring!
 The azure wave reflect the new-spun grass!
 Again adown the rock the cataract fall,
 O'er which clouds fleeting pass, and eagles soar!
 On Ida's plain the Asar all assembled
 Again awake to new-framed life and joy!
 All recollection of the ancient strife
 Is banish'd from their minds; a new-born child,
 A graceful daughter hath the sun produced,
 Who shall upon her mother's well-known path
 All glorious move, but far more beautiful
 Than her, by all so dearly loved and prized.
 The human race shall likewise be restored
 To life from their long slumber: now awake
 Lif and Liftrasir, by the morning dew
 Refresh'd and nourish'd: then shall every grief
 Seem but remembrance of a painful dream.
 The Asar all shall to the grove repair,
 Where amidst flowers the crystal fountain streams:
 In all his glory will Alfader then
 Reveal himself to man; his buckler hold

On high, glitt'ring with runes, whose sense sublime
Shall shield his children from all future harm.
Tablets of gold, with golden counters deck'd,
Shall in the grass be found, where violets
Give fragrant odour: on each counter shines
Each thought and action of a human life.
The facts of old shall mere illusion prove,
And med'cine, what was whilom poison held.
The corn shall not the sower's toil require,
But spring spontaneous from the womb of earth:
No serpent lurk beneath the flower; all evil
Shall vanish: order, justice, truth and love
Eternally triumphant now shall reign.
Then high above Valhalla's roof extends
The dwelling of the blest, the glorious Gimle,
Pavilion of the Good; an edifice
Which naught can shake, naught injure or destroy.
There shall the tender heart of Balder find
True consolation; there shall he again
Embrace his brother Hædur: Bragur too
Shall press Iduna to his breast once more:
Freya again her long lost Odur meet:
Frey fold his faithful Gerda in his arms:
Thor Sif embrace. All hearts shall cease to bleed.
But Miölner is not to be found in Gimle:
Behold! with smile of love ineffable
Alfader gives to Thor a glaive, whose hilt
Shines forth in form of cross with lilies graced.
"Now," said the Vala, "have my lips reveal'd
All that time yet conceals: my solemn words
Ponder, O Thor! for I must now depart,
Recall'd by him, at whose behest I came."
Thus said, she sank into the yawning ground!
A fearful gust of wind howl'd through the rocks,
And in the cave Thor found himself alone:
His hammer in his bosom lay; at once
He recognized the fatal weapon. Tialfe
Lay slumb'ring by his side: in heaps around
The giants' bodies strew'd, all drench'd with gore;
Bore witness to the prowess he display'd.
Thor now again ascends to Valaskialf:
The Vala's revelation he imparts
To Odin: Odin and the Asar all
Silent remain, immers'd in thought profound!
Here ends my song about the Gods on high.

Wagner: Das Rheingold

FIRST SCENE

At the bottom of the Rhine

A greenish twilight, lighter above than below. The upper part is filled with undulating water, which streams respectively from right to left. Towards the bottom the waves resolve themselves into a mist which grows finer as it descends, so that a space, as high as a mans body from the ground, appears to be quite free from the water, which floats like a train of clouds over the gloomy stretch below. Steep rocky peaks jut up everywhere from the depths, and enclose the entire stage. The ground is a wild confusion of jagged rocks, no part of it being quite level, and on every side deeper fissures are indicated by a still denser gloom. Woglinde circles with graceful swimming movements round the central rock.

WOGLINDE

Weia! Waga!

Roll, O ye billows,

Rock ye our cradle!

Wagala weia!

Wallala, weiala, weia!

WELLGUNDE [*From above.*

Woglinde, watchest alone?

WOGLINDE

If Wellgunde came we were two.

WELLGUNDE [*Dives down to the rock.*

How keepest thou watch?

WOGLINDE [*Swimming off, eludes her.*

Wary of thee.

[*They playfully tease and chase one another.*

FLOSSHILDE [*From above.*

Heiaha weia!

Ho! ye wild sisters!

WELLGUNDE

Flosshilde, swim!

Woglinde flies:

Help me to hinder her flying.

FLOSSHILDE [*Dives down between the two at play.*

The sleeping gold

Badly ye guard;

Watch with more zeal

The slumberer's bed,

Or dear you'll pay for your sport!

[*They swim asunder with merry cries. Flosshilde tries to catch the one, then the other. They elude her, and then combine to chase her, darting like fish from rock to rock with jests and laughter. Meanwhile Alberich climbs out of a dark ravine on to a rock. He pauses, still surrounded by darkness, and watches the frolic of the Rhine-Maidens with increasing pleasure.*

ALBERICH

Hey, hey! ye nixies!

Ye are a lovely,

Lovable folk!

From Nibelheim's night

Fain would I come,

Would ye be kind to me.

[*The maidens, as soon as they hear Alberich's voice, stop playing.*

WOGLINDE

Hei! Who is there?

WELLGUNDE

A voice! It grows dark!

FLOSSHILDE

Who listens below?

[*They dive down and see the Nibelung.*

WOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE

Fie! the loathsome one!

FLOSSHILDE [*Swimming up quickly.*

Look to the gold!

Father warned us

Of such a foe.

[*Both the others follow her, and all three gather quickly round the central rock.*

ALBERICH

You above there!

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

What wouldst thou below there?

ALBERICH

Do I spoil sport

By standing and gazing here?

Dived ye but deeper,

Fain the Niblung

Would join in your frolic and play.

WELLGUNDE

He wishes to join us?

WOGLINDE

Is he in jest?

ALBERICH

Ye gleam above me

So glad and fair!

If one would only

Glide down, how close in my arms

Fondly clasped she would be!

FLOSSHILDE

I laugh at my fears:

The foe is in love.

WELLGUNDE

The amorous imp!

WOGLINDE

Let us approach him.

[She sinks down to the top of the rock, whose base Alberich has reached.]

ALBERICH
Lo! one of them comes!

WOGLINDE
Climb up to me here!

ALBERICH
[Climbs with gnome-like agility, though with repeated checks, to the summit of the rock. Irritably.]

Horrid rock,
So slippery, slimy!
I slide and slip!
My hands and feet vainly
Attempt to hold on
To the slithery surface!
Vapour damp
Fills up my nostrils—
Accursed sneezing!

[He has got near Woglinde.]

WOGLINDE *[Laughing.]*
Sneezing tells
That my suitor comes!

ALBERICH
Be thou my love!
Adorable child!

[He tries to embrace her.]

WOGLINDE *[Escaping from him.]*
Here thou must woo,
If woo me thou wilt!

[She swims up to another rock.]

ALBERICH *[Scratching his head.]*
Alas! not yet caught?
Come but closer!
Hard I found
What so lightly thou didst.

WOGLINDE *[Swims to a third rock lower down.]*
Deeper descend:
Thou'lt certainly seize me!

ALBERICH *[Clammers down quickly.]*
Down there it is better!

WOGLINDE *[Darts upwards to a higher rock at the side.]*
But better still higher!

WELLGUNDE AND FLOSSHILDE *[Laughing]*
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERICH
How capture this coy,
Elusive fish?
Wait for me, false one!

[He tries to climb after her in haste.]

WELLGUNDE
[Has sunk down to a lower rock on the other side.]

Heia! my friend there!
Dost thou not hear?

ALBERICH *[Turning round.]*
What? Didst thou call?

WELLGUNDE
Be counselled by me:
Forsake Woglinde,

Climb up to me now!

ALBERICH
[Climbs hastily over the river-bottom towards Wellgunde.]

Thou art more comely
Far than that coy one;
Her sheen is duller,
Her skin too smooth.
But thou must deeper
Dive to delight me!

WELLGUNDE
[Sinking down till she is a little nearer him.]

Well, now am I near?

ALBERICH
Not near enough.
Thine arms around me
Tenderly throw,
That I may fondle
Thy neck with my fingers,
And closely may cling
To thy bosom with love and with longing.

WELLGUNDE
Art thou in love?
For love art thou pining?
Approach and show me
Thy face and thy form.
Fie! thou horrible
Hunchback, for shame!
Swarthy, horny-skinned
Rogue of a dwarf!
Find thou a sweetheart
Fonder than I!

ALBERICH
[Tries to detain her by force]

I may not be fair,
But fast I can hold!

WELLGUNDE
[Swimming up quickly to the middle rock.]

Hold firm, or I will escape!

WOGLINDE AND FLOSSHILDE *[Laughing.]*
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERICH *[Angrily calling after Wellgunde.]*
Fickle maid!
Bony, cold-blooded fish!
Fair if I seem not,
Pretty and playful,
Smooth and sleek—
Hei! if I am so loathsome
Give thy love to the eels!

FLOSSHILDE
What ails thee, dwarf?
Daunted so soon?
Though two have been wooed,
Still a third waits thee,
Solace sweet
Fain at a word to grant!

ALBERICH
Soothing song
Sounds in my ear!
’Twas well I found

Three and not one!
 The chance is I charm one of many,
 Whilst, single, no one would choose me!
 Hither come gliding,
 And I will believe!

FLOSSHILDE [*Dives down to Alberich.*
 How senseless are ye,
 Silly sisters,
 Not to see he is fair!

ALBERICH [*Hastening towards her.*
 I well may deem them
 Dull and ill-favoured,
 Seeing how lovely thou art!

FLOSSHILDE
 Sing on! Thy song,
 So soft and sweet,
 Entrancing sounds in my ear!

ALBERICH [*Caressing her with confidence.*
 My heart burns
 And flutters and fails,
 Flattered by praises so sweet!

FLOSSHILDE [*Gently resisting him.*
 Thy grace and beauty
 Make glad my eye;
 And thy smile refreshes
 My soul like balm

[*She draws him tenderly towards her.*

Dearest of men!

ALBERICH
 Sweetest of maids!

FLOSSHILDE
 Wert thou but mine!

ALBERICH
 Wert mine for ever!

FLOSSHILDE [*Ardently.*
 To be pierced by thy glance,
 To be pricked by thy beard,
 To see and to feel them for aye!
 Might thy hair hard as bristles
 Flow ever more
 Enraptured Flosshilde wreathing!
 And thy form like a frog's,
 And the croak of thy voice—
 O could I, dumb with amaze,
 Marvel forever on these!

WOGLINDE and WELLGUNDE
 [*Dive down close to them and laugh.*

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERICH [*Starting in alarm.*
 Wretches, dare ye thus scoff?

FLOSSHILDE [*Suddenly darting away from him.*
 A suitable end to the song.

[*She swims up quickly with her sisters.*

WOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE [*Laughing.*
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERICH [*In a wailing voice.*

Woe's me! Ah, woe's me!
 Alas! Alas!
 The third one, so dear,
 Does she too betray?
 O sly and shameful
 Worthless and dissolute wantons!
 Live ye on lies
 Alone, O ye false nixie brood?

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS
 Wallala! Wallala!
 Lalalelai leialalei!
 Heia! Heia! ha! ha!
 Shame on thee goblin,
 Scolding down yonder!
 Cease, and do as we bid thee!
 Faint-hearted wooer,
 Why couldst not hold
 The maid, when won, more fast?
 True are we,
 And troth we keep
 With lovers when once caught.
 Grasp then and hold;
 Away with all fear!
 In the waves we scarce can escape.
 Wallala!
 Lalaleia! Leialalei!
 Heia! Heia! Ha hei!

[*They swim apart hither and thither, now lower, now higher, to provoke Alberich to give chase.*

ALBERICH
 Fiercely within me
 Passionate fires
 Consume and flame!
 Love and fury,
 Wild, resistless,
 Lash me to frenzy!
 So laugh and lie your fill—
 One of you I desire,
 And one must yield to my yearning!

[*He starts chasing them with desperate energy. He climbs with terrible agility, and, springing from rock to rock, tries to catch one maiden after another. They keep eluding him with mocking laughter. He stumbles and falls into the abyss, and clambers up quickly again and resumes the chase. They sink down a little towards him; he almost reaches them, but falls, back again, and once more tries to catch them. At last he pauses out of breath, and, foaming with rage, stretches his clenched fist up towards the maidens.*

ALBERICH
 If but this fist had one!

[*He remains speechless with rage, gazing upwards, when he is suddenly attracted and arrested by the following spectacle. Through the water a light of continually increasing brilliance breaks from above, and, at a point near the top of the middle rock, kindles to a radiant and dazzling golden gleam. A magical light streams from this through the waves.*

WOGLINDE
 Look, sisters!
 The wakener laughs to the deep.

WELLGUNDE
 Through the billows green
 The blissful slumberer greets.

FLOSSHILDE
 He kisses the eyelid,
 Making it open;
 Bathed in splendour,
 Behold it smiles,
 Sending, like a star,
 Gleaming light through the waves.

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

[Swimming gracefully round the cliff together.

Heia jaheia!
 Heia jaheia!
 Wallala la la la leia jahei!
 Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold!
 Radiant delight,
 How glorious and glad thy smile,
 Over the water
 Shooting effulgence afar!
 Heia jahei!
 Heia jaheia!
 Waken, friend!
 Wake in joy!
 That we may please thee,
 Merry we'll play,
 Waters afire,
 Billows aflame,
 As, blissfully bathing,
 Dancing and singing,
 We dive and encircle thy bed!
 Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold!
 Heia jaheia!
 Heia jaheia!
 Wallala la la la heia jahei!

[With increasing mirthful abandonment the maidens swim round the rock. The water is filled with a glimmering golden light.

ALBERICH

[Whose eyes, strongly attracted by the radiance, stare fixedly at the gold.

What is it, sleek ones,
 That yonder gleams and shines?

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS
 Where dost thou hail from, O churl,
 Of the Rhinegold not to have heard?

WELLGUNDE
 Knows not the elf
 Of the famed eye golden
 That wakes and sleeps in turn?

WOGLINDE
 Of the star resplendent
 Down in the depths
 Whose light illumines the waves?

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS *[Together]*
 See how gaily
 We glide in the glory!
 Wouldst thou also
 Be bathed in brightness,
 Come, float and frolic with us!
 Wallala la la leia lalei!
 Wallala la la leia jahei!

ALBERICH
 Has the gold no value
 Apart from your games?
 It were not worth getting!

WOGLINDE
 He would not scoff,
 Scorning the gold,
 Did he but know all its wonders!

WELLGUNDE
 That man surely
 The earth would inherit
 Who from the Rhinegold

Fashioned the ring
 Which measureless power imparts.

FLOSSHILDE
 Our father told us,
 And strictly bade us
 Guard with prudence
 The precious hoard
 That no thief from the water might steal it.
 Be still, then, chattering fools.

WELLGUNDE
 O prudent sister,
 Why chide and reproach?
 Hast thou not heard
 That one alone
 Can hope to fashion the gold?

WOGLINDE
 Only the man
 Who love defies,
 Only the man
 From love who flies
 Can learn and master the magic
 That makes a ring of the gold.

WELLGUNDE
 Secure then are we
 And free from care:
 For love is part of living;
 No one would live without loving.

WOGLINDE
 And least of all he,
 The languishing elf,
 With pangs of love
 Pining away.

FLOSSHILDE
 I fear him not
 Who should surely know,
 By his savage lust
 Almost inflamed.

WELLGUNDE
 A brimstone brand
 In the surging waves,
 In lovesick frenzy
 Hissing loud.

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS *[Together]*
 Wallala! Wallaleia la la!
 Join in our laughter,
 Lovable elf!
 In the golden glory
 How gallant thy sheen!
 O come, lovely one, laugh as we laugh!
 Heia jaheia!
 Heia jaheia!
 Wallala la la la leia jahei!

[They swim, laughing, backwards and forwards in the light.

ALBERICH

[His eyes fixed on the gold, has listened attentively to the sisters rapid chatter.

Could I truly
 The whole earth inherit through thee?
 If love be beyond me
 My cunning could compass delight?

[In a terribly loud voice.

Mock away! Mock!
 The Niblung makes for your toy!

[Raging he springs on to the middle rock, and clambers to the top. The maidens scatter, screaming, and swim upwards on different sides.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Heia! Heia!heia jahei!
 Save yourselves!
 The elf is distraught!
 Swirling waters splash
 At every leap:
 The creature's crazy with love!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERICH

[Reaching the top with a last spring.]

Still undismayed?
 Go, wanton in darkness.
 Water-born brood!

[He stretches his hand out towards the gold.]

My hand quenches your light;
 I tear the gold from the rock;
 Forged be the ring for revenge!
 Bear witness, ye floods—
 I forswear love and curse it!

[He tears the gold from the rock with terrific force, and immediately plunges with it into the depths, where he quickly disappears. Sudden darkness envelops the scene. The maidens dive down after the robber.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Seize the despoiler!
 Rescue the gold!
 Help us! Help us!
 Woe! Woe!

[The water sinks with them. From the lowest depth Alberich's shrill, mocking laughter rings up. The rocks are hidden by impenetrable darkness. The whole stage from top to bottom is filled with black waves, which for some time appear to sink even lower.]

SECOND SCENE

The waves have gradually changed into clouds which, becoming lighter and lighter by degrees, finally disperse in a fine mist. As the mist vanishes upwards in light little clouds an open space on a mountain height becomes visible in the dim light which precedes dawn. At one side Wotan with Fricka beside him both asleep, lie on a flowery bank. The dawning day illumines with increasing brightness a castle with glittering pinnacles which stands on the summit of a cliff in the background. Between this and the foreground a deep valley is visible through which the Rhine flows.

FRICKA

[Awakes; her gaze falls on the castle, which has become plainly visible; alarmed.]

Wotan! My lord! Awaken!

WOTAN *[Continuing to dream.]*
 The happy hall of delight
 Is guarded by gate and door:
 Manhood's honour,
 Power for aye,
 Rise to my lasting renown!

FRICKA *[Shakes him.]*
 Up from deceitful
 Bliss of a dream!
 My husband, wake and consider!

WOTAN

[Awakes and raises himself slightly. His glance is immediately arrested by the view of the castle.]

The walls everlasting are built!
 On yonder summit
 The Gods' abode
 Proudly rears
 Its radiant strength!
 As I nursed it in dream
 And desired it to be,
 Strong it stands,
 Fair to behold,
 Brave and beautiful pile!

FRICKA

While thou rejoicest,
 Joyless am I.
 Thou hast thy hall;
 My heart fears for Freia.
 Heedless one, hast thou forgotten
 The price that was to be paid?
 The work is finished,
 And forfeit the pledge:
 Hast thou then no care for the cost?

WOTAN

My bargain well I remember
 With them who built the abode.
 'Twas a pact tamed them,
 The obstinate race,
 So that this hallowed
 Hall they have built me.
 It stands—the strong ones' doing:—
 Fret not thou, counting the cost.

FRICKA

O laughing, insolent lightness!
 Mirth how cruel and callous!
 Had I but known of thy pact,
 The trick had never been played;
 But far from your counsels
 Ye men kept the women,
 That, deaf to us and in peace,
 Alone ye might deal with the giants.
 So without shame
 Ye promised them Freia,
 Freia, my beautiful sister,
 Proud of playing the thief.
 What remains holy
 Or precious to men
 Once grown greedy of might?

WOTAN *[Calmly.]*

From such greed
 Was Fricka then free
 Herself when the castle she craved?

FRICKA

I was forced to ponder some means
 To keep my husband faithful,
 True to me when his fancy
 Tempted him far from his home.
 Halls high and stately,
 Decked to delight thee,
 Were to constrain thee
 To peaceful repose.
 But thou hadst the work designed
 Intent on war alone;
 It was to add
 More to thy might still,
 To stir up to tumult still fiercer
 That built were the towering walls

WOTAN

Wouldst thou, O Wife!
 In the castle confine me,

To me, the god, must be granted,
Faithful at home,
The right to wage war
And conquer the world from without.
Ranging and changing
All men love:
That sport at least thou must leave me.

FRICKA

Cold, hard-hearted,
Merciless man!
For the idle baubles,
Empire and sway,
Thou stakest in insolent scorn
Love and a woman's worth!

WOTAN

When I went wooing, to win thee
I staked ungrudging,
Gladly one of my eyes:
What folly now then to scold!
Women I honour
Beyond thy desire!
I will not abandon
Frei, the fair:
Such never was my intent.

FRICKA

[*Anxiously looking towards a point not on the stage.*]

Then succour her now:
Defenceless, in fear,
Hither she hastens for help!

FREIA

[*Enters as if flying from someone.*]

Help me, sister!
Shield me, o brother!
From yonder mountain
Menaces Fasolt:
He comes to bear me off captive.

WOTAN

Let him come!
Sawest thou Loge?

FRICKA

To this tricky deceiver
O why wilt thou trust?
He always snares thee anew,
Though from his snares thou hast suffered.

WOTAN

I ask for no aid
Where simple truth suffices;
But to turn the spite
Of foes to profit,
Craft and cunning alone
Can teach, as by Loge employed.
He whose advice I obeyed
Has promised ransom for Freia:
On him my faith I have fixed.

FRICKA

And art left in the lurch.
The giants come.
Lo! hither they stride:
Where lingers now thine ally?

FREIA

Where tarry ye, my brothers,
When help ye should bring me,

Weak and bartered away by my kin?
O help me, Donner!
Hither! Hither!
Rescue Freia, my Froh!

FRICKA

Now the knaves who plotted and tricked thee
Abandon thee in thy need.

[*Fasolt and Fafner, both of gigantic stature, enter, armed with stout clubs.*]

FASOLT

Soft sleep
Sealed thine eyes
While we, both sleepless,
Built the castle walls:
Working hard
Wearied not,
Heaping, heaving
Heavy stones.
Tower steep,
Door and gate
Keep and guard
Thy goodly castle halls.

[*Pointing to the castle.*]

There stands
What we builded,
Shining fair
Beneath the sun.
Enter in
And pay the price!

WOTAN

Name, Workers, your wage.
What payment will appease you?

FASOLT

We made the terms
That seemed to us meet.
Hast thou forgot so soon?
Freia, the fair one,
Holda, the free one—
The bargain is
We bear her away.

WOTAN [*Quickly.*]

Ye must be mad
To moot such a thing!
Ask some other wage;
Freia I will not grant.

FASOLT

[*Stands for a space speechless with angry surprise.*]

What is this? Ha!
Wouldest deceive?—
Go back on thy bond?
What thy spear wards
Are they but sport,
All the runes of solemn bargain?

FAFNER

O trusty brother!
Fool, dost now see the trick?

FASOLT

Son of light,
Light, unstable,
Hearken! Have a care!
In treaties keep thou troth!
What thou art
Thou art only by treaties,

For, built on bonds,
 There are bounds to thy might.
 Though cunning thou,
 More clever than we:
 Though we once freemen,
 Are pledged to peace,
 CursÁld be all thy wisdom;—
 Peaceful promises perish!—
 Wilt thou not open,
 Honest and frank
 Stand fast by a bargain once fixed.
 A stupid giant
 Tells thee this:
 O wise one, take it from him!

WOTAN
 How sly to judge us serious
 When plainly we were but jesting!
 The beautiful Goddess
 Light and bright—
 For churls what charm could she have?

FASOLT
 Jeerest thou?
 Ha! how unjust!
 Ye who by beauty rule,
 Proud and radiant race!
 How foolish, striving
 For towers of stone,
 Woman's love to pledge—
 Price of walls and of halls!
 We dolts, despising ease,
 Sweating with toil-hardened hands,
 Have worked, that a woman
 With gentle delight
 In our midst might sojourn
 And ye call the pact a jest?

FAFNER
 Cease thy childish chatter;
 No gain look we to get.
 Freia's charms
 Mean little;
 But it means much,
 If from the Gods we remove her.
 Golden apples
 Ripen within her garden;
 She alone
 Grows the apples and tends them.
 The goodly fruit
 Gives to her kinsfolk,
 Who eat thereof,
 Youth everlasting.
 Sick and pale,
 Their beauty would perish,
 Old and weak,
 Wasting away,
 Were not Freia among them.

[Roughly.]

From their midst, therefore, Freia must forth!

WOTAN *[Aside.]*
 Loge lingers long!

FASOLT
 We wait for thy word!

WOTAN
 Ask some other wage!

FASOLT

No other: Freia alone!

FAFNER
 Thou there, follow us!

[Fafner and Fasolt press towards Freia. Froh and Donner enter in haste.]

FREIA
 Help! Help from the harsh ones!

FROH *[Clasping Freia in his arms.]*
 To me, Freia!

[To Fafner.]

Back, overbold one!
 Froh shields the fair one!

DONNER *[Confronting the giants.]*
 Fasolt and Fafner,
 Have ye not felt
 With what weight my hammer falls?

FAFNER
 What means thy threat?

FASOLT
 What wouldst thou here?
 No strife we desire;
 We want but our due reward.

DONNER
 Oft I've doled out
 Giants their due:
 Come, your reward is here
 Waiting, full measure and more!

[He swings his hammer.]

WOTAN

[Stretching out his spear between the combatants.]

Hold, thou fierce one!
 Nothing by force!
 All bonds and treaties
 My spear protects;
 Spare then thy hammer's haft!

FREIA
 Woe's me! Woe's me!
 Wotan forsakes me!

FRICKA
 Can such be thy thought,
 Merciless man?

WOTAN

[Turns away and sees Loge coming.]

There comes Loge!
 Hot is thy haste
 Smoothly to settle
 Thy sorry, badly-made bargain!

LOGE

[Has come up out of the valley in the background.]

What is this bargain
 That I am blamed for?—
 The one with the giants
 That thou thyself didst decide?
 O'er hill and o'er hollow
 Drives me my whim;
 House and hearth
 I do not crave.
 Donner and Froh,

They dream but of roof and room:
 Wedding, must have
 A home in which to dwell,
 A stately hall,
 A fortress fast.
 It was such Wotan wished.
 Hall and house,
 Castle, court,
 The blissful abode
 Now stands complete and strong.
 I proved the lordly
 Pile myself;
 In fear of flaws,
 Scanning it close.
 Fasolt and Fafner
 Faithful I found;
 Firm-bedded is each stone.
 I was not slothful
 Like many here:
 Who calls me sluggard, he lies!

WOTAN
 Cunningly
 Thou wouldst escape!
 Warned be, and wisely
 Turn from attempts to deceive.
 Of all the Gods
 I alone stood by thee
 As thy friend,
 In the gang that trusted thee not.
 Now speak, and to the point!
 For when the builders at first
 As wage Freia demanded,
 I gave way only,
 Trusting thy word
 When thou didst solemnly promise
 To ransom the noble pledge.

LOGE
 Perplexed to puzzle,
 Plans to ponder
 For its redeeming—
 That promise I gave;
 But to discover
 What cannot be,
 What none can do,
 No man can possibly promise.

FRICKA
 See the treacherous
 Rogue thou didst trust!

FROH
 Named art Loge,
 But liar I call thee!

DONNER
 Accurs! Æld flame,
 I will quench thy fire!

LOGE
 From their shame to shelter,
 Foolish folk flout me.

[Donner threatens to strike Loge.]

WOTAN
[Stepping between them.]

Forbear and let him alone!
 Ye wot not Loge's wiles.
 His advice,
 Given slowly, gains
 Both in weight and in worth.

FAFNER
 Do not dally;
 Promptly pay!

FASOLT
 Long waits our reward.

WOTAN
[Turns sternly to Loge.]
 Speak up surly one!
 Fail me not!
 How far hast thou ranged and roamed?

LOGE
 Still with reproach
 Is Loge paid!
 Concerned but for thee,
 Thorough and swift,
 I searched and ransacked
 To the ends of the earth
 To find a ransom for Freia
 Fair to the giants and just.
 In vain the search,
 Convincing at last
 That the world contains
 Nothing so sweet
 That a man will take it instead
 Of woman's love and delight.

[All seem surprised and taken aback.]

Where life moves and has being,
 In water, earth and air
 I questioned,
 Asking of all things,
 Where weak still is strength,
 And germs only stirring,
 What men thought dear—
 And stronger deemed—
 Than woman's love and delight.
 But where life moves and has being
 My questions met
 But with laughter and scorn.
 In water, earth and air
 Woman and love
 Will none forego.

[Varied gestures of amazement.]

One man, one only,
 I met who, renouncing love,
 Prized ruddy gold
 Above any woman's grace.
 The Rhine's pure-gleaming children
 Told me of their sorrow.
 The Nibelung,
 Night-Alberich,
 Wooed for the favour
 Of the swimmers in vain,
 And vengeance took,
 Stealing the Rhinegold they guard.
 He thinks it now
 A thing beyond price,
 Greater than woman's grace.
 For their glittering toy
 Thus torn from the deep
 The sorrowful maids lamented.
 They pray, Wotan,
 Pleading to thee,
 That thy wrath may fall on the robber
 The gold too
 They would have thee grant them
 To guard in the water for ever.

Loge promised
The maidens to tell thee,
And, keeping faith, he has told.

WOTAN
Dull thou must be
Or downright knavish!
In parlous plight myself,
What help have I for others?

FASOLT
[Who has been listening attentively, to Fafner.]

The Niblung has much annoyed us;
I greatly grudge him this Rhinegold;
But such his craft and cunning,
He has never been caught.

FAFNER
Other malice
Ponders the Niblung;
Gains he might from gold
Listen, Loge!
Tell us the truth.
What wondrous gift has the gold,
That the dwarf desires it so?

LOGE
A plaything,
In the waves providing
Children with laughter and sport,
It gives, when to golden
Ring it is rounded,
Power and might unmatched;
It wins its owner the world.

WOTAN [*Thoughtfully.*]
Rumours I have heard
Of the Rhinegold;
Runes of riches
Hide in its ruddy glow;
Pelf and power
Are by the ring bestowed.

FRICKA [*Softly to Loge.*]
Could this gaud,
This gleaming trinket
Forged from the gold,
Be worn by a woman too?

LOGE
The wife who wore
That glittering charm
Never would lose
Her husband's love—
That charm which dwarfs are welding,
Working in thrall to the ring.

FRICKA [*Coaxingly to Wotan.*]
O could but my husband
Come by the ring!

WOTAN
[As if falling more and more under the influence of a spell.]

Methinks it were wisdom,
Won I the ring to my service.
But say, Loge,
How shall I learn
To forge and fashion it true?

LOGE

A magic rune
Can round the golden ring.
No one knows it,
Yet plain the spell to him
Who happy love forswears.

[Wotan turns away in annoyance.]

That suits thee not;
Thou art too late too.
Alberich did not delay;
Fearless he mastered
The potent spell,

[Harshly.]

And wrought aright was the ring.

DONNER [*To Wotan.*]
We should all be
Under the dwarf,
Were not the ring from him wrested.

WOTAN
The ring I must capture!

FROH
Lightly now,
Without cursing love it were won.

LOGE [*Harshly.*]
Just so:
Without guile, as in children's games!

WOTAN
Then tell us how.

LOGE
By theft!
What a thief stole
Steal thou from the thief;
How better could object be won?
But with baleful arms
Battles Alberich.
Wary, wise
Must be thy scheming,
If the thief thou wouldst confound,

[With warmth.]

And restore the ruddy
And golden toy,
The Rhinegold, to the maidens.
For this they pray and implore.

WOTAN
The river-maidens?
What profit were mine?

FRICKA
Of that billow-born brood
Bring me no tidings,
For they have wooed
To my woe
Full many a man to their caves.

[Wotan stands silent, struggling with himself. The other Gods gaze at him in mute suspense. Fafner, meanwhile, has been consulting aside with Fasolt.]

FAFNER [*To Fasolt*]
Worth far more than Freia
Were the glittering gold.
Eternal youth, too, were his
Who could use the charm in its quest.

[Fasolt's gestures indicate that he is being convinced against his will. Fafner and Fasolt approach Wotan again.]

FAFNER

Hear, Wotan,
Our word while we wait;
Freia we will restore you,
And will take
Paltrier payment:
The Niblung's red-gleaming gold
Will guerdon us giants rude.

WOTAN

Ye must be mad!
With what I possess not
How can I, shameless ones, pay you?

FAFNER

Hard labour
Went to those walls;
How easy
With fraud-aided force
(What our malice never achieved)
The Niblung to break and bind!

WOTAN [*More quickly.*]

Why should I make
War on the Niblung?—
Fight, your foe to confound?
Insolent
And greedily grasping
Dolts you grow through my debt!

FASOLT

[*Suddenly seizes Freia and drags her to one side with Fafner.*]

Maiden, come!
We claim thee ours!
As pledge thou shalt be held
Till the ransom is paid.

FREIA [*Screaming.*]

Woe's me! Woe's me! Woe!

FAFNER

From your midst
We bear her forth!
Till evening—mark it well!—
As a pledge she is ours.
We will return then.
But when we come,
If the Rhinegold be not ready,
The Rhinegold bright and red—

FASOLT

The respite is ended,
Freia is forfeit
And bides among us for aye!

FREIA

Sister! Brothers!
Save me! Help!

[*The giants hasten off, dragging Freia with them.*]

FROH

Up! Follow fast!

DONNER

Fall now the heavens!

[*They look inquiringly at Wotan.*]FREIA [*In the distance.*]

Save me! Help!

LOGE [*Looking after the giants.*]

Downward over stock and stone
Striding they go;
Through the ford across the Rhine
Wade now the robbers.
Sad at heart
Hangs Freia,
Thrown rudely over rough shoulders!
Heia! hei!
The louts, how they lumber along!
Through the Rhine valley they reel.
Not till Riesenheim's march
Is reached will they rest!

[*He turns to the Gods.*]

How darkly Wotan doth dream!
What ails the high, happy Gods?

[*A pale mist, gradually increasing in density, fills the stage. Seen through it the Gods look more and more wan and aged. All stand in dismay and apprehension regarding Wotan, whose eyes are fixed broodingly on the ground.*]

LOGE

Does a mist mock me?
Tricks me a dream?
Dismayed and wan,
How swiftly ye fade!
Lo! the bloom forsakes your cheeks,
And quenched is the light of your eyes!
Courage, Froh!
Day's but begun!
From thy hand, Donner,
The hammer is falling!
And why frets Fricka?
Sees she with sorrow
That Wotan's hair, growing grey,
Has made him gloomy and old?

FRICKA

Woe's me! Woe's me!
What does it mean?

DONNER

My hand sinks down.

FROH

My heart stands still.

LOGE

I have it: hear what ye lack!
Of Freia's fruit
Ye have not partaken to-day.
The golden apples
Within her garden
Restored you your strength and your youth,
Ate ye thereof each day.
The garden's guardian
In pledge has been given.
On the branches dries
And droops the fruit,
To drop soon and decay.
My loss is lighter,
For still did Freia,
Stingy to me,
Stint the delectable fruit.
Not half as godlike
Am I, ye high ones, as you!

[*Freely, but quickly and harshly.*]

But ye trusted solely
To the fruit that makes young,
As well both the giants wist.
Your life they played for,
Plotted to take;
Contrive so that they fail.

Lacking the apples,
Old and worn,
Grey and weary,
Wasting, the scoff of the world,
The Gods must pine and pass.

FRICKA [*Anxiously*
Wotan, alas!
Unhappy man!
See what thy laughing
Lightness has brought us—
Scoff and scorn for all!

WOTAN [*Coming to a sudden resolve, starts up.*
Up, Loge,
And follow me!
To Nibelheim hastening downward,
I go in search of the gold.

LOGE
The Rhine-daughters
Thy aid invoked:
Not vainly they hoped for thy help then?

WOTAN [*Angrily.*
Fool, be silent!
Freia, the fair one—
Freia's ransom we go for.

LOGE
Where thou wouldst go
Gladly I lead.
Shall we dive
Sheer through the depths of the Rhine?

WOTAN
Not through the Rhine.

LOGE
Then swift let us swing
Through this smoky chasm.
Together, come, creep we in!

[He goes in front and vanishes at the side through a cleft, from which, immediately afterwards, sulphurous vapour streams forth.]

WOTAN
Ye others wait
Till evening here;
The golden ransom
When got will again make us young.

[He descends after Loge into the chasm. The sulphurous vapour which rises from it spreads over the whole stage and quickly fills it with thick clouds. Those who remain behind are soon hidden.]

DONNER
Fare thee well, Wotan!

FROH
Good luck! Good luck!

FRICKA
O come back soon
To thy sorrowing wife!

[The sulphurous vapour darkens till it becomes a black cloud, which rises upwards from below. This then changes to a dark, rocky cavern which keeps rising, so that the stage seems to sink deeper and deeper into the earth.]

THIRD SCENE

From various points in the distance ruddy lights gleam out. An increasing clamour, as of smiths at work, is heard on all sides. The clang of the anvils dies away. A vast subterranean chasm becomes visible which seems to open into narrow gorges on all sides. Alberich drags the screaming Mime out of a side cleft.

ALBERICH
Héhé! Héhé!
Come here! Come here!
Mischievous dwarf!
Prettily pinched
Promptly thou'lt be
Hast thou not ready,
Wrought to my wish,
The dainty thing I desire!

MIME [*Howling.*
Ohé! Ohé!
Oh! Oh!
Let me alone!
It is forged;
Heeding thy hest
I laboured hard
Till it was done!
Take but thy nails from my ear!

ALBERICH
Then why this delay
To show thy work?

MIME
I feared that something
Might still be wanting.

ALBERICH
What is there to finish?

MIME [*Embarrassed.*
Here—and there—

ALBERICH
How here and there?
Hand me the thing!

[He tries to catch hold of his ear again. In his terror Mime drops a piece of metal-work which he has been clutching convulsively. Alberich picks it up hastily and examines it with care.]

Rogue, observe!
See how all wrought is
Well finished and feat,
Done as desired!
The simpleton wants
Slyly to trick me
And keep by cunning
The wonderful work,
Though all his skill
Came alone from my craft.
Thou art discovered, thief.

[He puts the Tarnhelm on his head.]

The helmet fits the head;
But will the spell prosper too?

[Very softly.]

"Night and darkness,
Seen of none!"

[He vanishes, and a pillar of cloud takes his place.]

Brother, canst see me?

MIME [*Looks round in amaze.*
Where art thou? I see no one.

ALBERICH [*Invisible.*
Then feel me instead,
Thou lazy scamp!
Take that for thy thievish thoughts!

MIME

[Writhes under the lathes he receives, the sound of which is heard without the whip being seen.]

Ohé! Ohé!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

ALBERICH *[Invisible and laughing.]*
Ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha!
I thank thee, blockhead;
Thy work has stood the test.
Hoho! Hoho!
Nibelungs all
Bow now to Alberich!
For he is everywhere,
Waiting and watching;
Peace and rest
Are past for ever;
Ye must all serve him,
Though see him can none;
Where he cannot be spied
Look out for his coming;
None shall escape from his thralldom!

[Harshly.]

Hoho! hoho!
Hearken, he nears:
The Nibelung's lord!

[The pillar of cloud disappears in the background. Alberich's scolding voice is heard more and more faintly. Mime lies huddled up in pain. Wotan and Loge come down through a cleft in the rock.]

LOGE
Nibelheim here.
Through pale mists gleaming,
How bright yonder fiery sparks glimmer!

MIME
Oh! Oh! Oh!

WOTAN
I hear loud groans.
Who lies on the ground?

LOGE *[Bends over Mime.]*
Why all this whimpering noise?

MIME
Ohé! Ohé!
Oh! Oh!

LOGE
Hei, Mime! Merry dwarf!
Who beats and bullies thee so?

MIME
Leave me in peace, pray.

LOGE
So much is certain,
And more still. Hark!
Help I promise thee, Mime!

[He raises him with difficulty.]

MIME
What help for me?
To do his bidding
My brother can force me,
For I am bound as his slave.

LOGE
But, Mime, how has he
Thus made thee his thrall?

MIME
By evil arts
Fashioned Alberich
A yellow ring,
From the Rhinegold forged,
At whose mighty magic
Trembling we marvel;
This spell puts in his power
The Nibelung hosts of night.
Happy we smiths
Moulded and hammered,
Making our women
Trinkets to wear—
Exquisite Nibelung toys—
And lightly laughed at our toil.
The rogue now compels us
To creep into caverns,
For him alone
To labour unthanked.
Through the golden ring
His greed can divine
Where untouched treasure
In hidden gorge gleams.
We still must keep spying,
Peering and delving:
Must melt the booty,
Which, molten, we forge
Without pause or peace,
To heap up higher his hoard.

LOGE
Just now, then, an idler
Roused him to wrath?

MIME
Poor Mime, ah!
My lot was the hardest.
I had to work,
Forging a helmet,
With strict instructions
How to contrive it;
And well I marked
The wondrous might
Bestowed by the helm
That from steel I wrought.
Hence I had gladly
Held it as mine,
And, by its virtue
Risen at last in revolt:
Perchance, yes, perchance
The master himself I had mastered,
And, he in my power, had wrested
The ring from him and used it
That he might serve me, the free man,

[Harshly]

As now I must serve him, a slave!

LOGE
And wherefore, wise one,
Sped not the plan?

MIME
Ah! though the helm I fashioned,
The magic that lurks therein
I foolishly failed to divine.
He who set the task
And seized the fruits—
From him I have learnt,
Alas I but too late!
All the helmet's cunning craft.
From my sight he vanished,

But, viciously lashing,
Swung his arm through unseen.

[Howling and sobbing.]

This, fool that I am,
Was all my thanks!

[He rubs his back. Wotan and Loge laugh.]

LOGE *[To Wotan.]*
Confess, our task
Will call for skill.

WOTAN
Yet the foe will yield,
Use thou but fraud.

MIME *[Observes the Gods more attentively.]*
Who are you, ye strangers
That ask all these questions?

LOGE
Friends to thee,
Who from their straits
Will free all the Nibelung folk.

MIME *[Shrinking back in fear when he hears Alberich returning.]*
Hark! Have a care!
Alberich comes!

[He runs to and fro in terror.]

WOTAN
We'll wait for him here.

[He sits down calmly on a stone. Alberich, who has taken the Tarnhelm from his head and hung it on his girdle, is brandishing his scourge and driving before him a band of Nibelungs from the gorges below. These are laden with gold and silver treasure, which, urged on by Alberich, they pile up so as to form a large heap.]

ALBERICH
Hither! Thither!
Héhé! Hoho!
Lazy herd!
Haste and heap
Higher the hoard.
Up with thee there!
On with thee here!
Indolent dolts,
Down with the treasure!
Need ye my urging?
Here with it all!

[He suddenly perceives Wotan and Loge.]

Hey! Who are they
That thus intrude?
Mime! Come here!
Rascally rogue!
Gossiping art
With the pilgrimage pair?
Off, thou idler!
Back to thy bellows and beating!

[Lashing Mime, he chases him into the crowd of Nibelungs.]

Hey! to your labour!
Get ye all hence now!
Swing ye down swift!
From the virgin gorges
Get me the gold!
This whip will follow,
Delve ye not fast!
That labour ye shirk not
Mime be surety,
Or surely the lash
Of my whip will find him;
That where no one would guess

I watch and I wander,
None knows it better than he.
Loitering still?
Lingering there?

[He pulls the ring from his finger, kisses it and stretches it out in menace.]

Fear ye and tremble,
O fallen host,
And obey
The ring's dread lord!

[Howling and shrieking, the Nibelungs, among them Mime, scatter, and creep down into the clefts in all directions.]

ALBERICH

[Looks long and distrustfully at Wotan and Loge.]

What seek ye here?

WOTAN
From Nibelheim's gloomy realm
Strange tidings have travelled up,
Tales of wonders
Worked here by Alberich;
And, greedy of marvels,
Hither came we as guests.

ALBERICH
By envy urged,
Hither ye hie.
Such doughty guests
I do not mistake.

LOGE
Since I am known,
Ignorant elf,
Say then, with growling
Whom dost thou greet?
In caverns cold
Where once thou didst crouch,
Who gave thee light
And fire for thy comfort,
Had Loge not smiled on thee?
Or what hadst thou fashioned
Had not I heated thy forge?
I am thy kinsman
And once was kind:
Lukewarm, methinks, are thy thanks!

ALBERICH
On light-born elves
Laughs now Loge,
The crafty rogue:
Art thou, false one, their friend
As my friend thou wert once,
Haha! I laugh!
No harm from such need I fear.

LOGE
No cause then for thy distrust.

ALBERICH
I can trust thy falsehood,
Not thy good faith!

[Taking up a defiant attitude.]

Yet I dare you all unflinching.

LOGE
'Tis thy might
That makes thee so bold;
Grimly great
Groweth thy power.

ALBERICH
Seest thou the hoard
Yonder heaped
High by my host?

LOGE
A richer one never was seen.

ALBERICH
A wretched pile
Is this to-day, though.
Boldly mounting,
'Twill be bigger henceforward.

WOTAN
But what is gained by the hoard
In joyless Nibelheim,
Where wealth finds nothing to buy?

ALBERICH
Treasure to gather
And treasure to garner—
Thereto Nibelheim serves.
But with the hoard
In the caverns upheaped
Wonders all wonder surpassing
Will I perform
And win the whole world and its fairness.

WOTAN
But, my friend, how compass that goal?

ALBERICH
Ye who live above and breathe
The balmy, sweet airs,
Love and laugh:
A hand of gold
Ere long, O ye Gods, will have gripped you!
As I forswore love, even so
No one alive
But shall forswear it;
By golden songs wooed,
For gold alone will his greed be.
On hills of delight
Your home is, where gladness
Softly lulls;
The dark elves
Ye despise, O deathless carousers!
Beware!
Beware!
For first your men
Shall bow to my might;
Then your women fair
Who my wooing spurned
The dwarf will force to his will,
Though frowned on by love.

[Laughing savagely.]

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Mark ye my word?
Beware!
Beware of the hosts of the night,
When rise shall the Nibelung hoard
From silent depths to the day!

WOTAN *[Furiously.]*
Avaunt, impious fool!

ALBERICH
What says he?

LOGE *[Stepping between them.]*

Cease from thy folly!

[To Alberich.]

Who would gaze not in wonder,
Beholding Alberich's work?
If only thy skill can achieve
Everything hope has promised,
Almighty I needs must acclaim thee!
For moon and stars
And the sun in his glory,
Forced to do thee obeisance,
Even they must bow down.
But what would seem of most moment
Is that they who serve thee,
The Nibelung hosts,
Bow and bear no hate.
When thy hand held forth a ring
Thy folk were stricken with fear.
But in thy sleep
A thief might slip up
And steal slyly the ring.
Say, how wouldst thou save thyself then?

ALBERICH
Most shrewd to himself seems Loge;
Others always
Figure as fools.
If I had to ask for
Advice or aid
On bitter terms,
How happy the thief would be!
This helmet that hides
I schemed for myself,
And chose for its smith
Mime, finest of forgers.
I am now able
Swift to assume
Any form that I fancy,
Through the helm.
No one sees me,
Search as he will;
Though everywhere hidden,
I always am there.
So, fearing nothing,
Even from thee I am safe,
Most kind, careful of friends!

LOGE
I have met
Full many a marvel,
But one so wondrous
Have never known.
Achievement so matchless
Scarce can I credit.
Were this possible, truly
Thy might indeed were eternal.

ALBERICH
Dost thou believe
I lie, as would Loge?

LOGE
Till it is proved
I must suspect thy word.

ALBERICH
Puffed up with wisdom,
The fool will explode soon:
Of envy then die!
Decide to what I shall change;
In that form I shall stand.

LOGE

Nay, choose for thyself,
But strike me dumb with amaze.

ALBERICH [*Puts the Tarnhelm on his head.*
"Dragon dread,
Wreathe thou and wriggle!"

[He immediately disappears. An enormous serpent writhes on the floor in his place. It rears and threatens Wotan and Loge with its open jaws.]

LOGE [*Pretends to be terrified.*
Ohé!

ALBERICH [*Laughing.*
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

LOGE
Ohé! Ohé!
Horrible dragon,
O swallow me not!
Spare the life of poor Loge!

WOTAN
Good, Alberich!
Well done, rascal!
How swiftly grew
The dwarf to the dragon immense!

[The dragon disappears and, in its stead, Alberich is again seen in his own shape.]

ALBERICH
He he! Ye scoffers,
Are ye convinced?

LOGE [*In a trembling voice.*
My trembling tells thee how truly.
A giant snake
Thou wert in a trice.
Having beheld,
I just credit the wonder.
Couldest thou turn
To something quite tiny
As well as bigger?
Methinks that way were best
For slyly slipping from foes;
That, though, I fear were too hard!

ALBERICH
For thee, yes;
Thou art so dull!
How small shall I be?

LOGE
The most cramped of crannies must hold thee
That hides the timorous toad.

ALBERICH
Nothing simpler!
Look at me now!

[He puts the Tarnhelm on his head again.]

"Crooked toad,
Creep and crawl there!"

[He vanishes. The Gods see a toad on the rocks creeping towards them.]

LOGE [*To Wotan.*
Quick and catch it!
Capture the toad!

[Wotan sets his foot on the toad. Loge makes a dash at its head and holds the Tarnhelm in his hand.]

ALBERICH
[Is suddenly seen in his own shape writhing under Wotan's foot.]

Ohé! I'm caught!
My curse upon them!

LOGE
Hold him fast
Till he is bound.

[Loge binds his hands and feet with a rope.]

Now swiftly up!
Then he is ours.

[Both seize hold of the prisoner, who struggles violently, and drag him towards the shaft by which they descended. They disappear mounting upwards.]

FOURTH SCENE

The scene has changed as before, only in reverse order. Open space on mountain heights. The prospect is veiled by pale mist as at the end of the second scene. Wotan and Loge climb up out of the cavern, bringing with them Alberich bound.

LOGE
Here, kinsman,
Thou canst sit down!
Friend, look round thee;
There lies the world
That was thine for the winning, thou fool!
What corner, say,
Wilt give to me for my stall?

[He dances round Alberich, snapping his fingers.]

ALBERICH
Infamous robber!
Thou knave! Thou rogue!
Loosen the rope,
Set me at large,
Or dear for this outrage shalt answer!

WOTAN
My captive art thou,
Caught and in fetters.
As thou hadst fain
Subdued the world
And all that the world containeth,
Thou liest bound at my feet,
And, coward, canst not deny it.
A ransom alone
Shall loose thee from bondage.

ALBERICH
Ah, the dolt,
The dreamer I was,
To trust blindly
The treacherous thief!
Fearful revenge
Shall follow this wrong!

LOGE
Vain talk this of vengeance
Before thy freedom is won.
To a man in bonds
No free man expiates outrage.
If vengeance thou dreamest,
Dream of the ransom
First without further delay!

[He shows him the kind of ransom by snapping his fingers.]

ALBERICH
Declare then your demands.

WOTAN
The hoard and thy gleaming gold.

ALBERICH
Pack of unscrupulous thieves!

[*Aside.*

If I only can keep the ring,
The hoard I can lightly let go,
For anew I could win it
And add to its worth
By the powerful spell of the ring.
If as warning it serves
To make me more wise,
The warning will not have been lost,
Even though lost may be the gold.

WOTAN
Wilt yield up the hoard?

ALBERICH
Loosen my hand
To summon it here.

[*Loge frees his right hand.*

ALBERICH

[*Touches the ring with his lips and secretly murmurs the command.*

Behold the Nibelungs
Hither are called;
I can hear them coming,
Bid by their lord,
With the hoard from the depths to the day.
Now loosen these burdensome bonds.

WOTAN
Nay, first in full thou must pay.

[*The Nibelungs come up out of the cleft laden with the objects of which the hoard is composed.*

ALBERICH
O bitter disgrace
That my shrinking bondsmen
Should see me captive and bound!

[*To the Nibelungs.*

Lay it down there,
As ye are bid!
In a heap
Pile up the hoard.
Must I aid, idlers?
No spying at me!
Haste there! Haste!
Then get ye gone quickly.
Hence to your work.
Home to your gorges!
Let the sluggards beware,
For I follow hard at your heels!

[*He kisses the ring and holds it out with an air of command. As struck with a blow, the Nibelungs press terrified and cowering towards the cleft, down which they hastily disappear.*

ALBERICH
The price is paid;
Let me depart!
And that helm of mine
Which Loge still holds,
That also pray give me again!

LOGE

[*Throwing the Tarnhelm on to the heap.*

The plunder must pay for the pardon.

ALBERICH
Accursed thief!
But patience! Calm!
He who moulded the one
Makes me another;
Still mine is the might

That Mime obeys.
Loath indeed
Am I to leave
My cunning defence to the foe!
Nothing Alberich
Owns at all now;
Unbind, ye tyrants, his bonds!

LOGE [*To Wotan.*
Ought I to free him?
Art thou content?

WOTAN
A golden ring
Girdles thy finger:
Hearest, elf?
That also belongs to the hoard.

ALBERICH [*Horried.*
The ring?

WOTAN
The ring must also
Go to the ransom.

ALBERICH [*Trembling.*
My life—but the ring: not that!

WOTAN [*With greater violence.*
The ring I covet;
For thy life I care not at all.

ALBERICH
But if my life I ransom
The ring I must also rescue
Hand and head,
Eye and ear
Are not mine more truly
Than mine is the ruddy ring!

WOTAN
The ring thou claimest as thine?
Impudent elf, thou art raving.
Tell the truth;
Whence was gotten the gold
To fashion the glittering gaud?
How could that be
Thine which reft was,
Thou rogue, from watery deeps?
To the Rhine's fair daughters
Down and inquire
If the gold
Was as gift to thee given
That thou didst thief for the ring!

ALBERICH
Vile double-dealing!
Shameless deceit!
Wouldst thou, robber,
Reproach in me
The sin so sweet to thyself?
How fain thou hadst
Bereft the Rhine of its gold,
If it had been
As easy to forge as to steal!
How well for thee,
Thou unctuous knave,
That the Nibelung, stung
By shameful defeat,
And by fury driven,
Was fired into winning the spell
That now alluringly smiles!
Shall I, bliss debarred,

Anguish-burdened
 Because of the
 Curse-laden deed,
 My ring as a toy
 Grant to princes for pleasure,
 My ban bringing blessing to thee?
 Have a care,
 Arrogant God!
 My sin was one
 Concerning myself alone:
 But against all that was,
 Is and shall be
 Thou wouldst wantonly sin,
 Eternal one, taking the ring.

WOTAN
 Yield the ring!
 Thy foolish talk
 Gives no title to that.

[He seizes Alberich and draws the ring from his finger by force.]

ALBERICH [*With a frightful cry.*
 Woe! Defeated! Undone!
 Of wretches the wretchedest slave!

WOTAN [*Contemplating the ring.*
 I own what makes me supreme,
 The mightiest lord of all lords!

[He puts on the ring.]

LOGE [*To Wotan.*
 Shall he go free?

WOTAN
 Loose his bonds.

LOGE [*Sets Alberich quite free.*
 Slip away home,
 For no fetter binds thee!
 Fare forth, thou art free!

ALBERICH [*Raising himself with furious laughter.*
 Am I now free,
 Free in truth?
 My freedom's first
 Greeting take, for it is thine!
 As a curse gave me the ring,
 My curse go with the ring!
 As its gold
 Gave measureless might,
 May now its magic
 Deal death evermore!
 No man shall gain
 Gladness therefrom;
 May ill-fortune befall him
 On whom it shines.
 Fretted by care
 Be he who shall hold it,
 And he who doth not,
 By envy be gnawed!
 All shall covet
 And crave its wealth,
 Yet none shall it profit
 Or pay when won.
 Those who guard it nothing shall gain,
 Yet shall murder go where they go.
 The coward, death-doomed,
 By fetters of fear shall be bound;
 His whole life long
 He shall languish to death—
 The ring's proud lord
 And its poorest slave—
 Till again I have

In my hand the gold I was robbed of.
 So blesses
 The Nibelung
 The ring in bitter despair!
 Hold fast to it!

[Laughing.]

Keep it with care;

[Grimly.]

From my curse none shall escape!

[He vanishes quickly through the cleft. The thick mist in the foreground gradually clears away.]

LOGE
 Hadst thou ears
 For his fond farewell?

WOTAN [*Left in contemplation of the ring.*
 Grudge him not vent to his spleen!

[It keeps growing lighter.]

LOGE [*Looking to the right.*
 Fasolt and Fafner
 Come from afar
 Bringing Freia again.

[Through the vanishing mist Donner, Froh, and Fricka appear, and hasten towards the foreground.]

FROH
 The giants return.

DONNER
 Be greeted, brother!

FRICKA [*Anxiously to Wotan.*
 Dost bring joyful tidings?

LOGE [*Pointing to the hoard.*
 By fraud and by force
 We have prevailed:
 There Freia's ransom lies.

DONNER
 From the giant's grasp
 Freed comes the fair one.

FROH
 How sweetly the air
 Fans us again!
 Balmy delights
 Steal soft through each sense!
 Sad, forlorn had our lot been,
 For ever severed from her
 Who gives us youth everlasting,
 And bliss triumphant o'er pain.

[Fasolt and Fafner enter, leading Freia between them. Fricka hastens joyfully towards her sister. The foreground has become quite bright again, the light restoring to the aspect of the Gods its original freshness. The background, however, is still veiled by the mist so that the distant castle remains invisible.]

FRICKA
 Sweetest of sisters!
 Lovely delight!
 Once more for mine have I won thee!

FASOLT [*Keeping her off*
 Hold! Touch her not yet!
 Freia still is ours.
 On Riesenheim's
 Rampart of rock
 Resting we stayed.
 The pledge we held
 In our hands we used

Loyally.
With deep regret,
I bring her back now
In case ye brothers
Can ransom her.

WOTAN
Prepared lies the ransom;
Mete out the gold,
Giving generous measure.

FASOLT
In truth it grieves me
Greatly the woman to lose;
And that my heart may forget her
Ye must heap the hoard,
Pile it so high
That it shall hide
The blossom-sweet maid from mine eyes!

WOTAN
Be Freia's form
The gauge of the gold.

[Freia is placed in the middle by the two giants, who then stick their staves into the ground in front of her so that her height and breadth is indicated.]

FAFNER
Our staves give the measure
Of Freia's form;
Thus high now heap ye the hoard.

WOTAN
On with the work:
Irksome I find it!

LOGE
Help me, Froh!

FROH
I will end
Freia's dishonour.

[Loge and Froh heap up the treasure hastily between the staves.]

FAFNER
Let the pile
Less loosely be built;
Firm and close
Pack ye the gauge!

[He presses down the treasure with rude strength; he bends down to look for gaps.]

I still can see through;
Come, fill up the crannies!

LOGE
Hands off, rude fellow!
Touch nothing here!

FAFNER
Come here! This gap must be closed!

WOTAN *[Turning away angrily.]*
Deep in my breast
Burns the disgrace!

FRICKA
See how in shame
Beautiful Freia stands;
For release she asks,
Dumb, with sorrowful eyes.
Heartless man!
The lovely one owes this to thee!

FAFNER
Still more! Pile on still more.

DONNER
My patience fails;
Mad is the wrath
Roused by this insolent rogue!
Come hither, hound!
Measure must thou?
Thy strength then measure with mine!

FAFNER
Softly, Donner!
Roar where it serves;
Thy roar is impotent here.

DONNER *[Lunging out at him.]*
It will crush thee to thy cost, rogue.

WOTAN
Calm thyself!
Methinks that Freia is hid.

LOGE
The hoard is spent.

FAFNER
[Measures the hoard carefully with his eye, and looks to see if there are any crevices.]

Still shines to me Holda's hair.
Yonder thing, too,
Throw on the hoard!

LOGE
Even the helm?

FAFNER
Make haste! Here with it!

WOTAN
Let it go also!

LOGE *[Throws the Tarnhelm on the heap.]*
At last we have finished.
Have ye enough now?

FASOLT
Freia, the fair,
Is hidden for aye!
The price has been paid.
Ah, have I lost her?

[He goes up to the hoard and peers through it.]

Sadly shine
Her eyes on me still,
Like stars they beam
Softly on me;
Still through this chink
I look on their light.

[Beside himself.]

While her sweet eyes I behold thus,
From the woman how can I part?

FAFNER
Hey! Come hither,
And stop me this cranny!

LOGE
Greedy grumblers!
Can ye not see

The gold is all gone?

FAFNER

Not the whole, friend!
On Wotan's finger
Shines a golden ring still;
Give that to close up the crevice!

WOTAN

What! Give my ring?

LOGE

Be ye counselled!
The Rhine-Maidens
Must have the gold;
Wotan will give them what theirs is.

WOTAN

What nonsense is this?
The ring I won so hardly,
Undismayed I hold and will keep.

LOGE

Broken then
Must be the promise
I gave the maidens who grieved.

WOTAN

By thy promise I am not bound;
As booty mine is the ring.

FAFNER

Not so. The ring
Must go with the ransom.

WOTAN

Boldly ask what ye will:
It shall be granted;
But not for all
The world would I give you the ring.

FASOLT [*Furious, pulls Freia from behind the hoard.*

All is off!
The bargain stands:
Fair Freia ours is for ever!

FREIA

Help me! Help me!

FRICKA

Heartless God,
Grant it! Give way!

FROH

Keep not the gold back!

DONNER

Give them the ring too!

WOTAN

Let me alone!
I hold to the ring.

[Fafner stops Fasolt as he is hastening off. All stand dismayed. Wotan turns from them in anger. The stage has grown dark again. From a cleft in the rock on one side issues a bluish flame in which Erda suddenly becomes visible, rising so that her upper half is seen.]

ERDA [*Stretching out a warning hand towards Wotan.*

Yield it, Wotan! Yield it!
Flee the ring's dread curse!
Awful
And utter disaster
It will doom thee to.

WOTAN

What woman woe thus foretells?

ERDA

All things that were I know,
And things that are;
All things that shall be
I foresee.
The endless world's
Ur-Wala,
Erda, bids thee beware.
Ere the earth was,
Of my womb born
Were daughters three;
And my knowledge
Nightly the Norns tell to Wotan.
Now summoned by
Danger most dire,
I myself come.
Hearken! Hearken! Hearken!
All things will end shortly;
And for the Gods
Dark days are dawning!
Be counselled; keep not the ring!

[Erda sinks slowly as far as the breast, while the bluish light grows fainter.]

WOTAN

A mystic might
Rang in thy words.
Tarry, and tell me further.

ERDA [*Disappearing.*

Thou hast been warned;
Enough dost know;
Weigh my words with fear!

[She vanishes completely.]

WOTAN

If thus doomed to foreboding—
I must detain thee
Till all is answered!

[Wotan is about to follow Erda in order to detain her. Froh and Fricka throw themselves in his way and prevent him.]

FRICKA

What meanest thou, madman?

FROH

Go not, Wotan!
Fear thou the warner,
Heed her words well!

[Wotan gazes thoughtfully before him.]

DONNER [*Turning to the giants with a resolute air.*

Hark, ye giants!
Come back and wait still!
The gold we give you also.

FRICKA

Ah, dare I hope it?
Deem ye Holda
Worthy of such a price?

[All look at Wotan in suspense; he, rousing himself from deep thought, grasps his spear and swings it in token of having come to a bold decision.]

WOTAN

To me, Freia,
For thou art free!
Bought back for aye,
Youth everlasting, return!
Here, giants, take ye the ring!

[He throws the ring on the hoard. The giants release Freia; she hastens joyfully to the Gods, who caress her in turns for a space, with every manifestation of delight.]

FASOLT *[To Fafner.]*
Hold there, greedy one!
Grant me my portion!
Honest division
Best for both is.

FAFNER
More on the maid than the gold
Thou wert set, love-sick fool,
And much against
Thy will the exchange was.
Sharing not, Freia
Thou wouldst have wooed for thy bride;
Sharing the gold,
It is but just
That the most of it should be mine.

FASOLT
Infamous thief!
Taunts? And to me!

[To the Gods.]

Come judge ye between us;
Halve ye the hoard
As seems to you just!

[Wotan turns away in contempt.]

Let him have the treasure;
Hold to what matters: the ring!

FASOLT
[Falls upon Fafner, who has meanwhile been steadily packing up the treasure.]

Back, brazen rascal!
Mine is the ring.
I lost for it Freia's smile.

[He snatches haply at the ring.]

Off with thy hands!
The ring is mine.

[There is a struggle. Fasolt tears the ring from Fafner.]

FASOLT
I hold it. It is mine now!

FAFNER
Hold fast, lest it should fall!

[Lunging out with his stave, he fells Fasolt to the ground with one blow; from the dying man he then hastily tears the ring.]

Now feast upon Freia's smile:
No more shalt thou touch the ring!

[He puts the ring into the sack and tranquilly continues to pack up the rest of the hoard. All the Gods stand horrified. A solemn silence.]

WOTAN
Dread indeed
I find is the curse's might.

LOGE
Unmatched, Wotan,
Surely thy luck is!
Great thy gain was
In getting the ring;
But the gain of its loss
Is gain greater still:
There thy foemen, see,
Slaughter thy foes
For the gold thou hast let go.

WOTAN

Dark forebodings oppress me!
Care and fear
Fetter my soul;
Erda must teach me,
Tell how to end them:
To her I must descend.

FRICKA *[Caressing and coaxing him.]*
Why linger, Wotan?
Beckon they not,
The stately walls,
Waiting to offer
Welcome kind to their lord?

WOTAN *[Gloomily.]*
With wage accurst
Paid was their cost.

DONNER *[Pointing to the background, which is still enveloped in mist.]*
Heavily mists
Hang in the air;
Gloomy, wearisome
Is their weight!
The wan-visaged clouds
Charged with their storms I will gather,
And sweep the blue heavens clean.

[Donner mounts a high rock on the edge of the precipice, and swings his hammer; during what follows the mists gather round him.]

Hey da! Hey da! Hey do!
To me, O ye mists!
Ye vapours, to me!
Donner, your lord,
Summons his hosts!

[He swings his hammer.]

To my hammer's swing
Hitherward sweep
Vapours and fogs!
Hovering mists!
Donner, your lord, summons his hosts!
Hey da! Hey da! Hey do!

[Donner disappears completely in a thunder-cloud which has been growing darker and denser. The stroke of his hammer is heard falling heavily on the rock. A vivid flash of lightning comes from the cloud, followed by a loud clap of thunder. Froh has also disappeared in the cloud.]

DONNER *[Invisible.]*
Brother, to me!
Show them the way by the bridge!

[Suddenly the clouds roll away. Donner and Froh become visible. A rainbow of dazzling radiance stretches from their feet across the valley to the castle, which is gleaming in the light of the setting sun.]

FROH

[Who, with outstretched hand, indicates to the Gods that the bridge is the way across the valley.]

Lo, light, yet securely,
Leads the bridge to your halls.
Undaunted tread;
Without danger the road!

[Wotan and the other Gods stand speechless, lost in contemplation of the glorious sight.]

WOTAN
Smiling at eve
The sun's eye sparkles;
The castle ablaze
Gleams fair in its glow.
In the light of morning
Glittering proudly,
It stood masterless,
Stately, tempting its lord.

From dawn until sundown
 No little toil
 And fear have gone to the winning!
 From envious night,
 That now draws nigh
 Shelter it offers us.

[Very firmly, as if struck by a great thought.]

So greet I my home,
 Safe from dismay and dread.

[He turns solemnly to Fricka.]

Follow me, wife!
 In Valhall sojourn with me.

FRICKA
 What means the name Valhall?
 I never seem to have heard it.

WOTAN
 That which, conquering fear,
 My fortitude brought
 Triumphant to birth—
 Let that explain the word!

[He takes Fricka's hand and walks slowly with her towards the bridge. Froh, Freia, and Donner follow.]

LOGE *[Remaining in the foreground and looking after the Gods.]*

They are hasting on to their end,
 They who dream they are strong and
 enduring.

I almost blush
 To be of their number;
 A fancy allures me
 And wakes in me longing
 Flaming fire to become:
 To waste and burn them
 Who tamed me of old,
 Rather than perish,
 Blind with the blind—
 Yes, even if godlike the Gods were—
 More wise were it, perhaps!
 I must consider:
 The outcome who knows!

[With a show of carelessness he goes to the Gods.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS *[From the valley. Invisible.]*

Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold pure!
 How radiant and clear
 Once thou didst shine on us!
 For thy lost glory
 We are grieving.
 Give us the gold!
 Give us the gold!
 O give us the Rhinegold again!

WOTAN *[About to set his foot on the bridge, pauses and turns round.]*

What wailing sound do I hear?

LOGE *[Looks down into the valley.]*

The Rhine's fair children,
 Bewailing their lost gold, weep.

WOTAN
 Accurs'Äld nixies!
 Bid them tease us no more!

LOGE *[Calling down towards the valley.]*

Ye in the water,
 Why wail ye to us?
 List to Wotan's decree.

Ye have seen
 The last of the gold;
 In the Gods' increase of splendour
 Bask and sun yourselves now.

[The Gods laugh and cross the bridge during what follows.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold!
 Rhinegold pure!
 Oh, if in the waves
 There but shone still our treasure pure!
 Down in the deeps
 Can faith be found only:
 Mean and false
 Are all who revel above!

[As the Gods cross the bridge to the castle the curtain falls.]

Wagner: Die Walküre

THE FIRST ACT

The interior of a dwelling-place built of wood, with the stem of a mighty ash-tree as its centre; to the right, in the foreground, is the hearth, and behind this the store-room. At the back is the large entrance door; to the left, far back, steps lead up to an inner chamber; on the same side, nearer the front, stands a table with a broad bench behind it, fixed to the wall, and with stools in front. The stage remains empty for a space. Outside a storm is just subsiding. Siegmund opens the entrance door from without, and enters. With his hand on the latch he surveys the room. He seems overwhelmed with fatigue; his dress and appearance indicate that he is in flight. He shuts the door behind him when he sees nobody, walks to the hearth with the final effort of an utterly exhausted man, and throws himself down on a bearskin rug.

SIEGMUND

I rest on this hearth,
Heedless who owns it.

[He sinks back and remains stretched out motionless. Sieglinde enters from the inner chamber; she thinks her husband has returned. Her grave look changes to one of surprise when she sees the stranger stretched out on the hearth.

SIEGLINDE *[Still at the back.*
A stranger here!
He must be questioned.

[Coming nearer.

What man came in
And lies on the hearth?

[As Siegmund does not move, she draws nearer still and looks at him.

Way-worn, weary
He seems and spent.
Faints he from weariness?
Can he be sick?

[She bends over him, and listens.

He breathes still, his eyelids
Are sealed but in slumber.
Worthy, valiant his mien,
Though so worn he rests.

SIEGMUND *[Suddenly raising his head.*
A drink! A drink!

SIEGLINDE
I go to fetch it.

[She takes a drinking-horn and hurries out. She returns with it full, and offers it to Siegmund.

Lo, the water
Thy thirsting lips longed for:
Water brought at thy wish!

[Siegmund drinks, and hands her back the horn. As he signifies his thanks with a movement of the head, he gazes at her with growing interest.

SIEGMUND

Welcome the water!
Quenched is my thirst.
My weary load
Lighter it makes;
New courage it gives;
Mine eyes that slept
Re-open glad on the world.
Who soothes and comforts me so?

SIEGLINDE

This house and this wife
Belong to Hunding.
Stay thou here as his guest;
Tarry till he comes home.

SIEGMUND

Shelter he surely
Will grant a worn,
Wounded, weaponless stranger.

SIEGLINDE *[With anxious haste.*
Quick, show me! Where are thy wounds?

SIEGMUND

[Shakes himself and springs up briskly to a sitting posture.

My wounds are slight,
Scarce worthy remark;
My limbs are well knit still,
Whole and unharmed.
If my spear and shield had but been
Half so strong as my arm is,
I had vanquished the foe;
But in splinters were spear and shield.
The horde of foemen
Harassed me sore;
Through storm and strife
Spent was my force;
But, faster than I from foemen,
All my faintness has fled;
Darkness fell deep on my lids,
But now the sun again laughs.

SIEGLINDE

[Goes to the storeroom, fills a horn with mead, and proffers it to Siegmund with friendly eagerness.

This healing and honeyed
Draught of mead
Deign to accept from me.

SIEGMUND

Set it first to thy lips.

[Sieglinde sips from the horn and hands it back to him. Siegmund takes a long draught, regarding Sieglinde with increasing warmth. Still gazing, he takes the horn from his lips and lets it sink slowly, while his features express strong emotion. He sighs deeply, and lowers his gaze gloomily to the ground.

SIEGMUND [*In a trembling voice.*
Thou hast tended an ill-fated one!
May all evil
Be turned from thee!

[He starts up quickly, and goes towards the the back.

I have been solaced
By sweet repose:
Onward now I must press.

SIEGLINDE [*Turning round quickly.*
Who pursues thee so close at thy heels?

SIEGMUND [*Stops.*
Bad luck pursues me,
Everywhere follows;
And where I linger
Trouble still finds me:
Be thou preserved from its touch!
I must not gaze but go.

[He strides hastily to the door and lifts the latch.

SIEGLINDE [*Forgetting herself calls impetuously after him.*
Then tarry here!
Misfortune thou canst not bring
To those who abide with it!

SIEGMUND

[Deeply moved, remains standing; he looks searchingly at Sieglinde, who, ashamed and sad, lowers her eyes. Returning, he leans against the hearth, his gaze fixed on Sieglinde, who continues silently embarrassed.]

Wehwalt named I myself:
Hunding here will I wait for.

[Sieglinde starts, listens and hears Hunding outside leading his horse to the stable. She hurries to the door and opens it. Hunding, armed with shield and spear, enters, but, perceiving Siegmund, pauses on the threshold. Hunding turns with a look of stern inquiry to Sieglinde.]

SIEGLINDE [*In answer to Hunding's look.*
On the hearth
Fainting I found
One whom need drove here.

HUNDING
Hast succoured him?

SIEGLINDE
I gave him, as a guest,
Welcome and a drink.

SIEGMUND [*Regarding Hunding firmly and calmly.*
Drink she gave,
Shelter too:
Wouldst therefore chide the woman?

HUNDING
Sacred is my hearth:
Sacred hold thou my house.

[To Sieglinde, as he takes off his armour and hands it to her.]

Set the meal for us men!

[Sieglinde hangs up the arms on the stem of the ash-tree, fetches food and drink from the store-room and sets supper on the table. Involuntarily she turns her gaze on Siegmund again.]

HUNDING

[Examining Siegmund's features keenly and with amaze, compares them with Sieglinde's. Aside.]

How like to the woman!
In his eye as well
Gleams the guile of the serpent.

[He conceals his surprise, and turns with apparent unconcern to Siegmund.]

Far, I trow,
Must thou have fared;
The man who rests here
Rode no horse:
What toilsome journey
Made thee so tired?

SIEGMUND
Through wood and meadow,
Thicket and moor,
Chased by the storm
And peril sore,
I ran by I know not what road.
I know as little
What goal it led to,
And I would gladly be told.

HUNDING [*At table, inviting Siegmund to be seated.*
'Tis Hunding owns
The roof and room
Which have harboured thee.
If to the westward
Thou wert to wend,
In homesteads rich
Thou wouldst find kinsmen
Who guard the honour of Hunding.
May I ask of my guest
In return to tell me his name?

[Siegmund, who has taken his seat at the table, looks thoughtfully before him. Sieglinde, who has placed herself beside Hunding and opposite Siegmund, gazes at him with evident sympathy and suspense.]

HUNDING [*Watching them both.*
If thou wilt not
Trust it to me,
To this woman tell thy secret:
See, how eagerly she asks!

SIEGLINDE [*Unembarrassed and interested.*
Gladly I'd know
Who thou art.

SIEGMUND [*Looks up and, gazing into her eyes, begins gravely.*
Not for me the name Friedmund;
Frohwalt fain were I called,
But forced was I to be Wehwalt.
Wölfe they called my father;
And I am one of twins:
With a sister twin I was born.
Soon lost were
Both mother and maid;
I hardly knew
Her who gave me my life,
Nor her with whom I was born.
Warlike and strong was Wölfe,
And never wanting for foes.
A-hunting oft
Went the son with the father.
One day we returned
Outworn with the chase
And found the wolf's nest robbed.
The brave abode
To ashes was burnt,
Consumed to dust
The flourishing oak,
And dead was the mother,
Dauntless but slain.
No trace of the sister
Was ever found:

The Neidungs' heartless horde
 Had dealt us this bitter blow.
 My father fled,
 An outlaw with me;
 And the youth
 Lived wild in the forest
 With Wölfe for many years.
 Sore beset and harried were they,
 But boldly battled the pair of wolves.

[Turning to Hunding.]

A Wölfig tells thee the tale,
 And a well-known Wölfig, I trow.

HUNDING

Wondrous and wild the story
 Told by thee, valiant guest:
 Wehwalt—the Wölfig!
 I think that dark rumours anent
 This doughty pair have reached me,
 Though unknown Wölfe
 And Wölfig too.

SIEGLINDE

But tell me further, stranger:
 Where dwells thy father now?

SIEGMUND

The Neidungs, starting anew,
 Hounded and hunted us down;
 But slain by the wolves
 Fell many a hunter;
 They fled through the wood,
 Chased by the game:
 Like chaff we scattered the foe.
 But trace of my father I lost;
 Still his trail grew fainter
 The longer I followed;
 In the wood a wolf-skin
 Was all I found;
 There empty it lay:
 My father I had lost.—
 In the woods I could not stay;
 My heart longed for men and for women.—
 By all I met,
 No matter where,
 If friend I sought,
 Or woman wooed,
 Still I was branded an outlaw;
 Ill-luck clung to me;
 Whatever I did right,
 Others counted it wrong;
 What seemed evil to me
 Won from others applause.
 Grim feuds arose
 Wherever I went;
 Wrath met me
 At every turn;
 Longing for gladness,
 Woe was my lot:
 I called myself Wehwalt therefore,
 For woe was all that was mine.

[He looks at Sieglinde and marks her sympathetic gaze.]

HUNDING

Thou wert shown no grace by the Norns
 That cast thy grievous lot;
 No one greets thee as guest
 With gladness in his home.

SIEGLINDE

Only cowards would fear
 A weaponless, lonely man!—

Tell us, O guest,
 How in the strife
 At last thy weapon was lost!

SIEGMUND

A sorrowful child
 Cried for my help;
 Her kinsmen wanted
 To wed the maiden
 To one whom her heart did not choose.
 To her defence
 Gladly I hied;
 The heartless horde
 Met me in fight:
 Before me foemen fell.
 Fordone and dead lay the brothers.
 The slain were embraced by the maid,
 Her wrongs forgotten in grief.
 She wept wild streams of woe,
 And bathed the dead with her tears;
 For the loss of her brothers slain
 Lamented the ill-fated bride.
 Then the dead men's kinsmen
 Came like a storm,
 Vowing vengeance,
 Frantic to fall on me;
 Foemen on all sides
 Rose and assailed me.
 But from the spot
 Moved not the maid;
 My shield and spear
 Sheltered her long,
 Till spear and shield
 Were hewn from my hand.
 Standing weaponless, wounded,
 I beheld the maid die:
 I fled from the furious host—
 She lay lifeless on the dead.

[To Sieglinde with a look of fervent sorrow.]

The reason now I have told
 Why none may know me as Friedmund.

[He rises and walks to the hearth. Pale and deeply moved, Sieglinde looks on the ground.]

HUNDING *[Rises.]*

I know a wild-blooded breed;
 What others revere
 It flouts unawed:
 All hate it, and I with the rest.
 When forth in haste I was summoned,
 Vengeance to seek
 For my kinsmen's blood,
 I came too late,
 And now return home
 To find the impious wretch
 In haven under my roof.—
 My house holds thee,
 Wölfig, to-day;
 For the night thou art my guest.
 But wield to-morrow
 Thy truest weapon.
 I choose the day for the fight:
 Thy life shall pay for the dead.

[To Sieglinde, who steps between the two men with anxious gestures; harshly.]

Forth from the hall!
 Linger not here!
 Prepare my draught for the night,
 And wait until I come.

[Sieglinde stands for a while undecided and thoughtful. Slowly and with hesitating steps she goes towards the store-room. There she

pauses again, lost in thought, her face half averted. With quiet resolution she opens the cupboard, fills a drinking-horn, and shakes spices into it out of a box. She then turns her eyes on Siegmund, in order to meet his gaze, which he never removes from her. She perceives that Hunding is watching, and proceeds immediately to the bed-chamber. On the steps she turns once more, looks yearningly at Siegmund, and indicates with her eyes, persistently and with speaking plainness, a particular spot in the stem of the ash-tree. Hunding starts, and drives her off with a violent gesture. With a last look at Siegmund, she disappears into the bed-chamber, and shuts the door behind her.

HUNDING [*Taking his weapons from the tree-stem.*

With weapons man should be armed.

We meet to-morrow then Wölfing.

My word thou hast heard;

Ward thyself well!

[He goes into bed-chamber. The shooting of the bolt is heard from within.

[Siegmund alone. It has grown quite dark. All the light in the hall comes from a dull fire on the hearth. Siegmund sinks down on to a couch beside the fire and broods forsome time silently in great agitation.

SIEGMUND

My father said when most wanted

A sword I should find and wield.

Swordless I entered

My foeman's house,

As a hostage here

I remain.

I saw a fair

Woman and sweet,

And bliss and dread

Consume my heart.

The woman for whom I long—

She whose charm both wounds and
delights—

In thrall is held by the man

Who mocks a weaponless foe.

Wälse! Wälse!

Where is thy sword?—

The trusty sword

To be swung in battle,

When from my bosom should burst

The fury that fills my heart?

[The fire collapses. From the flame which leaps up a bright light falls on the spot in the ash-tree's stem indicated by Sieglinde's look, and on which the hilt of a sword is now plainly visible.

What can that be

That shines so bright?

What a ray streams

From the ash-tree's stem!

My eyes that saw not

See the bright flash;

Gay as laughter it gleams.

How the radiant light

Illumes my heart!

Is it the look

That lingered behind,

Yonder clinging,

When forth from the hall

The lovely woman went?

[From this point the fire gradually goes out.

Darkly the shadows

Covered my eyes,

Till her shining glance

Over me gleamed,

Bringing me warmth and day.

Gay and splendid

The sun appeared,

And blissfully circled

With glory my head—

Till by the hills it was hid.

[The fire flickers up faintly again.

But once more, ere it set,

Bright it shone upon me,

And the ancient ash-tree's stem

Was lit by its golden glow.

The splendour passes,

The light grows dim,

Shadowy darkness

Falls and enshrouds me;

Deep in my bosom's fastness

Glimmers still faintly the flame!

[The fire goes out altogether. Total darkness. The door of the bed-chamber opens noiselessly. Sieglinde comes out in a white garment and advances softly but quickly towards the hearth.

SIEGLINDE

Art asleep?

SIEGMUND [*Joyfully surprised.*

Who steals this way?

SIEGLINDE [*With stealthy haste.*

'Tis I: listen to me!

In sleep profound lies Hunding;

The draught that I mixed him I drugged.

Use to good purpose the night!

SIEGMUND [*Ardently interrupting.*

Thou here, all is well!

SIEGLINDE

I have come to show thee a weapon;

O couldst thou make it thine!

I then might call thee

First among heroes,

For only by him

Can it be won.

O hearken: heed what I tell thee!

Here Hunding's kinsmen

Sat in the hall,

Assembled to honour his wedding.

He took as his wife,

Against her will,

One who was bartered by thieves.

Sad I sat there

Through their carousing.

A stranger entered the hall,

An old and grey-coated man.

So slouched was his hat

That one of his eyes was hidden;

But the other flashed

So that all feared it:

Overwhelming

Its menace they found;

I alone

Suffered, when looked on,

Sweet pain, sad delight,

Sorrow and solace in one.

On me glancing,

He scowled at the others,

As he swung a sword in his hands.

This sword he plunged

In the ash-tree's stem,

To the hilt driving it home.

The weapon he gains in guerdon

Who draws it from its place.

Though sore they struggled,

Not one of the heroes

Could win the weapon for his;

Coming, going,

The guests essayed it,

The strongest tugged at the steel;

Not an inch it stirred in the metal;

In silence yonder it cleaves.

I knew then who he was
 That in sorrow greeted me.
 I know too
 Now for whom
 The sword was stuck in the tree.
 O might I to-day
 Find here the friend
 Brought from afar
 By a woman's woe!
 Then all I have suffered
 In sorrow untold,
 All scorn and all shame
 In anger endured—
 All would avenged be,
 Sweetly atoned for—
 Regained fully
 The good I had lost;
 For mine I should win
 All I had wept for,
 Could I but find the dear friend,
 And clasp him close in my arms!

SIEGFRIED [*Embracing Sieglinde with passionate ardour.*

Dear woman, that friend
 Holds thee at last,
 Both woman and sword are his.
 Here in my breast
 Burns hot the oath
 That welds us twain into one.
 For all that I sought
 I see now in thee,
 In thee all
 That once failed me I find.
 Thou wert despised,
 My portion was pain;
 I was an outlaw,
 Dishonoured wert thou;
 Sweet revenge beckons,
 Bids us be joyful;
 I laugh
 From sheer fulness of joy,
 Holding thee, love, in my arms thus,
 Feeling the beat of thy heart!

[*The outer door swings open.*

SIEGLINDE [*With a start of alarm tears herself away.*

Ha, who went? Who entered there?

[*The door remains open. Outside a glorious spring night. The full moon shines in, throwing its bright light on the pair, so that they can suddenly see one another quite plainly.*

SIEGMUND [*In soft ecstasy.*

No one went—
 But one has come:
 Laughing the spring
 Enters the hall!

[*He draws Sieglinde with tender force on to the couch, so that she sits beside him. The moon shines more and more brightly.*

Winter storms have yielded
 To May's sweet moon,
 And mild and radiant
 Sparkles the spring.
 On balmy breezes
 Light and lovely,
 Weaving wonders,
 Soft she sways.
 Through field and forest
 She is breathing;
 Wide and open
 Laughs her eye;
 When blithe the birds are singing
 Sounds her voice;
 Fragrant odours

She exhales;
 From her warm blood blossom flowers
 Welcome and joyous.
 Shoot and bud,
 They wax by her aid.
 With tender weapons armed,
 She conquers the world.
 Winter and storm yield
 To the strong attack.
 No wonder that, beaten boldly,
 At last the door should have opened,
 Which, stubborn and stiff,
 Was keeping her out.
 To find her sister
 Hither she came;
 By love has spring been allured;
 Within our bosoms
 Buried she lay;
 Now glad she laughs to the light.
 The bride who is sister
 Is freed by the brother;
 In ruin lies
 What held them apart.
 Loud rejoicing,
 They meet and greet;
 Lo! Love is mated with spring!

SIEGLINDE

Thou art the spring
 That I used to pine for,
 When pinched by the winter frost;
 My heart hailed thee friend
 With bliss and with fear,
 When thy first glance fell on me sweetly
 All I had seen appeared strange;
 Friendless were my surroundings;
 I never seemed to have known
 Any one who came nigh.
 Thee, however,
 Straightway I knew,
 And I saw thou wert mine
 When I beheld thee:
 What I hid in my heart,
 All I am,
 Clear as the day
 Dawned to my sight
 Like tones to the ear
 Echoing back,
 When, upon my frosty desert,
 My eyes first beheld a friend.

[*She hangs enraptured on his neck, and looks him close in the face.*

SIEGMUND [*Transported.*

O rapture most blissful!
 Woman most blest!

SIEGLINDE [*Close to his eyes.*

O let me, closer
 And closer clinging,
 Discern more clearly
 The sacred light
 That from thine eyes
 And face shines forth,
 And so sweetly sways every sense!

SIEGMUND

The May-moon's light
 Falls on thy face
 Framed by masses
 Of waving hair.
 What snared my heart
 'Tis easy to guess:
 My gaze on loveliness feasts.

SIEGLINDE

[Pushing the hair back from his brow, regards him with astonishment.]

How broad and open
Is thy brow!
Blue-branching the veins
In thy temples entwine.
I hardly can endure
My burden of bliss.—
Of something I am reminded:—
The man I first saw to-day
Already I have seen!

SIEGMUND

A dream of love
I too recall;
I saw thee there
And yearned for thee sore!

SIEGLINDE

The stream has shown me
My imaged face—
Again I see it before me;
As in the pool it arose
It is reflected by thee.

SIEGMUND

Thine is the face
I hid in my heart.

SIEGLINDE *[Quickly averting her gaze.]*

O hush! That voice!
O let me listen!
These tones as a child
Surely I heard—
But no! I heard the sound lately,
When, calling in the wood,
My voice re-echoing rang.

SIEGMUND

To sweet and melodious
Music I listen!

SIEGLINDE *[Gazing into his eyes again.]*

And ere now thy glowing
Eye have I seen:
The old man whose glance
Solaced my grief,
When he greeted me had that eye—
I knew him
Because of his eye,
And almost addressed him as father.

[After a pause.]

Art thou Wehwalt in truth?

SIEGMUND

If dear to thee,
Wehwalt no more;
My sway is o'er bliss not sorrow!

SIEGLINDE

And Friedmund does not
Fit with thy fortunes.

SIEGMUND

Choose thou the name
Thou wouldst have me be known by:
Thy choice will also be mine!

SIEGLINDE

The name of thy father was Wölfe?

SIEGMUND

A wolf to the fearful foxes!
But he whose eye
Shone with the brightness
Which, fairest one, shines in thine own,
Was named—Wälse of old.

SIEGLINDE *[Beside herself.]*

Was Wälse thy father,
And art thou a Wälsung?—
Stuck was for thee
His sword in the stem?—
Then let my love call thee
What it has found thee;
Siegmund
Shall be thy name.

SIEGMUND *[Springs up.]*

Siegmund call me
For Siegmund am I!
Be witness this sword
I grasp without shrinking!
That I should find it
In sorest need
Wälse foretold.
I grasp it now!
Love the most pure
In utmost need,
Passionate love,
Consuming desire
Burning bright in my breast,
Drive to deeds and death!
Nothung! Nothung!
That, sword, is thy name.
Nothung! Nothung!
Conquering steel!
Show me thy sharp
And sundering tooth:
Come forth from thy scabbard to me!

[He draws the sword with a violent effort from the stem of the tree and shows it to the amazed and enraptured Sieglinde.]

Siegmund the Wälsung
Thou dost see!
As bride-gift
He brings thee this sword;
With this he frees
The woman most blest;
He bears thee
From the house of his foe.
Far from here
Follow thou him:
Forth to the laughing
House of the spring;
Thy shield be Nothung, the sword,
When Siegmund is captive to love!

[He throws his arm round her so as to draw her forth with him.]

SIEGLINDE *[Delirious with excitement, tears herself away and stands before him.]*

Art thou Siegmund
Standing before me,
Sieglinde am I
Who longed for thee;
Thy own twin-sister
As well as the sword thou hast
won!

[She throws herself on his breast.]

SIEGMUND

Bride and sister
Be to thy brother—
So Wälsungs shall flourish for aye!

[He draws her to him with fervent passion. The curtain falls quickly.]

THE SECOND ACT

A wild, mountainous spot. In the background a gorge rises from below to a high ridge of rocks, from which the ground slopes down again towards the front. Wotan, in full armour, carrying his spear. Before him Brünnhilde as a Valkyrie, also fully armed.

WOTAN

Go bridle thy steed,
Valorous maid!
Bitter strife
Soon will break forth;
Brünnhilde, storm to the fray
And cause the Wälsung to win!
Hunding choose for himself
Where to bide:
No place in Walhall has he.
So up and to horse!
Haste to the field!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Ascends the height on the right, shouting and springing from rock to rock.]*

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Hojoho!

[She pauses on a high peak, looks down into the gorge and calls back to Wotan.]

I warn thee, Father,
See to thyself;
Stern the strife
That is in store:
Here comes Fricka, thy wife,
Drawn hither in her car by her rams,
Swinging the golden
Scourge in her hand!
The wretched beasts
Are groaning with fear;
And how the wheels rattle!
Hot she hastes to the fray.
Such strife as this
No strife is for me,
Though I love boldly waged
Strife 'twixt men.
The battle alone thou must brave;
I go; thou art left in the lurch!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Ha!

[She disappears behind the mountain peak at the side. Fricka, in a car drawn by a pair of rams, has driven up the gorge to the mountain ridge, where she suddenly stops, alights and strides angrily towards Wotan in the foreground.]

WOTAN *[Aside, when he sees Fricka approaching.]*
The usual storm!
The usual strife!
But I must act with firmness

FRICKA *[Moderating her pace as she approaches, and confronting Wotan with dignity.]*

All alone among the hills
I seek thee, where thou dost hide
Fearing the eyes
Of thy wife,
That help in need thou may'st promise.

WOTAN

Let Fricka tell
Her trouble in full.

FRICKA

I have heard Hunding's cry,
For vengeance calling on me;
As wedlock's guardian
I gave ear:
My word passed
To punish the deed
Of this impious pair
Who boldly wrought him the wrong.

WOTAN

Have this pair then
Done such harm,
Whom spring united in love?
'Twas love's sweet magic
That lured them on;
None pays for love's might to me.

FRICKA

How dull and how deaf thou wouldst seem!
As though thou wert not aware
That it is wedlock's
Holy oath
Profaned so rudely I grieve for.

WOTAN

Unholy
Hold I the bond
That binds unloving hearts;
Nor must thou
Imagine that I
Will restrain by force
What transcends thy power;
For where bold natures are stirring
I urge them frankly to strife.

FRICKA

Deeming thus laudable
Wedlock's breach,
Pray babble more nonsense
And call it holy
That shame should blossom forth
From bond of a twin-born pair!
I shudder at heart,
My brain reels and whirls.
Sister embraced
As bride by the brother—
Who has ever heard
Of brother and sister as lovers?

WOTAN

Thou hearest it now!
Be taught by this
That a thing may be
Which has never befallen before.
That those two are lovers
Thou must admit;
So take advice and be wise!
Thy blessing surely
Will bring to thee gladness,
If thou wilt, laughing on love,
Bless Siegmund and Sieglinde's bond.

FRICKA [*With a burst of deep indignation.*

Then nothing to thee
Are the gods everlasting
Since the wild Wälsungs
Won thee for father?
I speak plainly—
Is that thy thought?
The holy and high
Immortals are worthless;
And all that once
Was esteemed is thrown over;
The bonds thou didst bind
By thyself now are broken;
Heaven's hold
Is loosed with a laugh,
That this twin-born pair, unimpeded,
The fruit of thy lawless love,
May in wantonness flourish and rule!
But why wail over
Wedlock and vows,
Since by thee the first they are scorned!
The faithful wife
Betrayed at each turn,
Lustfully longing
Wander thy glances;
Thine eyes scan
Each hollow and height
As thy fickle fancy allures thee,
While grief is gnawing my heart.
Heavy of soul
I had to endure it,
When to the fight
With the graceless maidens
Born out of wedlock,
Forth thou hast fared;
For, thy wife still holding in awe,
Thou didst give her as maids
The Valkyrie band
To obedience bound,
Even Brünnhilde, bride of thy Wish.
But now that new names
Afford thee new pleasure,
And Wälse, wolfish, in
Forests has wandered;
Now that to bottomless
Shame thou hast stooped,
And a pair of mortals
Hast vilely begotten—
Now thy wife at the feet
Of whelps of a wolf thou dost fling!
Come finish thy work!
Fill the cup full!
Mock and trample now the betrayed one!

WOTAN [*Quietly.*

Thou couldst not learn,
Though I might teach thee;
To thee there is nothing plain
Till day has dawned on the deed,
Wonted things
Thou alone canst conceive,
Whereas my spirit broods
On things not yet brought forth.
Listen, woman!
Some one we need,
A hero gods have not shielded,
And who is not bound by their law.
So alone
Were he fit for the deed
Which no god can accomplish,
Yet which must be done for the gods.

FRICKA

With sayings dark
Thou fain wouldst deceive me!
What deed by hero
Could be accomplished
That was beyond the strength of the gods,
By whose grace alone he is strong?

WOTAN

Then his own heart's courage
Counts not at all?

FRICKA

Who breathed their souls into men?
Who opened their eyes, that they see?
Behind thy shield
Strong they appear;
With thee to goad them,
Upward they strive;
Those men that thou praisest,
'Tis thou who spurrest them on.
With falsehoods fresh
Thou wouldst fain delude me,
With new devices
Thou wouldst evade me;
Thou shalt not shelter
The Wälsung from me;
He lives only through thee,
And is bold through thee alone.

WOTAN [*With emotion.*

He grew unaided
In grievous distress;
My shield sheltered him not.

FRICKA

Then shield him not to-day;
Take back the sword
That thou hast bestowed.

WOTAN

The sword?

FRICKA

Yes, the sword,
The magic sword
Sudden and strong
That thou gavest to thy son.

WOTAN [*Unsteadily.*

Nay, Siegmund won it
Himself in his need.

[From here Wotan's whole attitude expresses an ever-deepening uneasiness and gloom.

FRICKA [*Continuing passionately.*

Both conquering sword
And the need came from thee.
Wouldst thou deceive me
Who, day and night,
At thy heels follow close?
For him thou didst strike
The sword in the stem;
Thou didst promise him
The peerless blade.
Canst thou deny
That thy cunning it was
Which led him where it lay hid?

[Wotan makes a wrathful gesture. Fricka goes on more and more confidently as she sees the impression produced on him.

The Gods

Do not battle with bondsmen;
The free but punish transgressors.

Against thee, my peer,
Have I waged war,
But Siegmund is mine as my slave.

[Another violent gesture from Wotan, who then seems to succumb to the feeling of his own powerlessness.]

Shall thy eternal
Consort obey one
Who calls thee master
And bows as thy slave?
What! Shall I be
Despised by the basest,
To the lawless a spur,
A scoff to the free?
My husband cannot desire me,
A goddess, to suffer such shame!

WOTAN *[Gloomily]*
What then wouldst thou?

FRICKA
Shield not the Walsung.

WOTAN *[In a muffled voice]*
His way let him go.

FRICKA
Thou wilt grant him no aid,
When to arms the avenger calls?

WOTAN
I shield him no more.

FRICKA
Seek not to trick me;
Look in my eyes!
The Valkyrie turn from him too.

WOTAN
The Valkyrie free shall choose.

FRICKA
Not so; she but acts
To accomplish thy will;
Give order that Siegmund die.

WOTAN *[After a violent internal struggle]*
Nay, slay him I cannot,
He found my sword!

FRICKA
Remove thou the magic,
And shatter the blade:
Swordless let him be found.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Is heard calling from the heights]*
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Heiohotojo! Hotojoha!

FRICKA
Thy valorous maiden comes;
Shouting, hither she rides.

WOTAN
For Siegmund I called her to horse.

[Brünnhilde appears with her horse on the rocky path to the right. When she sees Fricka she stops abruptly and, during the following, slowly and silently leads her horse down the path. She then puts it in a cave.]

FRICKA

By her shield to-day
Be guarded the honour
Of thy eternal spouse!
Derided by men,
Shorn of our power,
Perish and pass would the Gods
If thy valiant maid
Avenged not to-day
My sacred and sovereign right.
The Walsung falls for my honour.
Does Wotan now pledge me his oath?

WOTAN *[Throwing himself on to a rocky seat in terrible dejection]*.

Take the oath!

[Fricka strides towards the back, where she meets Brünnhilde and halts for a moment before her.]

FRICKA
Warfather
Waits for thee;
He will instruct thee
How the lot is decreed!

[She drives off quickly.]

BRÜNNHILDE

[Comes forward anxious and wondering to Wotan, who leaning back on his rocky seat, is brooding gloomily.]

Ill closed
The fight, I fear;
Fricka laughs at the outcome!
Father, what news
Hast thou to tell me?
Sad thou seemest and troubled!

WOTAN *[Dropping his arm helplessly and sinking his head on his breast]*.
By self-forged fetters
I am bound,
I, least free of all living!

BRÜNNHILDE
I know thee not thus:
What gnaws at thy heart?

WOTAN
[His expression and gestures working up, from this point, to a fearful outburst.]

O sacrilege vile!
O grievous affront!
Gods' despair!
Gods' despair!
Infinite wrath!
Woe without end!
Most sorrowful I of all living!

BRÜNNHILDE

[Alarmed, throws her shield, spear and helmet from her and kneels with anxious affection at his feet.]

Father! Father!
Tell me what ails thee?
With dismay thou art filling thy child!
Confide in me
For I am true;
See, Brünnhilde begs it!

[She lays her head and hands with tender anxiety on his knees and breast.]

WOTAN

[Looks long in her eyes, then strokes her hair with involuntary tenderness. As if coming out of a deep reverie, he at last begins, very softly.]

What if, when uttered,
Weaker it made
The controlling might of my will?

BRÜNNHILDE [*Very softly*.
To Wotan's will thou speakest
When thou speakest to me?
What am I
If I am not thy will?

WOTAN [*Very softly*.
What never to any was spoken
Shall be unspoken now and for ever.
Myself I speak to,
Speaking to thee.

[*In a low, muffled voice*.

When young love grew
A waning delight,
'Twas power my spirit craved;
By rash and wild
Desires driven on,
I won myself the world.
Unknown to me
Dishonest my acts were;
Bargains I made
Wherein hid mishap,
Craftily lured on by Loge,
Who straightway disappeared.
Yet I could not leave
Love altogether;
When grown mighty still I desired it.
The child of night,
The craven Nibelung,
Alberich, broke from its bond.
All love he forswore,
And procured by the curse
The gleaming gold of the Rhine,
And with it measureless might.
The ring that he wrought
I stole by my cunning,
But I restored it not
To the Rhine;
It paid the price
Of Walhall's towers:
The home the giants had built me,
From which I commanded the world.
She who knows all
That ever was,
Erda, the holy,
All-knowing Wala,
Warned me touching the ring:
Prophesied doom everlasting.
Of this doom I was fain
To hear further,
But silent she vanished from sight.
Then my gladness of heart was gone,
The god's one desire was to know.
To the womb of the earth
Downward then I went:
By love's sweet magic
Vanquished the Wala,
Troubled her wisdom proud,
And compelled her tongue to speak.
Tidings by her I was told;
And with her I left a fair pledge:
The world's wisest of women
Bore me, Brünnhilde, thee.
With eight sisters
Fostered wert thou,
That ye Valkyries
Might avert the doom
Which the Wala's

Dread words foretold:
The gods' ignominious ending.
That foes might find us
Strong for the strife,
Heroes I got ye to gather.
The beings who served us
As slaves aforetime,
The men whose courage
Aforetime we curbed:
Who through treacherous bonds
And devious dealings
Were bound to the gods
In blindfold obedience—
To kindle these men
To strife was your duty,
To drive them on
To savage war,
That hosts of dauntless heroes
Might gather in Walhall's hall.

BRÜNNHILDE
And well filled surely thy halls were;
Many a one I have brought.
We never were idle,
So why shouldst thou fear?

WOTAN [*His voice muffled again*.
Another ill—
Mark what I say—
Was by the Wala foretold!
Through Alberich's hosts
Doom may befall us;
A furious grudge
Alberich bears me;
But now that my heroes
Make victory certain
I defy the hosts of the night.
Only if he won
The ring again from me,
Walhall were forfeit for ever.
Used by him alone
Who love forswore
Could the runes of the ring
Bring doom
To the mighty gods,
And shame without end.
My heroes' valour
He would pervert,
Would stir to strife
The bold ones themselves,
And with their strength
Wage war upon me.
So, alarmed, I resolved
To wrest the ring from the foeman.

[*In a low voice*.

I once paid Fafner,
One of the giants,
With gold accurst
For work achieved.
Fafner guards now the hoard
For which his own brother he slew.
The ring I must needs recover
With which his work I rewarded.
But I cannot strike one
By treaties protected;
Vanquished by him
My valour would fail.
These are the bonds
That bind my power;
I, who by treaties am lord,
To my treaties also am slave.
But what I dare not

One man may dare—
 A hero never
 Helped by my favour,
 To me unknown
 And granted no grace,
 Unaware,
 Bidden by none,
 Constrained thereto
 By his own distress—
 He could achieve
 What I must not do:
 The deed I never urged,
 Though it was all my desire.
 But, alas! how to find
 One to fight me, the god,
 For my good—
 Most friendly of foes!
 How fashion the free one
 By me unshielded,
 In his proud defiance
 Most precious to me?
 How get me the other
 Who, not through me,
 But of himself
 Will perform my will?
 O woe of the gods!
 Horrible shame!
 Soul-sick am I
 Of seeing myself
 In all I ever created.
 The other whom I so long for,
 That other I never find.
 The free by themselves must be fashioned,
 All that I fashion are slaves!

BRÜNNHILDE
 But the Wälsung, Siegmund,
 Works for himself.

WOTAN
 Wild I roamed
 In the woodland with him,
 Ever against the gods
 Goaded him to rebel.

[Slowly and bitterly.]

Now, when the gods seek vengeance,
 Shield he has none but the sword
 Given to him
 By the grace of a god.
 Why did I try
 To trick myself vainly?
 How easily Fricka
 Found out the fraud!
 She read my inmost
 Heart to my shame.
 I must bend my will to her wishes.

BRÜNNHILDE
 Of victory wouldst Siegmund deprive?

WOTAN
 I have handled Alberich's ring,
 Loth to let the gold go.
 The curse that I fled
 Is following me:
 I must always lose what I love most,
 Slay what my heart holds dearest,
 Basely betray
 All those who trust.

[His gestures, at first those of terrible grief end by expressing despair.]

Pale then and pass
 Glory and pomp,

Godhead's resplendent,
 Glittering shame!
 In ruins fall
 The fabric I built!
 Ended is my work;
 I wait but one thing more:
 The downfall—
 The downfall!

[He pauses thoughtfully.]

And for the downfall
 Schemes Alberich!
 Now I see
 The sense hidden
 In the strange, wild words of the Wala:
 "When the gloomy foe of love
 Gets a son in his wrath,
 The high gods' doom
 Shall be at hand!"
 Not long ago
 A rumour I heard
 That the dwarf had won a woman,
 By gold gaining her grace.
 A woman bears
 Hate's bitter fruit;
 The child of spite
 Grows in her womb;
 This marvel befell
 The man who loved not;
 But I, the loving wooer,
 Have never begotten the free.

[Rising in bitter wrath.]

Accept thou my blessing,
 Nibelung son!
 I leave to thee
 What I loathe with deep loathing:
 The hollow pomp of the gods.
 Consume it with envious greed!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Alarmed.]*
 O say! tell me
 What task is thy child's?

WOTAN *[Bitterly.]*
 Fight, faithful to Fricka;
 Wedlock and vows defend!
 What she desires
 Is also my choice,
 For what does my own will profit,
 Since it cannot fashion a free one?
 For Fricka's slaves
 Do battle henceforth!

BRÜNNHILDE
 Ah repent,
 And take back thy word!
 Thou lovest,
 And fain, I know,
 Wouldst have me shelter the Wälsung.

WOTAN
 Siegmund thou shalt vanquish,
 And fight so that Hunding prevails.
 Ward thyself well
 And doughtily do,
 Bring all thy boldness
 To bear on the field;
 A strong sword
 Swings Siegmund;
 Undismayed he will fight!

BRÜNNHILDE

He whom thou still
Hast taught me to love,
He whose courage high
To thy heart was so precious—
I will shield him in spite of
Thy wavering word!

WOTAN

Ha, daring one!
Floutest thou me?
Who art thou—who but the choiceless,
Blind slave of my will?
I have sunk so low
By showing my mind,
That the creature made by me
Holds me in scorn.
Dost thou, child, know my wrath?
If ever its awful
Lightning struck thee
Then quail wouldst thou indeed!
Within my bosom
Burns enough rage
To lay waste
In dread ruin a world
That once wore nothing but smiles.
Woe to him whom it strikes!
Dear the price he would pay!
So be advised,
Call it not forth
But carry out my commands.
Cut down Siegmund!
That is the Valkyrie's task.

[He storms away and disappears among the rocks to the left.]

BRÜNNHILDE *[Stands for a long time dazed and alarmed.]*

Warfather
Oft have I seen
Enraged, but never once like this!

[She stoops down sadly, takes up her armour and puts it on again.]

How heavy
My armour feels!
And it felt so light
When gladly I fought!
I fight afraid.
Evil is my cause!

[She gazes thoughtfully before her.]

Woe! My Wälsung!
With sorrow sore
Must the faithful one falsely forsake thee!

[She turns slowly towards the back.]

[On reaching the rocky pass, Brünnhilde, looking down into the gorge, perceives Siegmund and Sieglinde. She watches them for a moment, then turns into the cave where her horse is, so that she is completely hidden from the audience. Siegmund and Sieglinde appear on the pass, Sieglinde hurrying in front. Siegmund tries to stop her.]

SIEGMUND

Wait here and rest;
Tarry a while!

SIEGLINDE

Farther! Farther!

SIEGMUND *[Embraces her with tender force, straining her to him.]*

No farther now!
O linger, woman most sweet!
From bliss when most blissful
Breaking away,
In headlong haste
Far thou hast fled,

So fleet that I lagged behind:
Through wood and field,
Over cliff and scaur,
Voiceless, silent,
Speeding along,
Thy foot stopped for no call.

[Sieglinde stares wildly before her.]

Tarry a while!
Say but a word,
Ending this speechless dread!
See, thy brother
Holds thee, his bride:
Siegmund's comrade art thou!

SIEGLINDE

[Gazes into his eyes with growing rapture, throws her arms passionately round his neck and remains so for some time. She then starts up in wild terror.]

Away! Away!
Fly the profaned one!
Unholy
The clasp of her arm;
In shame, dishonoured,
This body died.
Fling it from thee,
Flee from the corpse!
The winds scatter her dust—
The foul one who loved one so fair!
When in his loving embrace
She rested in rapture pure,
And all the love of the man
Was hers who loved him alone—
When on holiest height,
When bliss was at sweetest,
And sense and soul
Were steeped in delight,
Hatred and loathing
Of hideous dishonour
Shook the disgraced one,
Filled her with fear—
The thought she once had obeyed.
Bridegroom unloving, unloved.
Leave the accurst one,
Far let her fly!
An outcast she is,
Bereft of grace!
Ah, I must leave
The purest of heroes;
I cannot be thine,
To sully thy glory:
Scorn to bring on the brother,
Shame to the rescuing friend!

SIEGMUND

For the shame and dishonour,
Pay the transgressor's blood!
No farther, then, flying,
Here let us wait him;
Here—here I shall slay him:
When Nothing's point
Shall pierce his heart,
All thy wrongs will be avenged!

SIEGLINDE *[Starts up and listens.]*

Hark! The bugles!
Dost thou not hear?
All around,
Angry and shrill,
From wood and vale
Clamour their calls.
Hunding has awakened
From slumber deep;

Kinsmen and hounds
He summons together;
How the dogs howl,
Urged on hotly,
Loud-baying to heaven
Of the vows and the wedlock profaned!

[Gazes before her as if gone crazed.]

Where art thou, Siegmund?
Art thou still here,
Fervently loved one,
Beautiful brother?
Let thine eyes like stars
Shine again on me softly;
Turn not away
From the outcast woman's kiss!

[She throws herself sobbing on his breast, and presently starts up in terror again.]

Hark! O hark!
That is Hunding's horn!
With his hounds full force,
In haste he comes.
No sword helps
When the dogs attack:—
Throw it down, Siegmund!
Siegmund, where art thou?
Ha, there! I see thee now!
Horrible sight!
Eager-fanged
Are the bloodhounds for flesh;
Ah, what to them
Is thy noble air!
By the feet they seize thee
With terrible teeth;
Alas!
Thou fallest with splintered sword:—
The ash-tree sinks—
The trunk is rent!
Brother! My brother!
Siegmund—ha!

[She falls fainting into his arms.]

SIEGMUND
Sister! Belov'Äd!

[He listens to her breathing, and, when convinced that she still lives, lets her slide down so that, as he himself sinks into a sitting posture, her head rests upon his knees. In this position both remain till the end of the following scene. A long silence, during which Siegmund bends over Sieglinde with tender concern, and presses a long kiss on her brow.]

[Brünnhilde, leading her horse, comes out of the cave and walks slowly and solemnly towards the front. She pauses and watches Siegmund from a distance, then advances slowly again and stops when she gets nearer. In one hand she carries her shield and spear, the other rest on her horse's neck, and thus she gravely stands looking at Siegmund.]

BRÜNNHILDE
Siegmund!
Look on me
Whom thou
Must follow soon!

SIEGMUND *[Looking up at her.]*
Who art thou, say,
That dost stand so fair and so stern?

BRÜNNHILDE
Death-doomed are they
Who look upon me;
Who sees me
Bids farewell to the light of life.
On the battle-field only
Heroes view me;
He whom I greet

Is chosen and must go.

SIEGMUND

[Looks into her eyes with a long steadfast and searching gaze, then bows his head in thought and finally turns resolutely to her again.]

When thou dost lead,
Whither follows the hero?

BRÜNNHILDE
I lead thee
To Wotan;
The lot he has cast:
To Walhall must thou come.

SIEGMUND
In Walhall's hall
Wotan alone shall I find?

BRÜNNHILDE
A glorious host
Of heroes slain
Will greet thee there
With love holy and high.

SIEGMUND
Say if in Walhall
Sojourns my father, Wälse.

BRÜNNHILDE
His father there
Will the Wälsung find.

SIEGMUND *[Tenderly.]*
Will any woman
Welcome me there?

BRÜNNHILDE
Wishmaidens
Serve there serene:
Wotan's daughter
Wine will bring for thy cup.

SIEGMUND
High art thou
And holy of aspect,
O Wotan's child:
But one thing tell me, divine one!
The sister and bride,
Shall she follow the brother?
Will Siegmund find Sieglinde there?

BRÜNNHILDE
Air of earth
Still she must breathe here;
Siegmund will find no Sieglinde there!

SIEGMUND

[Bends tenderly over Sieglinde, kisses her softly on the brow, and turns again quietly to Brünnhilde.]

Then greet for me Walhall,
Greet for me Wotan,
Greet for me Wälse
And all the heroes,
Wishmaidens lovely
Greet thou also,
And tell them I will not come!

BRÜNNHILDE
Nay, having looked
On the Valkyrie's face,
Thou must follow her forth!

SIEGMUND
Where Sieglinde dwells
In weal or woe,
There will Siegmund dwell also;
My face grew not pale
When I beheld thee:
Thou canst not force me to go!

BRÜNNHILDE
Force thee can none
While thou dost live;
Fool, what will force thee is death
Warning of death
Is what I bring.

SIEGMUND
What hero to-day
Shall hew me down?

BRÜNNHILDE
Hunding's hand in the fight.

SIEGMUND
Use threats more baleful
Than blows from Hunding!
Lurkest thou here
Longing for strife,
Fix on him for thy prey.
I think it is he who will fall!

BRÜNNHILDE
Nay, Walsung,
Doubt not my word;
Thine is the death decreed.

SIEGMUND
Knowest this sword?
Who gave the sword
Gave triumph sure:
With this sword I laugh at thy threats.

BRÜNNHILDE [*In a loud voice.*]
He whose it was
Now dooms thee to death,
For the magic spell he withdraws!

SIEGMUND [*Vehemently.*]
Hush! Alarm not
The slumberer here!

[*In an outburst of grief he bends tenderly over Sieglinde.*]

Woe! Woe!
Woman most sweet!
Most sad and ill-starred of all true ones!
Against thee rages
The whole world in arms,
And I who was all thy defence,
For whom thou the world hast defied—
To think I cannot
Shield thee, but, beaten
In battle, thy trust must betray!
O shame on him
Who bestowed the sword,
And triumph now turns to scorn!
If I must fall thus,
I fare to no Walhall—
Hella hold me for aye!

[*He bends low over Sieglinde.*]

BRÜNNHILDE [*Moved.*]
So little prizest thou
Life everlasting?

[*Slowly and with hesitation.*]

All thy care
Is thy helpless wife
Who, sad and weary,
Heavily hangs in thy arms?
Precious only is she?

SIEGMUND [*Looking up at her bitterly.*]
Though young and fair
Thou shinest to me,
In my heart I know thee
Cruel and cold!
Canst thou do nothing
But mock me, begone,
Malicious, merciless maid!
Or if thou must gloat
Upon my distress,
Then gloat and feast thyself full!
With my woe
Solace thy envious soul:—
But of Walhall's loveless raptures
Nothing more let me hear!

BRÜNNHILDE
I see the distress
That is tearing thy heart;
The doomed hero's holy
Sorrow I feel.
Siegmund, thy wife be my charge,
Protected safely by me.

SIEGMUND
No other than I
While my wife is living shall guard her.
If death be my lot
I will slay the slumberer first!

BRÜNNHILDE [*With increasing emotion.*]
Walsung! Madman!
Listen to me!
Entrust her to me
For the pledge's sake
That she carries of thee and thy love!

SIEGMUND [*Drawing his sword.*]
This sword
That a true man received from a false—
This sword
That fails me when facing the foe;
Worthless when turned on the foe,
Will serve me when turned on the friend.

[*He points the sword at Sieglinde.*]

Two lives now
Laugh to thee here:
Take them, Nothung,
Envious steel!
Take them with one fell stroke!

BRÜNNHILDE [*With a passionate outburst of sympathy.*]
Forbear, Walsung!
Listen to me!
Sieglinde spare thou,
And Siegmund too shall be spared!
'Tis thus decreed,
Recast the lot is!
Thou, Siegmund,
Shalt be blest and prevail!

[*Horns are heard in the distance.*]

Hark to the horn!
Prepare for the fray;
Trust to the sword

And strike without fear:
Thy sword shall prove strong
Thee the Valkyrie faithfully shields!
Farewell, Siegmund,
Hero most blest!
On the field again I shall find thee.

[She rushes away and disappears with her horse down a gorge on the right. Siegmund gazes after her joyful and exultant. The stage has gradually grown dark. Heavy storm-clouds have gathered in the background, and hide the cliffs, gorge, and rocky pass completely from view.]

SIEGMUND *[Bending over Sieglinde, listens to her breathing. Charm-Äld slumber softly soothes the dear one's pain and grief. When the Valkyrie came, perchance she brought her this blissful repose; Else would the grimly fought fight have terrified one in such woe. Lifeless seems she, And yet she lives; The sad one by smiling Dreams is caressed. In slumber lie soft Till the fight is won And peace shall end thy pain!]*

[He lays her gently on the rocky seat and kisses her brow in farewell. Then, hearing Hunding's horn sound, he starts up with resolution.]

Thou who dost call,
Arm for the fray;
Thy dues in full
Thou shalt have:

[He draws his sword.]

Nothing pays him his debt.

[He hastens to the back and, on reaching the pass, immediately disappears in a dark thunder-cloud, from which, the next instant, a flash of lightning breaks.]

SIEGLINDE *[Begins to move uneasily in her dreams. Would but my father come back! With the boy he still roams in the wood. Mother! Mother! I am afraid— The strangers seem So harsh and unfriendly! Fumes that stifle— Dense and black smoke— Fierce are the flames, And closer they flare— On fire the house! O help us, brother! Siegmund! Siegmund!]*

[She starts up. Violent thunder and lightning.]

Siegmund! Ha!

[She stares about her in growing terror. Almost the whole of the stage is veiled by black thunder-clouds. Hunding's horn is heard close at hand.]

HUNDING'S VOICE *[From the mountain pass in the background.]*

Wehwalt! Wehwalt!
Stand there and fight,
Or with the hounds I will hold thee!

SIEGMUND'S VOICE *[From farther back in the gorge.]*

Where hidest thou,
That I have missed thee thus?
Halt, that I may find thee!

SIEGLINDE *[Listening in terrible fear.]*

Hunding—Siegmund—
Could I but see them!

HUNDING
Come hither, impious wooer!
Here by Fricka be slain!

SIEGMUND *[Also from the pass now. Thou thinkest me weaponless, Coward, still. Threat not with women! Thysself now fight me, Lest Fricka fail thee at need! For see, from the tree That grows by thy hearth I drew undaunted the sword; Come and try the taste of its steel!]*

SIEGLINDE *[With all her strength. Hold your hands, ye men there! Strike me dead first!]*

[She rushes towards the pass, but is suddenly dazzled by a light which flashes forth from above the combatants to the right, and staggers aside as if blinded.]

BRÜNNHILDE'S VOICE
Strike him, Siegmund!
Trust to the sword!

[Brünnhilde appears in the glare of light, floating above Siegmund, and protecting him with her shield. Just as Siegmund is aiming a deadly blow at Hunding a glowing red light breaks through the clouds from the left, in which Wotan appears, standing over Hunding and holding his spear across in front of Siegmund.]

WOTAN'S VOICE

Back! Back from the spear!
In splinters the sword!

[Brünnhilde with her shield recoils in terror before Wotan; Siegmund's sword breaks in splinters on the outstretched spear. Hunding plunges his sword into the disarmed man's breast. Siegmund falls down dead, and Sieglinde, who has heard his death-sigh, sinks to the ground as if lifeless. With Siegmund's fall the lights on both sides disappear. Dense clouds shroud all but the foreground in darkness. Through these Brünnhilde is dimly seen turning in wild haste to Sieglinde.]

BRÜNNHILDE
To horse, that I may save thee!

[She lifts Sieglinde up quickly on to her horse, which is standing near the side ravine, and immediately disappears. Thereupon the clouds divide in the middle, so that Hunding, who has just drawn his sword out of Siegmund's breast, is distinctly seen. Wotan, surrounded by clouds, stands on a rock behind, leaning on his spear and gazing sorrowfully on Siegmund's body.]

WOTAN *[To Hunding. Begone, slave! Kneel before Fricka; Tell her that Wotan's spear Has slain what mocked her might. Go! Go!]*

[Before the contemptuous wave of his hand Hunding falls dead to the ground. Suddenly breaking out in terrible anger.]

But Brünnhilde!
Woe to the guilty one!
Woe to her
As soon as my horse
Shall overtake her in flight!

[He vanishes with thunder and lightning. The curtain falls quickly.]

THE THIRD ACT

On the top of a rocky mountain

On the right the stage is bounded by a pine-wood. On the left is the entrance to a cave, above which the rock rises to its highest point. At the back the view is quite open. Rocks of varying heights form the

edge of the precipice. Clouds fly at intervals past the mountain peak as if driven by storm. Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute, and Schwertleite have taken up their position on the rocky peak above the cave. They are in full armour.

GERHILDE

[On the highest point, calling towards the background, where a dense cloud is passing.

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Helmwige! Here!
Guide hither thy horse!

HELMWIGE'S VOICE *[At the back.*

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

[A flash of lightning comes from the cloud, showing a Valkyrie on horseback, on whose saddle hangs a slain warrior. The apparition, approaching the cliff, passes from left to right.

GERHILDE, WALTRAUTE AND SCHWERTLEITE *[Calling to her as she draws near.*

Heiaha! Heiaha!

[The cloud with the apparition vanishes to the right behind the wood.

ORTLINDE *[Calling into the wood.*

Thy stallion make fast
By Ortlinde's mare;
Gladly my grey
Will graze by thy chestnut!

WALTRAUTE *[Calling towards the wood.*
Who hangs at thy saddle?

HELMWIGE *[Coming out of the wood.*
Sintolt the Hegeling!

SCHWERTLEITE
Fasten thy chestnut
Far from the grey then;
Ortlinde's mare
Carries Wittig, the Irming!

GERHILDE *[Descending a little towards the others.*
And Sintolt and Wittig
Always were foemen!

ORTLINDE *[Springs up and runs to the wood.*
Heiaha! Heiaha!
The horse is kicking my mare!

GERHILDE *[Laughing aloud with HELMWIGE AND SCHWERTLEITE.*
The heroes' feud
Makes foes of the horses!

HELMWIGE *[Calling back into the wood.*
Quiet, Brownie!
Pick not a quarrel.

WALTRAUTE

[On the highest point, where listening towards the right she has taken Gerhilde's place as watcher, calling towards the right-hand side of the background.

Hoioho! Hoioho!
Siegrune, come!
What keeps thee so long?

SIEGRUNE'S VOICE *[From the back on the right.*

Work to do.

Are the others all there?

THE VALKYRIES

[In answer, their gestures, as well as a bright light behind the wood, showing that Siegrune has just arrived there.

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!

GRIMGERDE'S AND ROSSWEISSE'S VOICES *[From the back on the left.*

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

WALTRAUTE *[Towards the left.*
Grimgerd' and Rossweisse!

GERHILDE
Together they ride.

[In a cloud which passes across the stage from the left, and from which lightning flashes, Rossweisse and Grimgerde appear, also on horseback, each carrying a slain warrior on her saddle.

HELMWIGE, GERLINDE AND SIEGRUNE

[Have come out of the wood and wave their hands from the edge of the precipice to Rossweisse and Grimgerde, who disappear behind the wood.

We greet you, valiant ones!
Rossweiss' and Grimgerde!

ROSSWEISSE'S AND GRIMGERDE'S VOICES

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

ALL THE OTHER VALKYRIES
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!

GERHILDE *[Calling into the wood.*
Your horses lead into
The wood to rest!

ORTLINDE *[Also calling into the wood.*
Lead the mares far off
One from the other,
Until our heroes'
Anger is laid!

HELMWIGE *[The others laughing.*
The grey has paid
For the heroes' anger.

ROSSWEISSE AND GRIMGERDE *[Coming out of the wood.*
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!

THE VALKYRIES
Be welcomed! Be welcomed!

SCHWERTLEITE
Went ye twain on one quest?

GRIMGERDE
No, singly we rode,
And met but to-day.

ROSSWEISSE
If we all are assembled
Why linger longer?
To Walhall let us away,
Bringing to Wotan the slain.

HELMWIGE

We are but eight;
Wanting is one.

GERHILDE
By the brown-eyed Wälsung
Brünnhilde tarries.

WALTRAUTE
Until she joins us
Here we must wait;
Warfather's greeting
Grim were indeed
If we returned without her!

SIEGRUNE [*On the look-out, calling towards the back.*
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
This way! This way!

[*To the others.*

In hottest haste riding,
Hither she comes.

THE VALKYRIES [*All hasten to the look-out.**
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!
Brünnhilde, hei!

[*They watch her with growing astonishment.*

WALTRAUTE
See, she leads woodward
Her staggering horse.

GRIMGERDE
From swift riding
How Grane pants!

ROSSWEISSE
No Valkyrie's flight
Ever so fast was.

ORTLINDE
What lies on her saddle?

HELMWIGE
That is no man!

SIEGRUNE
'Tis a woman, see!

GERHILDE
Where found she the maid?

SCHWERTLEITE
Has she no greeting
For her sisters?

WALTRAUTE [*Calling down very loudly.*
Heiaha! Brünnhilde!
Dost thou not hear?

ORTLINDE
From her horse
Let us help our sister.

[*Helmwige and Gerhilde run to the wood, followed by Siegrune and Rossweiße.*

THE VALKYRIES
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

WALTRAUTE [*Looking into the wood.*
To earth has sunk
Grane the strong one!

GRIMGERDE
From the saddle swift
She snatches the maid.

THE OTHER VALKYRIES [*Running into the wood.*
Sister! Sister!
What has occurred?

[*The Valkyries all return to the stage; Brünnhilde accompanies them, leading and supporting Sieglinde.*

Turns and looks
out anxiously,
then comes back.

BRÜNNHILDE [*Breathless.*
Shield me and help
In dire distress!

THE VALKYRIES
Whence rodest thou hither,
Hasting so hard?
Thus ride they only who flee.

BRÜNNHILDE
I flee for the first time
And am pursued:
Warfather follows close.

THE VALKYRIES [*Terribly alarmed.*
Hast thou gone crazy?
Speak to us! What?
Pursued by Warfather?
Flying from him?

BRÜNNHILDE [*Turns and looks out anxiously, then comes back.*
O sisters, spy
From the rocky peak!
Look north and tell me
If Warfather nears!

[*Ortlinde and Waltraute spring up the peak to the look-out.*

Quick! Is he in sight?

ORTLINDE
A storm from the north
Is nearing.

WALTRAUTE
Darkly the clouds
Congregate there.

THE VALKYRIES
Warfather, riding
His sacred steed, comes!

BRÜNNHILDE
The wrathful hunter,
He rides from the north;
He nears, he nears, in fury!
Save this woman!
Sisters your help!

THE VALKYRIES
What threatens the woman?

BRÜNNHILDE
Hark to me quickly!
Sieglinde this is,
Siegmund's sister and bride.
Wotan his fury
Against the Wälsungs has turned.

He told me
That to-day I must fail
The brother in strife;
But with my shield
I guarded him safe,
Daring the God,
Who slew him himself with his spear.
Siegmond fell;
But I fled,
Bearing his bride.
To protect her
And from the stroke
Of his wrath to hide,
I hastened, O my sisters, to you!

THE VALKYRIES [*Full of fear.*
O foolish sister,
How mad thy deed!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
Brünnhilde, lost one!
Mocked, disobeyed
By Brünnhilde
Warfather's holy command!

WALTRAUTE [*On the look-out.*
Darkness comes
From the north like the night.

ORTLINDE [*On the look-out.*
Hither steering,
Rages the storm.

ROSSWEISSE, GRIMGERDE, AND SCHWERTLEITE

Wildly neighs
Warfather's horse!

HELMWIGE, GERHILDE, AND SIEGRUNE

Panting, snorting it comes!

BRÜNNHILDE
Woe to the woman
If here she is found,
For Wotan has vowed
The Wälsungs shall perish!
The horse that is swiftest
Which of you lends,
That forth the woman may fly?

SIEGRUNE
Wouldst have us too
Madly rebel?

BRÜNNHILDE
Rossweisse, sister,
Wilt lend me thy racer!

ROSSWEISSE
The fleet one from Wotan
Never yet fled.

BRÜNNHILDE
Helmwige, hear me!

HELMWIGE
I flout not our father.

BRÜNNHILDE
Waltraute! Gerhilde!
Give me your horse!
Schwertleite! Siegrune!
See my distress!

Stand by me now
Because of our love:
Rescue this woman in woe!

SIEGLINDE

[*Who until now has been staring gloomily and coldly before her, starts up with a repellent gesture as Brünnhilde encircles her with a warm, protective embrace.*

Concern thyself not about me;
Death is all that I crave.
From off the field
Who bade thee thus bear me?
For there perchance
By the selfsame weapon
That struck down Siegmund
I too had died,
Made one with him
In the hour of death.
Far from Siegmund—
Siegmond, from thee!
O cover me, Death,
From the sorrow!
Wouldst thou not have me
Curse thee for flying?
Thou must hearken, maid, to my prayer:
Pierce thou my heart with thy sword!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Impressively.*
Live for the sake
Of thy love, O woman!
Rescue the pledge
Thou has gotten from him:
The Wälsung's child thou shalt bear!

SIEGLINDE

[*Gives a violent start; suddenly her face beams with sublime joy.*

Save me, ye bold ones!
Rescue my child!
Shelter me, maidens,
And strong be your shield!

[*An ever-darkening thunderstorm nears from the back.*

WALTRAUTE [*On the look-out.*
The storm has drawn nigh.

ORTLINDE
Fly, all who fear it!

THE VALKYRIES
Hence with the woman;
Here she is lost:
The Valkyries dare not
Shield her from doom!

SIEGLINDE [*On her knees before Brünnhilde.*
Save me, O maid!
Rescue the mother!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Raising Sieglinde with sudden resolve.*
Away then, and swiftly!
Alone thou shalt fly.
I—stay in thy stead,
Victim of Wotan's anger.
I will hold here
The God in his wrath,
Till I know thee past reach of his rage.

SIEGLINDE
Say, whither shall my flight be?

BRÜNNHILDE

Which of you, sisters,
Eastward has journeyed?

SIEGRUNE
A forest stretches
Far in the east;
The Nibelung's hoard
By Fafner thither was borne.

SCHWERTLEITE
There as a dread
Dragon he sojourns,
And in a cave
Keeps watch over Alberich's ring.

GRIMGERDE
'Tis uncanny there
For a woman's home.

BRÜNNHILDE
And yet from Wotan's wrath
Shelter sure were the wood;
For he both fears
And keeps far from the place.

WALTRAUTE [*On the look-out.*
Raging, Wotan
Rides to the rock!

THE VALKYRIES
Brünnhilde, hark!
Like a storm-wind he comes!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Urgently.*
Flee then swiftly,
Thy face to the east!
Boldly enduring,
Defy every ill—
Hunger and thirst,
Briar and stone;
Laugh, whether gnawed
By anguish or want!
For one thing know
And hold to always—
The world's most glorious hero
Hideth, O woman, thy sheltering womb!

[She takes the pieces of Siegmund's sword from under her breast-plate and gives them to Sieglinde.]

The splintered sword's pieces
Guard securely;
From the field where slain was
His father I brought them.
And now I name
Him who one day
The sword new-welded shall swing—
"Siegfried" rejoice and prevail!

SIEGLINDE [*Greatly moved.*
Sublimest wonder!
Glorious maid!
From thee high solace
I have received!
For him whom we loved
I save the beloved one.
May my thanks one day
Sweet reward bring!
Fare thou well!
Be blest by Sieglind' in woe!

[She hastens away to the right in front. The rocky peak is surrounded by black thunder-clouds. A fearful storm rages from the back. A fiery glow increases in strength to the right.]

WOTAN'S VOICE

Stay, Brünnhilde!

ORTLINDE AND WALTRAUTE [*Coming down from the look-out.*
The rock is reached
By horse and rider!

[Brünnhilde, after following Sieglinde with her eyes for a while, goes towards the background, looks into the wood, and comes forward again fearfully.]

THE VALKYRIES
Woe, Woe! Brünnhilde!
Vengeance he brings!

Ah, sisters, help!
My courage fails!
His wrath will crush me
Unless ye ward off its weight.

THE VALKYRIES

[Fly towards the rocky point in fear, drawing Brünnhilde with them.]

This way, then, lost one!
Hide from his sight!
Cling closely to us,
And heed not his call!

[They hide Brünnhilde in their midst and look anxiously towards the wood, which is now lit up by a bright fiery glow, while in the background it has grown quite dark.]

Woe! Woe!
Raging, Wotan
Swings from his horse!
Hither hastes
His foot for revenge!

WOTAN

[Comes from the wood in a terrible state of wrath and excitement and goes towards the Valkyries on the height, looking angrily for Brünnhilde.]

Where is Brünnhilde?
Where is the guilty one?
Would ye defy me
And hide the rebel?

THE VALKYRIES
Fearful and loud thy rage is!
By what misdeed have thy daughters
Vexed and provoked thee
To terrible wrath?

WOTAN
Fools, would ye flout me?
Have a care, rash ones!
I know: Brünnhilde
Fain ye would hide.
Leave her, the lost one
Cast off for ever,
Even as she
Cast off her worth!

THE VALKYRIES
To us fled the pursued one,
In her need praying for help,
Dismayed and fearful,
Dreading thy wrath.
For our trembling sister
Humbly we beg
That thy first wild rage be calmed.

WOTAN

Weak-hearted
 And womanish brood!
 Is this your valour,
 Given by me?
 For this have I reared you
 Bold for the fight,
 Made you relentless
 And hard of heart
 That ye wild ones might weep and whine
 When my wrath on a faithless one falls?
 Learn, wretched whimperers,
 What was the crime
 Of her for whom
 Ye are shedding those tears.
 No one but she
 Knew what most deeply I brooded;
 No one but she
 Pierced to the source of my being;
 Through her deeds
 All, I wished to be, came to birth.
 This sacred bond
 So completely she broke
 That she defied me,
 Opposing my will,
 Her master's command
 Openly mocked,
 And against me pointed the spear
 That she held from me alone.
 Hearest, Brünnhilde?
 Thou who didst hold
 Thy helm and spear,
 Grace and delight,
 Life and name as my gift!
 Hearing my voice thus accusing,
 Dost hide from me in terror,
 A coward who shirks her doom?

BRÜNNHILDE

[Steps out from the band of Valkyries, and humbly but with a firm step descends from the rocky peak until within a short distance from Wotan.]

Here I am, Father,
 Awaiting thy sentence!

WOTAN

I—sentence thee not;
 Thou hast shaped thy doom for thyself.
 Through my will only
 Wert thou at all,
 Yet against my will thou hast worked;
 Thy part it was
 To fulfil my commands,
 Yet against me thou hast commanded;
 Wish-maid
 Thou wert to me,
 Yet thy wish has dared to cross mine;
 Shield-maid
 Thou wert to me,
 Yet against me raised was thy shield;
 Lot-chooser
 Thou wert to me:
 Against me the lot thou hast chosen;
 Hero-rouser
 Thou wert to me:
 Thou hast roused up heroes against me.
 What once thou wert
 Wotan has told thee:
 What thou art now,
 Demand of thyself!
 Wish-maid thou art no more;
 Valkyrie thou art no longer:—
 What now thou art

For aye thou shalt be!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Greatly terrified.*]
 Thou dost cast me off?
 Ah, can it be so?

WOTAN

No more shall I send thee from Walhall
 To seek upon fierce
 Fields for the slain;
 With heroes no more
 Shalt thou fill my hall:
 When the high Gods sit at banquet,
 No more shalt thou pour
 The wine in my horn;
 No more shall I kiss
 The mouth of my child.
 Among heaven's hosts
 Numbered no longer,
 Outcast art thou
 From the kinship of Gods;
 Our bond is broken in twain,
 And from my sight henceforth thou now
 art banned.

THE VALKYRIES

[Leave their places in the excitement, and come a little farther down the rocks.]

Woe's me! Woe!
 Sister! O sister!

BRÜNNHILDE

All that thou gavest
 Thou dost recall?

WOTAN

Conquering thee, one shall take all!
 For here on the rock
 Bound thou shalt be,
 Defenceless in sleep,
 Charmed and enchained;
 The man who chances this way
 And awakes her, shall master the maid.

THE VALKYRIES

[Come down from the height in great excitement, and in terrified groups surround Brünnhilde, who lies half kneeling before Wotan.]

O stay, Father!
 The sentence recall.
 Shall the maiden droop
 And be withered by man?
 O dread one, avert thou
 The crying disgrace:
 For as sisters share we her shame.

WOTAN

Have ye not heard
 Wotan's decree?
 From out your band
 Shall your traitorous sister be banished,
 No more to ride
 Through the clouds her swift steed to the
 battle;
 Her maidenhood's flower
 Will fade away;
 Her grace and her favour
 Her husband's will be;
 Her husband will rule her
 And she will obey;
 Beside the hearth she will spin,
 To all mockers a mark for scorn.

[Brünnhilde sinks with a cry to the ground. The Valkyries, horror-stricken, recoil from her violently.]

Fear ye her fate?
Then fly from the lost one!
Swiftly forsake
And flee from her far!
Let one but venture
Near her to linger,
Seek to befriend her,
Defying my will—
The fool shall share the same doom:
I warn you, ye bold ones, well!
Up and away!
Hence, and return not!
Get ye gone at a gallop,
Trouble is rife else for you here!

THE VALKYRIES *[Separate with a wild cry and rush into the wood.]*

Woe! Woe!

[Black clouds settle thickly on the cliff; a rushing sound is heard in the wood. From the clouds breaks a vivid flash of lightning, by which the Valkyries are seen packed closely together, and riding wildly away with loose bridles. The storm soon subsides; the thunder-clouds gradually disperse. In the following scene the weather becomes fine again and twilight falls, followed at the close by night.]

[Wotan and Brünnhilde, who lies stretched at his feet, remain behind alone. A long solemn silence.]

BRÜNNHILDE

[Begins to raise her head a little, and, commencing timidly, gains confidence as she proceeds.]

Was the offence
So shameful and foul
That to such shame the offender should be
doomed?
Was what I did
So base and so vile
That I must suffer abasement so low?
Was the dishonour
Truly so deep
That it must rob me of honour for aye?

[She raises herself gradually to a kneeling posture.]

O speak, Father!
In my eye looking,
Calming thy rage,
Taming thy wrath,
Explain why so dark
This deed of mine
That in thy implacable anger
It costs thee thy favourite child!

WOTAN *[His attitude unchanged, gravely and gloomily.]*

Ask of thy deed,
And that will show thee thy guilt!

BRÜNNHILDE

I but fulfilled
Wotan's command.

WOTAN

By my command
Didst thou fight for the Wälsung?

BRÜNNHILDE

Yea, lord of the lots,
So ran thy decree.

WOTAN

But I took back
The order, changed the decree!

BRÜNNHILDE

When Fricka had weaned
Thy will from its purpose;
In yielding what she desired
Thou wert a foe to thyself.

WOTAN *[Softly and bitterly.]*

I thought thou didst understand me,
And punished thy conscious revolt;
But coward and fool
I seemed to thee!
If I had not treason to punish
Thou wouldst be unworthy my wrath.

BRÜNNHILDE

I am not wise,
But I knew well this one thing—
That thy love was the Wälsung's;
I knew that, by discord
Drawn two ways,
This one thing thou hadst forgotten.
The other only
Couldst thou discern—
What so bitterly
Wounded thy heart:
That Siegmund might not be shielded.

WOTAN

And yet thou didst dare
To shield him, knowing 'twas so?

BRÜNNHILDE *[Beginning softly.]*

Because I the one thing
Had kept in my eye,
While by twofold desire
Divided wert thou,
Blindly thy back on him turning!
She who wards thy back
From the foe in the field,
She saw alone
What thou sawest not:—
Siegmund I beheld.
Bringing him doom
I approached;
I looked in his eyes,
Gave ear to his words.
I perceived the hero's
Bitter distress;
Loud the lament
Of the brave one resounded;
Uttermost love's
Most terrible pang,
Saddest of hearts
Defying all odds—
With my ear I heard,
My eye beheld
That which stirred the heart in my breast
With trouble holy and strange.
Shamed, astonished,
Shrinking I stood.
Then all my thought
Was how I could serve him;
Triumph and death
To share with Siegmund—
That seemed, that only,
The lot I could choose!
Faithful to him
Who taught my heart this love,
And set me
By the Wälsung's side as friend—
Most faithful to him—
Thy word I disobeyed.

WOTAN

So thou hast done
 What I yearned so greatly to do—
 What a twofold fate
 Withheld from my desire!
 So easy seemed to thee
 Heart's delight in the winning,
 When burning woe
 In my heart flamed fierce,
 When terrible anguish
 Wrung my soul,
 When, to save the world
 That I loved, love's spring
 In my tortured heart I imprisoned?
 Against my own self
 When I turned, to my torment,
 From swooning pain
 Arose in a frenzy,
 When a wild longing
 Burning like fire
 The fearful design in me woke
 In the ruins of my own world
 My unending sorrow to bury,

[Somewhat freely.]

Thy heart was lapped
 In blissful delight.
 Trembling with rapture,
 Drunken with joy,
 Thy lips drank laughing
 The draught of love,
 While I drank of divine woe
 Mixed with wormwood and gall.

[Dryly and shortly.]

By thy lightsome heart
 Henceforth be guided:
 From me thou hast turned away!
 I must renounce thee;
 Together no more
 Shall we two whisper counsel;
 Apart our paths lie,
 Sundered for ever,
 And so long as life lasts
 I, the God, dare nevermore greet thee!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Simply.]*
 Unfit was the foolish
 Maid for thee,
 Who, dazed by thy counsel,
 Grasped not thy mind
 When, to her, one counsel
 Alone appeared plain—
 To love what was loved by thee.
 If I must forth
 Where I shall not find thee,
 If the fast-woven bond
 Must be loosed,
 And half thy being
 Far from thee banished—
 A half once thine and thine only,
 O God, forget not that!—
 Thy other self
 Thou wilt not dishonour,
 Dealing out shame
 That will shame thee too;
 Thine own honour were lowered,
 Were I a target for scorn!

WOTAN
 The lure of love
 Thou hast followed fain:
 Follow the man
 Who shall wield its might!

BRÜNNHILDE
 If I must go from Walhall,
 No more in thy work be a sharer,
 And if as my master
 A man I must serve,
 I braggart base
 Abandon me not!
 Not all unworthy
 Be he who wins!

WOTAN
 With Wotan no part hast thou—
 He cannot fashion thy fate.

BRÜNNHILDE
 By thee has been founded a race
 Too glorious to bring forth a coward
 One day must a matchless hero
 From Wälsung lineage spring.

WOTAN
 Name not the Wälsungs to me!
 Renouncing thee,
 Them too I renounced;
 Through envy they came to naught.

BRÜNNHILDE
 She who turned from thee
 Rescued the race;

[With an air of secrecy.]

Sieglinde bears
 Fruit holy and high;
 In pain and woe
 Beyond woe known to woman
 She will bring forth
 What in fear she hides!

WOTAN
 No shelter for her
 Seek at my hand,
 Nor for fruit that she may bear.

BRÜNNHILDE
 The sword she has kept
 That thou gavest Siegmund.

WOTAN *[Violently.]*
 And that I splintered with my spear.
 Strive not, O maid,
 My spirit to trouble!
 Await thou the lot
 Cast and decreed;
 I cannot choose it or change!
 But now I must forth,
 Fare from thee far;
 Too long I stay by thy side.
 I must turn from thee,
 As thou didst from me;
 I must not even
 Know thy desire;
 Thy doom alone
 I must see fulfilled!

BRÜNNHILDE
 And what is the doom
 That I must suffer?

WOTAN
 In slumber fast
 Thou shalt be locked;
 Wife thou shalt be to the man

Who finds and wakes thee from sleep!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Falls on her knees.*
If fettering sleep
Fast must bind me,
An easy prey
To the basest coward,
This one thing that in deep anguish
I plead for thou must accord!
O shield thou the sleeper
With soul-daunting terrors,

[*Firmly.*

That by a dauntless
Hero alone
Here on the rock
I may be found!

WOTAN
Too much thou askest—
Too big a boon!

BRÜNNHILDE [*Clasping his knees.*
This one thing
Grant me, O grant me!
The child that is clasping
Thy knees crush dead;
Tread down thy dear one
And shatter the maid;
Let her body perish,
Pierced by thy spear,
But, cruel one, expose her not
To this crying shame!

[*With wild ecstasy.*

O cause a fire
To burn at thy bidding,
With flame fiercely flaring
Girdle the rock,
And may its tongue lick,
And may its tooth eat
The coward who, daring, rashly
Approaches the terrible spot!

WOTAN

[*Overcome and deeply stirred, turns quickly towards Brünnhilde, raises her from her knees and looks into her eyes with emotion.*

Farewell, thou valiant,
Glorious child!
Thou the most holy
Pride of my heart,
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

[*Passionately.*

Must we be parted?
Shall I never more
Give thee love's greeting?
Must thou no longer
Gallop beside me,
Nor bring me mead at banquet?
If I must lose thee,
Whom I have loved so,
The laughing delight of my eyes,
For thee there shall burn
A bridal fire brighter
Than ever yet burned for a bride!
Fiercely the flames
Shall flare round thy bed,
Flames dreadful, devouring,
Daunting all cowards;
Let cravens flee
From Brünnhilde's rock!
One only shall set the bride free,
One freer than I, the God!

[*Moved and enraptured, Brünnhilde sinks on the breast of Wotan, who holds her in a long embrace; then she throws back her head again, and, still embracing him, gazes into his eyes with emotion and awe.*

Those eyes so lovely and bright
That oft with smiles I caressed,
Thy valour
With a kiss rewarding
When, sweetly lisped
By thy childlike mouth,
The praise of heroes I heard:
Those eyes so radiant and fair
That oft in storm on me shone,
When hopeless yearning
My heart was wasting,
And when the joy
Of the world I longed for,
While fears thronged thick around me—
Once more to-day
Gladdening me,
Let them take this kiss
Of fond farewell!
On happier mortal
May they yet shine;
On me, hapless immortal,
Must they close, and for ever!

[*He takes her head in both hands.*

'Tis thus that the God
From thee turns:
He kisses thy Godhead away!

[*He kisses her long on the eyes, and with these closed she sinks back softly into his arms, unconscious. He carries her gently to a low mossy mound, and lays her there beneath the broad-spreading pine-tree which overshadows it. He gazes at her and closes her helmet; his eyes then rest on the form of the sleeper, which he completely covers with the great steel shield of the Valkyries. Having done so, he moves slowly away, turning to take one more sorrowful look. Then he strides with solemn resolve to the middle of the stage, and points his sword towards a large rock.*

Loge, hear!
Hark to my word!
I who found thee at first
A fiery flame,
And from whom thou didst vanish
In wandering fire,
I, who once bound,
Bid thee break forth!
Appear, flickering fire,
Encircle the rock with thy flame!

[*He strikes the rock three times with his spear during the following.*

Loge! Loge! Appear!

[*A gleam of fire issues from the stone and gradually becomes a fiery glow; then flickering flames break forth. Soon wild, shooting flames surround Wotan, who, with his spear, directs the sea of fire to encircle the rock. It spreads towards the background, so that the mountain is surrounded by flame.*

Let none who fears
The spear of Wotan
Adventure across this fire!

[*He stretches out his spear as a ban, looks sorrowfully back at Brünnhilde, then moves slowly away, turning his head for a farewell gaze. Finally he disappears through the fire. The curtain falls.*

Wagner: Siegfried

THE FIRST ACT

A rocky cavern in a wood, in which stands a naturally formed smith's forge, with big bellows. Mime sits in front of the anvil, busily hammering at a sword.

MIME

[Who has been hammering with a small hammer, stops working.]

Slavery! worry!
Labour all lost!
The strongest sword
That ever I forged,
That the hands of giants
Fitley might wield,
This insolent urchin
For whom it is fashioned
Can snap in two at one stroke,
As if the thing were a toy!

[Mime throws the sword on the anvil ill-humouredly, and with his arms akimbo gazes thoughtfully on the ground.]

There is one sword
That he could not shatter:
Nothing's splinters
Would baffle his strength,
Could I but forge
Those doughty fragments
That all my skill
Cannot weld anew.
Could I but forge the weapon,
Shame and toil would win their reward!

[He sinks further back his head bowed in thought.]

Fafner, the dragon grim,
Dwells in the gloomy wood;
With his gruesome and grisly bulk
The Nibelung hoard
Yonder he guards.
Siegfried, lusty and young,
Would slay him without ado;
The Nibelung's ring
Would then become mine.
The only sword for the deed
Were Nothing, if it were swung
By Siegfried's conquering arm;
And I cannot fashion
Nothing, the sword!

[He lays the sword in position again, and goes on hammering in deep dejection.]

Slavery! worry!
Labour all lost!
The strongest sword
That ever I forged
Will never serve
For that difficult deed.
I beat and I hammer
Only to humour the boy;
He snaps in two what I make,
And scolds if I cease from work.

[He drops his hammer.]

SIEGFRIED

[In rough forester's dress, with a silver horn hung by a chain, bursts in boisterously from the wood. He is leading a big bear by a rope of bast, and urges him towards Mime in wanton fun.]

Hoiho! Hoiho!

[Entering.]

Come on! Come on!
Tear him! Tear him!
The silly smith!

[Mime drops the sword in terror, and takes refuge behind the forge; while Siegfried, shouting with laughter, keeps driving the bear after him.]

MIME

Hence with the beast!
I want not the bear!

SIEGFRIED

I come thus paired
The better to pinch thee;
Bruin, ask for the sword!

MIME

Hey! Let him go!
There lies the weapon;
It was finished to-day.

SIEGFRIED

Then thou art safe for to-day!

[He lets the bear loose and strikes him on the back with the rope.]

Off, Bruin!
I need thee no more.

[The bear runs back into the wood.]

MIME *[Comes trembling from behind the forge.]*

Slay all the bears
Thou canst, and welcome;
But why thus bring the beasts
Home alive?

SIEGFRIED

[Sits down to recover from his laughter.]

For better companions seeking
Than the one who sits at home,
I blew my horn in the wood,
Till the forest glades resounded.
What I asked with the note
Was if some good friend
My glad companion would be.
From the covert came a bear
Who listened to me with growls,
And I liked him better than thee,
Though better friends I shall find.
With a trusty rope
I bridled the beast,
To ask thee, rogue, for the weapon.

[He jumps up and goes towards the anvil.

MIME

[Takes up the sword to hand it to Siegfried.

I made the sword keen-edged;
In its sharpness thou wilt rejoice.

[He holds the sword anxiously in his hand; Siegfried snatches it from him.

What matters an edge keen sharpened,
Unless hard and true the steel?

[Testing the sword.

Hei! What an idle,
Foolish toy!
Wouldst have this pin
Pass for a sword?

[He strikes it on the anvil, so that the splinters fly about. Mime shrinks back in terror.

There, take back the pieces,
Pitiful bungler!
'Tis on thy skull
It should have been broken!
Shall such a braggart
Still go on boasting,
Telling of giants
And prowess in battle,
Of deeds of valour,
And dauntless defence?—
A sword true and trusty
Try to forge me,
Praising the skill
He does not possess?
When I take hold
Of what he has hammered,
The rubbish crumbles
At a mere touch!
Were not the wretch
Too mean for my wrath,
I would break him in bits
As well as his work—
The doting fool of a gnome!—
And end the annoyance at once!

[Siegfried throws himself on to a stone seat in a rage. Mime all the time has been cautiously keeping out of his way.

MIME

Again thou ravest like mad,
Ungrateful and perverse.
If what for him I forge
Is not perfect on the spot,
Too soon the boy forgets
The good things I have made!
Wilt never learn the lesson
Of gratitude, I wonder?
Thou shouldst be glad to obey him
Who always treated thee well.

[Siegfried turns his back on Mime in a bad temper, and sits with his face to the wall.

Thou dost not like to be told that!

[He stands perplexed, then goes to the hearth in the kitchen.

But thou wouldst fain be fed.
Wilt eat the meat I have roasted,
Or wouldst thou prefer the broth?
'Twas boiled solely for thee.

[He brings food to Siegfried, who, without turning round, knocks both bowl and meat out of his hand.

SIEGFRIED

Meat I roast for myself;
Sup thy filthy broth alone!

MIME *[In a wailing voice, as if hurt.*

This is the reward
Of all my love!
All my care
Is paid for with scorn.
When thou wert a babe
I was thy nurse,
Made the mite clothing
To keep him warm,
Brought thee thy food,
Gave thee to drink,
Kept thee as safe
As I keep my skin;
And when thou wert grown
I waited on thee,
And made a bed
For thy slumber soft.
I fashioned thee toys
And a sounding horn,
Grudging no pains,
Wert thou but pleased.
With counsel wise
I guided thee well,
With mellow wisdom
Training thy mind.
Sitting at home,
I toil and toil;
To heart's desire
Wander thy feet.
Through thee alone worried,
And working for thee,
I wear myself out,
A poor old dwarf!

[Sobbing.

And for my trouble
The sole reward is
By a hot-tempered boy

[Sobbing.

To be hated and plagued!

SIEGFRIED

[Has turned round again and has quietly watched Mime's face, while the latter, meeting the look, tries timidly to hide his own.

Thou hast taught me much, Mime,
And many things I have learned;
But what thou most gladly hadst taught me
A lesson too hard has proved—
How to endure thy sight.
When with my food
Or drink thou dost come,
I sup off loathing alone;
When thou dost softly
Make me a bed,
My sleep is broken and bad;
When thou wouldst teach me
How to be wise,
Fain were I deaf and dumb.
If my eyes happen
To fall on thee,
I find all thou doest
Amiss and ill-done;
When thou dost stand,
Waddle and walk,
Shamble and shuffle,
With thine eyelids blinking,
By the neck I want
To take the nodder,

And choke the life
 From the hateful twitcher.
 So much, O Mime, I love thee!
 Hast thou such wisdom,
 Explain, I pray thee,
 A thing I have wondered at:
 Though I go roaming
 Just to avoid thee,
 Why do I always return?
 Though I love the beasts
 All better than thee—
 Tree and bird
 And the fish in the brook,
 One and all
 They are dearer than thou—
 How is it I always return?
 Of thy wisdom tell me that.

MIME

[Tries to approach him affectionately.]

My child, that ought to show thee
 That Mime is dear to thy heart.

SIEGFRIED

I said I could not bear thee;
 Forget not that so soon.

MIME

[Recoils, and sits down again apart, opposite Siegfried.]

The wildness that thou shouldst tame
 Is the cause, bad boy, of that.
 Young ones are always longing
 After their parents' nest;
 What we love we all long for,
 And so thou dost yearn for me;
 'Tis plain thou lovest thy Mime,
 And always must love him.
 What the old bird is to the young one,
 Feeding it in its nest
 Ere the fledgling can flutter,
 That is what careful, clever Mime
 To thy young life is,
 And always must be.

SIEGFRIED

Well, Mime, being so clever,
 This one thing more also tell me:

[Simply.]

The birds sang together
 So gaily in spring,

[Tenderly.]

The one alluring the other;
 And thou didst say,
 When I asked thee why,
 That they were wives with their husbands.

They chattered so sweetly,
 Were never apart;
 They builded a nest
 In which they might brood;
 The fluttering young ones
 Came flying out,
 And both took care of the young.
 The roes in the woods, too,
 Rested in pairs,
 The wild wolves even, and foxes.
 Food was found them and brought
 By the father,

The mother suckled the young ones.

And there I learned
 What love was like;
 A whelp from its mother
 I never took.
 But where hast thou, Mime,
 A wife dear and loving,
 That I may call her mother?

MIME *[Angrily.]*

What dost thou mean?
 Fool, thou art mad!
 Art thou then a bird or a fox?

SIEGFRIED

When I was a babe
 Thou wert my nurse,
 Made the mite clothing
 To keep him warm;
 But tell me, whence
 Did the tiny mite come?
 Could babe without mother
 Be born to thee?

MIME *[Greatly embarrassed.]*

Thou must always
 Trust what I tell thee.
 I am thy father
 And mother in one.

SIEGFRIED

Thou liest, filthy old fright!
 The resemblance 'twixt child and parent
 I often have seen for myself.
 I came to the limpid brook,
 And the beasts and the trees
 I saw reflected;
 Sun and clouds too,
 Just as they are,
 Were mirrored quite plain in the stream.
 I also could spy
 This face of mine,
 And quite unlike thine
 Seemed it to me;
 As little alike
 As a fish to a toad:
 And when had fish toad for its father?

MIME *[Very angrily.]*

How canst thou talk
 Such terrible stuff?

SIEGFRIED *[With increasing animation.]*

Listen! At last
 I understand
 What in vain I pondered so long:
 Why I roam the woods
 And run to escape thee,
 Yet return home in the end.

[He springs up.]

I cannot go till thou tell me
 What father and mother were mine.

MIME

What father? What mother?
 Meaningless questions!

SIEGFRIED

[Springs upon Mime, and seizes him by the throat.]

To answer a question
 Thou must be caught first;

Willingly
 Thou never wilt speak;
 Thou givest nothing
 Unless forced to.
 How to talk
 I hardly had learned
 Had it not by force
 Been wrung from the wretch.
 Come, out with it,
 Mangy old scamp!
 Who are my father and mother?

MIME

[After making signs with his head and hands, is released by Siegfried.]

Dost want to kill me outright!
 Hands off, and the facts thou shalt hear,
 As far as known to myself.
 O ungrateful
 And graceless child,
 Now learn the cause of thy hatred!
 Neither thy father
 Nor kinsman I,
 And yet thou dost owe me thy life!
 To me, thy one friend,
 A stranger wert thou;
 It was pity alone
 Sheltered thee here;
 And this is all my reward.
 And I hoped for thanks like a fool!

A woman once I found
 Who wept in the forest wild;
 I helped her here to the cave,
 That by the fire I might warm her.
 The woman bore a child here;
 Sadly she gave it birth.
 She writhed about in pain;
 I helped her as I could.
 Bitter her plight; she died.
 But Siegfried lived and throve.

SIEGFRIED *[Slowly]*
 My poor mother died, then, through me?

MIME

To my care she commended thee;
 'Twas willingly bestowed.
 The trouble Mime would take!
 The worry kind Mime endured!
 "When thou wert a babe
 I was thy nurse...."

SIEGFRIED
 That story I often have heard.
 Now say, whence came the name
 Siegfried?

MIME

'Twas thus that thy mother
 Told me to name thee,
 That thou mightst grow
 To be strong and fair.
 "I made the mite clothing
 To keep it warm...."

SIEGFRIED
 Now tell me, what name was my mother's?

MIME

In truth I hardly know.
 "Brought thee thy food,

Gave thee to drink...."

SIEGFRIED
 My mother's name thou must tell me.

MIME

Her name I forget. Yet wait!
 Sieglinde, that was the name borne
 By her who gave thee to me.
 "I kept thee as safe
 As I keep my skin...."

SIEGFRIED

[With increasing urgency.]

Next tell me, who was my father?

MIME *[Roughly]*
 Him I have never seen.

SIEGFRIED
 But my mother told it thee, surely.

MIME

He fell in combat
 Was all that she said.
 She left the fatherless
 Babe to my care.
 "And when thou wert grown
 I waited on thee,
 And made a bed
 For thy slumber soft"...

SIEGFRIED
 Still, with thy tiresome
 Starling song!
 That I may trust thy story,
 Convinced thou art not lying,
 Thou must produce some proof.

MIME
 But what proof will convince thee?

SIEGFRIED
 I trust thee not with my ears,
 I trust thee but with mine eyes:
 What witness speaks for thee?

MIME

[After some thought takes from the place where they are concealed the two pieces of a broken sword.]

I got this from thy mother:
 For trouble, food, and service
 This was my sole reward.
 Behold, 'tis a splintered sword!
 She said 'twas borne by thy father
 In the fatal fight when he fell.

SIEGFRIED *[Enthusiastically]*
 And thou shalt forge
 These fragments together,
 And furnish my rightful sword!
 Up! Tarry not, Mime;
 Quick to thy task!
 If thou hast skill,
 Thy cunning display.
 Cheat me no more
 With worthless trash;
 These fragments alone
 Henceforth I trust.
 Lounge o'er thy work,
 Weld it not true,

Trickily patching
 The goodly steel,
 And thou shalt learn on thy limbs
 How metal best should be beat!
 I swear that this day
 The sword shall be mine;
 My weapon to-day I shall win!

MIME [*Alarmed.*]
 What wouldst thou to-day with the sword?

SIEGFRIED
 Leave the forest
 For the wide world,
 Never more to return.
 Ah, how fair
 A thing is freedom!
 Nothing holds me or binds!
 No father have I here,
 And afar shall be my home;
 Thy hearth is not my house,
 Nor my covering thy roof.
 Like the fish
 Glad in the water,
 Like the finch
 Free in the heavens,
 Off I will float,
 Forth I will fly,
 Like the wind o'er the wood
 Wafted away,
 Thee, Mime, beholding no more!

[*He runs into the forest.*]

MIME [*Greatly alarmed.*]
 Stop, boy! Stop, boy!
 Whither away?
 Hey! Siegfried!
 Siegfried! Hey!

[*He looks after the retreating figure for some time in astonishment;
 then he goes back to the smithy and sits down behind the anvil.*]

He storms away!
 And I sit here:
 To crown my cares
 Comes still this new one;
 My plight is piteous indeed!
 How help myself now?
 How hold the boy here?
 How lead the young madcap
 To Fafner's lair?
 And how weld the splinters
 Of obstinate steel?
 In no furnace fire
 Can they be melted,
 Nor can Mime's hammer
 Cope with their hardness.

[*Shrilly.*]

The Nibelung's hate,
 Need and sweat
 Cannot make Nothing whole,
 Never will weld it anew.

[*Sobbing, he sinks in despair on to a stool behind the anvil.*]

WANDERER (WOTAN)

[*Enters from the wood by the door at the back of the cave. He wears
 a long dark blue cloak, and, for staff, carries a spear. On his head is
 a round, broad-brimmed slouched hat.*]

All hail, cunning smith!
 A seat by thy hearth
 Kindly grant
 The wayworn guest.

MIME [*Starting up in alarm.*]
 Who seeks for me here
 In desolate woods,
 Finds my home in the forest wild?

WANDERER [*Approaching very slowly step by step.*]
 Wanderer names me the world, smith.
 From far I have come;
 On the earth's back ranging,
 Much I have roamed.

MIME
 If Wanderer named,
 Pray wander from here
 Without halting for rest.

WANDERER
 Good men grudge me not welcome;
 Many gifts I have received.
 By bad hearts only
 Is evil feared.

MIME
 Ill fate always
 Dwelt by my side;
 Thou wouldst not add to it, surely!

WANDERER [*Slowly coming nearer and nearer.*]
 Always searching,
 Much have I seen;
 Things of weight
 Have told to many;
 Oft have rid men
 Of their troubles,
 Gnawing and carking cares.

MIME
 Though thou hast searched,
 And though much thou hast found,
 I need neither seeker nor finder.
 Lonely am I,
 And lone would be;
 Idlers I harbour not here.

WANDERER [*Again coming a little nearer.*]
 There were many
 Thought they were wise,
 Yet what they needed
 Knew not at all;
 Useful lore was
 Theirs for the asking,
 Wisdom was their reward.

MIME

[*More and more anxious as he sees the Wanderer approach.*]

Idle knowledge
 Some may covet;
 I know enough for my needs.

[*The Wanderer reaches the hearth.*]

My own wits suffice,
 I want no more,
 So, wise one, keep on thy way.

WANDERER [*Sitting down at the hearth.*]
 Nay, here at thy hearth
 I vow by my head
 To answer all thou shalt ask.
 My head is thine,
 'Tis forfeit to thee,
 Unless I can give
 Answers good,

Deftly redeeming the pledge.

MIME

[Who has been staring at the Wanderer open-mouthed, now shrinks back; aside, dejectedly.]

Now how to get rid of the spy?
The questions asked must be artful.

[He summons up courage for an assumption of sternness; aloud.]

Thy head for thy
Lodging pays:
'Tis pawned; now seek to redeem it.
Three the questions
Thou shalt be asked.

WANDERER
Thrice then I must answer.

MIME *[Pulls himself together and reflects.]*
Since, far on the back
Of the wide earth roving,
Thy feet have ranged o'er the world,
Come, answer me this:
Tell me what race
Dwells in the earth's deep gorges.

WANDERER
In the depths of earth
The Nibelungs have their home;
Nibelheim is their land.
Black elves they all are;
Black Alberich
Once was their ruler and lord.
He subdued the busy
Folk by a ring
Gifted with magical might;
And they piled up
Shimmering gold,
Precious, fine-wrought,
To win him the world and its glory.

Proceed with thy questions, dwarf.

MIME

[Sinks into deeper and deeper meditation.]

Thou knowest much,
Wanderer,
Of the hidden depths of earth.
Now, answer me this:
Tell me what race
Breathes on earth's back and moves there.

WANDERER
On the earth's broad back
The race of the giants arose;
Riesenheim is their land.
Fasolt and Fafner,
The rude folk's rulers,
Envied the Nibelung's might.
So his wonderful hoard
They won for themselves,
And with it gained the ring too.
The brothers quarrelled
About the ring,
And slain was Fasolt.
In dragon's form
Fafner now watches the hoard.

One question threatens me still.

MIME *[Quite lost in thought.]*

Much, Wanderer,
Thou dost know
Of the earth's back rude and rugged.
Now answer aright:
Tell me what race
Dwells above in the clouds.

WANDERER
Above in the clouds
Dwell the Immortals;
Walhall is their home.
They are light-spirits;
Light-Alberich,
Wotan, rules as their lord.
From the world-ash-tree's
Holiest bough once
Wotan made him a shaft.
Though the stem rot,
The spear shall endure,
And with that spear-point
Wotan rules the world.
Trustworthy runes
Of holy treaties
Deep in the shaft he cut.
Who wields the spear
Carried by Wotan
The haft of the world
Holds in his hand.
Before him kneels
The Nibelung host;
The giants, tamed,
Bow to his will.
All must obey, and for ever,
The spear's eternal lord.

[He strikes the ground with the spear as if by accident, and a low growl of thunder is heard, by which Mime is violently alarmed.]

Confess now, cunning dwarf,
Are not my answers right,
And is not my head redeemed?

MIME

[After attentively watching the Wanderer with the spear, becomes very frightened, seeks in a confused manner for his tools, and looks timidly aside.]

Both thou hast won,
Wager and head;
Thy way now, Wanderer, go.

WANDERER
Knowledge useful to thee
Thou wert to ask for;
Forfeit my head if I failed.
Forfeit be thine,
Knowest thou not
The thing it would serve thee to know.
Greeting thou
Gavest me not;
My head into thy hand
I gave
That I might rest by thy hearth.
By wager fair
Forfeit thy head,
Canst thou not answer
Three things when asked;
So sharpen well, Mime, thy wits!

MIME

[Very much frightened, and after much hesitation, at last composes himself with timid submission.]

Long it is
Since I left my land;

Long it seems to me
 Since I was born.
 I saw here the eye of Wotan
 Shine, peering into my cave;
 His glance dazes
 My mother-wit.
 But well were it now to be wise.
 Come then, Wanderer, ask.
 Perhaps fortune will favour
 The dwarf, and redeem his head.

WANDERER [*Comfortably sitting down again.*
 Then first, honest dwarf,
 Answer this question:
 Tell the name of the race
 That Wotan treats most harshly,

[*Very softly, but audibly.*

And yet loves beyond all the rest.

MIME [*With more cheerfulness.*
 Though unlearnÄld
 In heroes' kinship,
 This question I answer with ease.
 The Wälsungs are Wotan's
 Chosen stock,
 By him begotten
 And loved with passion,
 Though they are shown no grace.
 Siegmund and Sieglinde
 Born were to Wälse,
 A wild and desperate
 Twin-born pair;
 Siegfried had they as son,
 The strongest shoot from the tree.
 My head, say, is it
 Still, Wanderer, mine?

WANDERER [*Pleasantly.*
 How well thou knowest
 And namest the race!
 Rogue, I see thou art clever.
 The foremost question
 Thou hast solved;
 The second answer me, dwarf.
 A crafty Niblung
 Shelters Siegfried,
 Hoping he will slay Fafner,
 That the dwarf may be lord of the hoard,
 The ring being his.
 Say, what sword,
 If Fafner to fall is,
 Must be by Siegfried swung?

MIME

[*Forgetting his present situation more and more, rubs his hands joyfully.*

Nothing is
 The name of the sword;
 Into an ash-tree's stem
 Wotan struck it;
 One only might bear it:
 He who could draw it forth.
 The strongest heroes
 Tried it and failed;
 Only by Siegmund
 Was it done;
 Well he fought with the sword
 Till on Wotan's spear it was split.
 By a crafty smith
 Are the fragments kept,
 For he knows that alone

With the Wotan sword
 A brave and foolish boy,
 Siegfried, can slay the foe.

[*Much pleased.*

A second time
 My head have I saved?

WANDERER [*Laughing.*
 The wisest of wise ones
 Thou must be, surely;
 Who else could so clever be!
 But wouldst thou by craft
 Employ the boy-hero
 As instrument of thy purpose,
 With one question more
 I threaten thee.
 Tell me, thou artful
 Armourer,
 Whose skill from the doughty splinters
 Nothing the sword shall fashion.

MIME [*Starts up in great terror.*
 The splinters! The sword!
 Alas! my head reels!
 What shall I do?
 What can I say?
 AccursÄld sword!
 I was mad to steal it!
 A perilous pass
 It has brought me to.
 Always too hard
 To yield to my hammer!
 Rivet, solder—
 Useless are both.

[*He throws his tools about as if he had gone crazy, and breaks out in utter despair.*

The cleverest smith
 Living has failed;
 And, that being so,
 Who shall succeed?
 How rede aright such a riddle?

WANDERER [*Has risen quietly from the hearth.*
 Three things thou wert to ask me;
 Thrice was I to reply.
 Thy questions were
 Of far-off things,
 But what stood here at thy hand—
 Needed much—that was forgot,
 Now that I guess it,
 Thou goest crazed,
 And won by me
 Is the cunning one's head.
 Now, Fafner's dauntless subduer,
 Hear, thou death-doomed dwarf.
 By him who knows not
 How to fear
 Nothing shall be forged.

[*Mime stares at him; he turns to go.*

So ward thy head
 Well from to-day.
 I leave it forfeit to him
 Who has never learned to fear.

[*He turns away smiling, and disappears quickly in the wood. Mime has sunk on to the bench overwhelmed.*

MIME

[*Stares before him into the sunlit wood, and begins to tremble more and more violently.*

Accurs! Light!
 The air is on fire!
 What flickers and flashes?
 What buzzes and whirs?
 What sways there and swings
 And circles about?
 What glitters and gleams
 In the sun's hot glow?
 What rustles and hums
 And rings so loud?
 With roll and roar
 It crashes this way!
 It bursts through the wood,
 Making for me!

[He rises up in terror.]

Its jaws are wide open,
 Eager for prey;
 The dragon will catch me!
 Fafner! Fafner!

[He sinks shrieking behind the anvil.]

SIEGFRIED

[Behind the scenes, is heard breaking from the thicket.]

Ho there! Thou idler!
 Is the work finished?

[He enters the cave.]

Quick, come show me the sword.

[He pauses in surprise.]

Where hides the smith?
 Has he made off?
 Hey, there! Mime, thou coward!
 Where art thou? Where hidest thou?

MIME

[In a small voice, from behind the anvil.]

'Tis thou then, child?
 Art thou alone?

SIEGFRIED *[Laughing.]*
 Under the anvil?
 Why, what doest thou there?
 Wert thou grinding the sword?

MIME *[Comes forward, greatly upset and confused.]*
 The sword? The sword?
 How could I weld it?

[Half aside.]

By him who knows not
 How to fear
 Nothing shall be forged.
 Too wise am I
 To attempt such work.

SIEGFRIED *[Violently.]*
 Wilt thou speak plainly
 Or must I help thee?

MIME *[As before.]*
 Where shall I turn in my need?
 My wily head
 Wagered and lost is,

[Staring before him.]

And forfeit to him it will fall
 Who has never learned to fear.

SIEGFRIED *[Vehemently.]*

Dost thou by shuffling
 Seek to escape?

MIME *[Gradually recovering himself.]*
 Small need to fly
 Him who knows fear!
 But that lesson was one never taught thee.
 A fool, I forgot
 The one great thing;
 What thou wert taught
 Was to love me,
 And alas! the task proved hard.
 Now how shall I teach thee to fear?

SIEGFRIED *[Seizes him.]*
 Hey! Must I help thee?
 What work hast thou done?

MIME
 Concerned for thy good,
 In thought I was sitting;
 Something of weight I would teach thee.

SIEGFRIED *[Laughing.]*
 'Twas under the seat
 That thou wert sitting;
 What weighty thing foundest thou there?

MIME

[Recovering himself more and more.]

Down there I learned how to fear,
 That I might teach thee, dullard.

SIEGFRIED *[With quiet wonder.]*
 This fear then, what is it?

MIME
 Thou knowest not that,
 Yet wouldst from the forest
 Forth to the world?
 What help in the trustiest sword,
 Hadst thou not learned to fear?

SIEGFRIED *[Impatiently.]*
 What absurd
 Invention is this?

MIME

[Approaching Siegfried with more and more confidence.]

'Tis thy mother's wish
 Speaking through me.
 I must fulfil
 The promise I gave her:
 That the world and its wiles
 Thou shouldst not encounter
 Until thou hadst learned how to fear.

SIEGFRIED *[Vehemently]*
 Is it an art?
 Why was I not taught?
 Explain: this fearing, what is it?

MIME
 In the dark wood
 Hast thou not felt,
 When shades of dusk
 Fall dim and drear,
 When mournful whispers
 Sigh afar,
 And fierce growling
 Sounds at hand,

When strange flashes
Dart and flicker,
And the buzzing
And clamour grow—

[Trembling.

Hast thou not felt grim horror
Hold every sense in its clutches?—

[Quaking.

When the limbs shiver,
Shaken with terror,

[With a quivering voice.

And the heart, filled with dismay,
Hammers, bursting the breast—
Hast thou not yet felt that,
A stranger art thou to fear.

SIEGFRIED *[Musing.*
Wonderful truly
That must be.
Steadfast, strong
Beats my heart in my breast.
The shiver and shudder,
The fever and horror,
Burning and fainting,
Beating and trembling—
Ah, how glad I would feel them,

[Tenderly.

Could I but learn this delight!
But how, Mime,
Can it be mine?
How, coward, could it be taught me?

MIME
Following me,
The way thou shalt find;
I have thought it all out.
I know of a dragon grim
That slays and swallows men:
Fear thou wilt learn from Fafner,
When I lead to where he lies.

SIEGFRIED
Where has he his lair?

MIME
Neidhöhl'
Named, it lies east
Towards the end of the wood.

SIEGFRIED
It lies not far from the world?

MIME
The world is quite close to the cave.

SIEGFRIED
That I may learn what this fear is,
Lead me there straightway;
Then forth to the world!
Make haste! Forge me the sword.
In the world fain I would swing it.

MIME
The sword? Woe's me!

SIEGFRIED
Quick to the smithy!
Show me thy work!

MIME
Accurs'ld steel!
Unequal my skill to the task;
The potent magic
Surpasses the poor dwarf's strength.
'Twere more easily done
By one who never felt fear.

SIEGFRIED
Artful tricks
The idler would play me;
He is a bungler;
He should confess,
And not seek to lie his way out.
Here with the splinters!
Off with the bungler!

[Coming to the hearth.

His father's sword
Siegfried will weld:
By him shall it be forged.

[Flinging Mime's tools about, he sets himself impetuously to work.

MIME
If thou hadst practised
Thy craft with care,
Thou wouldst have profited now;
But thou wert far
Too lazy to learn,
And now at need canst do nothing.

SIEGFRIED
Where the master has failed
What hope for the scholar,
Had he obeyed him in all?

[He makes a contemptuous grimace at him.

Be off with thee!
Meddle no more,
In case with the steel I melt thee.

[He has heaped a large quantity of charcoal on the hearth, and keeps blowing the fire, while he screws up the pieces of the sword in a vice and files them to shavings.

MIME
[Who has sat down a little way off, watches Siegfried at work.

Why file it to bits?
There is the solder
All fused, ready to hand.

SIEGFRIED
Off with the pap,
I need it not;
With paste I fashion no sword!

MIME
Now the file is ruined,
The rasp is useless;
Why grind thus the steel to splinters?

SIEGFRIED
It must be shivered
And ground into shreds;
Only so can splinters be patched.

[He goes on filing with great energy.

MIME *[Aside.*
I see a craftsman
Is useless here;
By his own folly the fool is best served.
Look how he toils
With lusty strokes;
The steel disappears,
And still he keeps cool.

[Siegfried has blown the fire to a bright flame.]

Though I am as old
As cave and wood,
The like I never yet saw!

[While Siegfried continues to file the piece of the sword impetuously, Mime seats himself a little further off.]

He will forge the sword—
I see it plain—
Boldly weld it anew.
The Wanderer was right.
Where shall I hide
My luckless head?
If nothing teaches him fear,
Forfeit it falls to the boy.

[Springing up and bending down in growing agitation.]

But woe to Mime!
If Siegfried learn fear,
The dragon will never be slain;
And, if so, how gain the ring?
Accurst dilemma!
Would I escape,
I must find out some way
Of subduing the boy for myself.

SIEGFRIED

[Has now filed down the pieces, and puts the filings in a crucible, which he places on the fire.]

Hey, Mime! The name!—
Quick, name the sword
That I have pounded to pieces.

MIME *[Starts and turns towards Siegfried.]*

Nothing, that is
The name of the sword;
'Twas mother told me the tale.
SIEGFRIED

[During the following song keeps blowing the fire with the bellows.]

Nothing! Nothing!
Conquering sword!
What blow, I wonder, broke thee.
Thy keen-edged glory
I chopped to chaff;
The splinters now I am melting.
Hoho! Hoho!
Hohei! Hohei! Hoho!
Bellows blow!
Brighten the flame!
In the woods
A tree grew wild;
It fell, by my hand hewn down.
The brown-stemmed ash
To charcoal I burned;
Now it lies heaped high on the hearth.
Hoho! Hoho!
Hohei! Hohei! Hoho!
Bellows blow!
Brighten the flame!
How bravely, brightly
The charcoal burns!
How clear and fair its fire!
With showering sparks
It leaps and glows,—
Hohei! Hoho! Hohei!—
Dissolving the splintered steel!
Hoho! Hoho!
Hohei! Hohei! Hoho!
Bellows, blow!
Brighten the flame!
Hoho! Hoho!

Hoho, hohei! Hohei!
Nothing! Nothing!
Conquering sword!
Thy steel chopped to chaff is fused;
In thine own sweat
Thou swimmest now,

[He pours the glowing contents of the crucible into a mould, which he holds up.]

But soon my sword thou shalt be!

MIME

[During the pauses in Siegfried's song, still aside, sitting at a distance.]

The sword he will forge
And vanquish Fafner,
So much I can clearly foresee;
Hoard and ring
The victor will have;
How to win them both for myself!
By wit and wiles
They shall be captured,
And safe shall be my head.

[In the foreground, still aside.]

After the fight, when athirst,
For a cooling draught he will crave;
Of fragrant juices
Gathered from herbs
The draught I will brew for him.
Let him drink but a drop,
And in slumber
Softly lapped he shall lie:
With the very sword
That he fashioned to serve him
He shall be cleared from my way,
And treasure and ring made mine.

[He rubs his hands with satisfaction.]

Ha! dull didst hold me,
Wanderer wise!
Does my subtle scheming
Please thee now?
Have I found
A path to peace?

[He springs up joyfully, fetches several vessels, shakes spices and herbs from them into a pot, and tries to put it on the hearth.]

SIEGFRIED

[Has plunged the mould into a pail of water. Steam and loud hissing ensue as it cools.]

In the water flowed
A flood of fire;
Furious with hate,
Grimly it hissed;
Though scorching it ran,
In the cooling flood
No more it flows;
Stiff, stark it became,
Hard is the stubborn steel;
Yet warm blood
Shall flow thereby!
Now sweat once again,
That swift I may weld thee,
Nothing, conquering sword!

[He thrusts the steel into the fire, and blows the bellows violently. While doing so he watches Mime, who, from the other side of the hearth, carefully puts his pot on the fire.]

What does the booby
Make in his pot?
While I melt steel,

What art thou brewing?

MIME

A smith is put to shame,
And learns from the lad he taught;
All the master's lore is useless now;
He serves the boy as cook.
Steel thou dost brew into broth;
Old Mime boils thee
Eggs for thy meal.

[He goes on with his cooking.]

SIEGFRIED

Mime, the craftsman,
Learns to cook now,
And cares no longer to forge;
I have broken
All the swords that he made me;
What he cooks my lips shall not touch.

[During the following he takes the mould from the fire, breaks it, and lays the glowing steel on the anvil.]

To find out what fear is
Forth he will guide me;
A far-off teacher shall teach me;
Even what he does best
He cannot do well;
In everything Mime must bungle!

[During the forging.]

Hoho! Hoho! Hohei!
Forge me, my hammer,
A trusty sword.
Hoho! Hahei!
Hoho! Hahei!
Blood-stained was once
Thy steely blue,
The crimson trickle
Reddened thy blade.
How cold was thy laugh!
The warm blood cooled at thy touch!
Heiaho! Haha!
Haheiaha!
Now red thou comest
From the fire,
And thy softened steel
To the hammer yields.
Angry sparks thou dost shower
On me who humbled thy pride.
Heiaho! Heiaho!
Heiahohohoho!
Hahei! Hahei! Hahei!
Hoho! Hoho! Hohei!
Forge me, my hammer,
A trusty sword!
Hoho! Hahei!
Hoho! Hahei!
How I rejoice
In the merry sparks!
The bold look best
When by anger stirred!
Gay thou laughest to me,
Grimly though thou dost pretend!
Heiaho, haha, haheiaha!
Both heat and hammer
Served me well;
With sturdy strokes
I stretched thee straight;
Now banish thy modest blush,
Be as cold and hard as thou canst.
Heiho! Heiaho!
Heiahohohoho! Heiaha!

[He swings the blade, plunges it into the pail of water, and laughs aloud at the hissing.]

MIME

[While Siegfried is fixing the blade in the hilt, moves about in the foreground with the bottle into which he has poured the contents of the pot. Aside.]

He forges a sharp-edged sword:
Fafner, the foe
Of the dwarf, is doomed;
I brewed a deadly draught:
Siegfried must perish
When Fafner falls.
By guile the goal must be reached;
Soon shall smile my reward!
For the shining ring
My brother once made,
And which with a potent
Spell he endowed,
The gleaming gold
That gives boundless might—
That ring I have won now,
I am its lord.

[He trots briskly about with increasing satisfaction.]

Alberich even,
Whom I served,
Shall be the slave
Of Mime the dwarf.
As Nibelheim's prince
I shall descend there,
And all the host
Shall do my will;
None so honoured as he,
The dwarf once despised!
To the hoard will come thronging
Gods and men;

[With increasing liveliness.]

The world shall cower,
Cowed by my nod,
And at my frown
Shall tremble and fall!
No more shall Mime
Labour and toil,
When others win him
Unending wealth.
Mime, the valiant,
Mime is monarch,
Prince and ruler,
Lord of the world!
Hei, Mime! Great luck has been thine!
Had any one dreamed of this!

SIEGFRIED

[During the pauses in Mime's song has been filing and sharpening the sword and hammering it with the small hammer. He flattens the rivets of the hilt with the last strokes, and now grasps the sword.]

Nothing! Nothing!
Conquering sword!
Once more art thou firm in thy hilt.
Severed wert thou;
I shaped thee anew,
No second blow thy blade shall shatter.
The strong steel was splintered,
My father fell;
The son who now lives
Shaped it anew.
Bright-gleaming to him it laughs,
And for him its edge shall be keen.

[Swinging the sword before him.]

Nothing! Nothing!
Conquering sword!
Once more to life I have waked thee.

Dead wert thou,
In fragments hewn,
Now shining defiant and fair.
Woe to all robbers!
Show them thy sheen!
Strike at the traitor,
Cut down the rogue!
See, Mime, thou smith;
Thus sunders Siegfried's sword!

[He strikes the anvil and splits it in two from top to bottom, so that it falls asunder with a great noise. Mime, who has mounted a stool in great delight, falls in terror to a fitting position on the ground. Siegfried holds the sword exultantly on high. The curtain falls.]

THE SECOND ACT

A deep forest

Quite in the background the entrance to a cave. The ground rises towards a flat knoll in the middle of the stage, and slopes down again towards the back, so that only the upper part of the entrance to the cave is visible to the audience. To the left a fissured cliff is seen through the trees. It is night, the darkness being deepest at the back, where at first the eye can distinguish nothing at all.

ALBERICH

[Lying by the cliff, gloomily brooding.]

In night-drear woods
By Neidhöhl' I keep watch,
With ear alert,
Keen and anxious eye.
Timid day,
Tremblest thou forth?
Pale art thou dawning
Athwart the dark?

[A storm arises in the wood on the right, and from the same quarter there shines down a bluish light.]

What comes yonder, gleaming bright?
Nearer shimmers
A radiant form;
It runs like a horse and it shines;
Breaks through the wood,
Rushing this way.
Is it the dragon's slayer?
Can it mean Fafner's death?

[The wind subsides; the light vanishes.]

The glow has gone,
It has faded and died;
All is darkness.
Who comes there, shining in shadow?

WANDERER

[Enters from the wood, and stops opposite Alberich.]

To Neidhöhl'
By night I have come;
In the dark who is hiding there?

[As from a sudden rent in the clouds moonlight streams forth and lights up the Wanderer's figure.]

ALBERICH

[Recognises the Wanderer and shrinks back at first in alarm, but immediately after breaks out in violent fury.]

'Tis thou who comest thus?
What wilt thou here?
Go, get thee hence!
Begone, thou insolent thief!

WANDERER *[Quietly.]*

Schwarz-Alberich
Wanders here?
Guardest thou Fafner's house?

ALBERICH

Art thou intent
On mischief again?
Linger not here!
Off with thee straightway!
Has grief enough
Not deluged the earth through thy guile?
Spare it further
Sorrow, thou wretch!

WANDERER

I come as watcher,
Not as worker.
The Wanderer's way who bars?

ALBERICH

Thou arch, pestilent plotter!
Were I still the blind,
Silly fool that I was,
When I was bound thy captive,
How easy were it
To steal the ring again from me!
Beware! For thy cunning
I know well,

[Mockingly.]

And of thy weakness
I am fully aware too.
Thy debts were cancelled,
Paid with my treasure;
My ring guerdoned
The giants' toil,
Who raised thy citadel high.
Still on the mighty
Haft of thy spear there
The runes are written plain
Of the compact made with the churls;
And of that
Which by labour they won
Thou dost not dare to despoil them:
Thy spear's strong shaft
Thou thyself wouldst split;
The staff that makes thee
Master of all
Would crumble to dust in thy hand.

WANDERER

By the steadfast runes of treaties
Thou hast not,
Base one, been bound;
On thee my spear may spend its strength,
So keen I keep it for war.

ALBERICH

How dire thy threats!
How bold thy defiance!
And yet full of fear is thy heart!
Foredoomed to death
Through my curse is he
Who now guards the treasure.
What heir will succeed him?
Will the hoard all desire
Belong as before to the Niblung?—
That gnaws thee with ceaseless torment.
For once I have got it
Safe in my grasp,
Better than foolish giants
Will I employ its spell.
The God who guards heroes
Truly may tremble!
I will storm
Proud Walhall with Hella's hosts,
And rule, lord of the world!

WANDERER [*Quietly*.
Thy design I know well,
But little I care:
Who wins the ring
Will rule by its might.

ALBERICH
Thou speakest darkly,
But to me all is plain.
Thy heart is bold
Because of a boy,

[*Mockingly*.

A hero begot of thy blood.
Hast thou not fostered a stripling
To pluck the fruit thou durst not

[*With growing violence*.

Pluck frankly for thyself?

WANDERER [*Lightly*.
With me
'Tis useless to wrangle;
But Mime thou shouldst beware;
For thy brother brings here a boy
To compass the giant's doom.
He knows not of me;
He works for Mime alone.
And so I say to thee,
Do as seems to thee best.

[*Alberich makes a movement expressive of violent curiosity*.

Take my advice,
Be on thy guard:
The boy will hear of the ring
When Mime tells him the tale.

ALBERICH [*Violently*.
Wilt thou hold thy hand from the hoard?

WANDERER
Whom I love
Must fight for himself unaided;
The lord of his fate,
He stands or falls:
All my hope hangs upon heroes.

ALDERICH
Does none but Mime
Dispute me the ring?

WANDERER
Only thou and Mime
Covet the gold.

ALDERICH
And yet it is not to be mine?

WANDERER [*Quietly coming nearer*.
A hero comes
To set the hoard free;
Two Nibelungs yearn for the gold.
Fafner falls,
He who guards the ring;
Then a hand, seizing, shall hold it.
More wouldst thou learn,
There Fafner lies,
Who, if warned of his death,
Gladly would give up the toy.
Come, I will wake him for thee.

[*He goes towards the cave, and, standing on the rising ground in front of it, calls towards it*.

Fafner! Fafner!
Wake, dragon! Wake!

ALBERICH [*With anxious amazement, aside*.
Does the madman mean it?
Am I to have it?

FAFNER'S VOICE
Who troubles my sleep?

WANDERER [*Facing the cave*.
A well-wisher comes
To warn thee of danger;
Thy doom can be averted,
If thou wilt pay the price
With the treasure that thou guardest.

[*He leans his ear towards the cave, listening*.

FAFNER'S VOICE
What would he?

ALBERICH
[*Has come to the Wanderer and calls into the cave*.

Waken, Fafner!
Dragon, awake!
A doughty hero comes
To try his strength against thine.

FAFNER'S VOICE
I want a meal.

WANDERER
Bold is the boy and strong;
Sharp-edged is his sword.

ALBERICH
The ring he seeks,
Nothing besides.
Give me the ring, and so
The strife shall be stayed.
Still guarding the hoard,
In peace shalt thou live long!

FAFNER [*Yawning*.
I have and I hold:—
Let me slumber!

WANDERER
[*Laughs aloud and then turns again to Alberich*.

Well, Alberich! That ruse failed,
But call me rogue no more.
This one thing thou shouldst
Never forget:
Each according to his kind must act;
Nothing can change him.
I leave thee the field now;
Show a bold front,
And try thy luck with thy brother;
Thou knowest his kind perhaps better.
And things unknown
Thou also shalt learn!

[*He turns away, and disappears quickly in the wood. A storm arises and a bright light breaks forth; then both quickly cease*.

ALBERICH
[*Looks after the Wanderer as he gallops off*.

Away on his shining
Horse he rides,
And leaves me to care and scorn!
Laugh on! Laugh on,
Ye light-minded

And high-spirited
Race of immortals!
One day ye shall perish
And pass!
Until the gold
Has ceased to gleam,
Will wise Alberich watch,
And his hate shall prevail.

[He slips into the chasm at the side. The stage remains empty. Dawn.]

As the day dawns Siegfried and Mime enter. Siegfried carries his sword in a sword-belt of rope. Mime examines the place carefully. At last he looks towards the background, which remains in deep shadow, whilst the rising ground in the middle becomes, after a time, more and more brightly illuminated by the sun.

MIME
Our journey ends here;
Here we halt.

SIEGFRIED

[Sits down under the lime-tree and looks about him.]

So here I shall learn what fear is?
A far way thou hast led me;
We have wandered lone together
A whole night long in the woods.
This is the last
Of thee, Mime!
Can I not master
My lesson here,
Alone I will push forward
And never see thee again.

MIME
Lad, believe me,
If thou canst not
Learn it here and now,
No other place,
No other time
Ever will teach thee fear.
Dost thou see
That cavern yawning dark?
Yonder dwells
A dragon dread and grim,
Horribly fierce,
Enormous in size,
With terrible jaws
That threaten and gape;
With skin and hair,
All at a gulp,
The brute could swallow thee whole.

SIEGFRIED

[Still sitting under the lime-tree.]

'Twere well to close up his gullet;
His fangs I will therefore avoid.

MIME
Poison pours
From his venomous mouth;
Were he to spue out
Spittle on thee,
Thy body and bones would decay.

SIEGFRIED

That the poison may not consume me,
I will keep out of its reach.

MIME
A serpent's tail
Sweeping he swings;
Were that about thee wound

And folded close,
Thy limbs would be broken like glass.

SIEGFRIED

That his swinging tail may not touch me,
Warily then I must watch.
But answer me this:
Has the brute a heart?

MIME

A pitiless, cruel heart.

SIEGFRIED

It lies, however,
Where all hearts lie,
Brute and human alike?

MIME

Of course! There, boy,
The dragon's lies too.
At last thou beginnest to fear?

SIEGFRIED

[Who till now has been lying indolently stretched out, sits up suddenly.]

Nothing into
His heart I will thrust!
Is that what is meant by fearing?
Hey, old dotard!
Canst thou teach me
Nothing but this
With all thy craft,
Linger no longer by me:
No fear is here to be learnt.

MIME

Wait awhile yet!
What I have told thee
Seems to thee empty sound;
When thou hast heard
And seen him thyself,
Thy senses will swoon, overwhelmed!
When thine eyes grow dim,
And when the ground rocks,
When in thy breast
Thy heart beats loud,

[Very friendly.]

Thou wilt remember who brought thee,
And think of me and my love.

SIEGFRIED

Thy love is not wanted!
Hast thou not heard?
Out of my sight with thee;
Let me alone!
Begin again talking of love,
And on the instant I go!
The horrible winking,
The nods and blinking—
When shall I see
The last of them,
And rid be at length of the fool?

MIME

Well, I will off,
And rest there by the spring.
Thou must stay here,
And as the sun scales the sky
Watch for the foe:
From his cave
He lumbers this way,

Winds and twists
Past this spot,
To water at the fountain.

SIEGFRIED [*Laughs.*
Liest thou by the spring,
Unchecked thither the brute shall go;
He shall swallow thee
Down with the water,
Ere with my sword
To the heart I stab him!
So heed well what I say:
Rest not beside the spring.
Seek somewhere else
A far-off spot,
And nevermore return.

MIME
Thou wilt not refuse
Cooling refreshment
When the fierce fight is over?

[*Siegfried motions him angrily away.*

Call on me too
Shouldst thou need counsel,

[*Siegfried repeats the gesture with more violence.*

Or if felled on a sudden by fear.

[*Siegfried rises and drives him away with furious gestures.*

MIME [*Aside, as he goes away.*
Fafner and Siegfried—
Siegfried and Fafner—
Might each the other but slay!

[*He disappears in the wood on the right.*

SIEGFRIED
[*Stretches himself at his ease under the lime-tree, and looks after
Mime as he departs.*

He is no father of mine!
How merry of heart I feel!
Never before
Seemed the forest fair;
Never day
Wore as lovely a smile,
For the loathed one has gone at last,
To be looked on by me no more.

[*He meditates in silence.*

My father—what was he like?—
Ha! like me, without doubt.
Had Mime by chance had a son,
He would have been
Mime's image:
Quite as disgusting,
Filthy and grey,
Small and bent,
Hunchbacked and halting,
With ears long and hanging,
Rheumy eyes running—
Off with the fright!
To see him makes me sick!

[*He leans further back and looks up through the branches of the tree.
Deep silence. Woodland murmurs.*

What could my mother,
I wonder, be like;
That is not
So easy to picture.

[*Very tenderly.*

Her clear shining eyes
Must have been soft,
And gentle like the roe-deer's,
Only far fairer.

[*Very softly.*

In fear and woe she bore me,
But why did she die through me?
Must then all human mothers
Thus die on giving
Birth to a son?
That would truly be sad!
Ah, if I only
Could see my mother!—
See my mother,
A woman once!

[*He sighs softly, and leans still further back. Deep silence. Louder
murmuring of the wood. His attention is at last caught by the song
of the birds. He listens with growing interest to one singing in the
branches above him.*

O lovely warbler,
I know not thy note;
Hast thou thy home in this wood?
If I could but understand him,
His sweet song might say much—
Perhaps of my mother tell me.
A surly old dwarf
Said to me once
That men might learn
To follow the sense
Of birds when they were singing;
Could it indeed be done?
Ha! I will sing
After him,
On the reed follow him sweetly.
Though wanting the words,
Repeating his measure—
Singing what is his language—
Perhaps I shall know what he says.

[*He runs to the neighbouring spring, cuts a reed off with his sword,
and quickly makes himself a pipe out of it. He listens again.*

He stops to hear,
So now for my song!

[*He blows into the pipe, breaks off, and cuts it again to improve it. He
resumes his blowing, shakes his head, and cuts the pipe once more.
After another attempt he gets angry, presses the pipe with his hand,
and tries again. He ceases playing and smiles.*

That rings not right;
For the lovely tune
The reed is not suited at all.
I fear, sweet bird,
I am too dull;
Thy song cannot I learn.

[*He hears the bird again and looks up to him.*

He listens so roguishly
There that he shames me;

[*Very tenderly.*

He waits, and nothing rewards him.
Heida! Come hearken
Now to my horn;

[*He flings the pipe away.*

All I do sounds wrong
On the stupid reed;
To a song of the woods
That I know,
A merry song, listen now rather.
I hoped it would bring
Some comrade to me,
But wolves and bears
Were the best that came.
Now I will see
Who answers its note:
What comrade will come to its call.

[He takes the silver hunting-horn and blows on it. During the long-sustained notes he keeps his eyes expectantly on the bird. A movement in the background. Fafner, in the form of a monstrous lizard-like dragon, has risen from his lair in the cave. He breaks through the underwood and drags himself up to the higher ground, so that the front part of his body rests on it, while he utters a loud sound, as if yawning.]

SIEGFRIED

[Looks round and gazes at Fafner in astonishment. He laughs.]

My horn with its note
Has allured something lovely;
A jolly companion wert thou.

FAFNER

[At the sight of Siegfried has paused on the high ground, and remains there.]

What is that?

SIEGFRIED

If thou art a beast
Who can use its tongue,
Perchance thou couldst teach me something.
Here stands one
Who would learn to fear;
Say, wilt thou be his teacher?

FAFNER

Is this insolence?

SIEGFRIED

Courage or insolence,
What matter?
With my sword I will slay thee,
Wilt thou not teach me to fear.

FAFNER *[Makes a laughing sound.]*

Drink I came for;
Now food I find too!

[He opens his jaws and shows his teeth.]

SIEGFRIED

What a fine set of teeth
Thou showest me there!
Sweetly they smile
In thy dainty mouth!
'Twere well if I closed up thy gullet;
Thy jaws are gaping too wide!

FAFNER

They were not made
For idle talk,
But they will serve
To swallow thee.

SIEGFRIED

Hoho! Ferocious,
Merciless churl!
I have no fancy
To be eaten.
Better it seems to me
That without delay thou shouldst die!

FAFNER *[Roaring.]*

Pruh! Come,
Boy, with thy boasts!

SIEGFRIED *[Draws his sword.]*

Beware, growler!
The boaster comes!

[He springs towards Fafner and remains defiantly confronting him. Fafner drags himself further up the knoll and spits at Siegfried from his nostrils. Siegfried avoids the poison, springs nearer, and stands on one side. Fafner tries to reach him with his tail. Siegfried, who is nearly caught, springs over Fafner with one bound, and wounds him in the tail. Fafner roars, pulls his tail angrily away, and raises the front part of his body so that he may throw its full weight on Siegfried, thus offering his breast to the stroke. Siegfried quickly looks to see where his heart is, and thrusts his sword into it up to the hilt. Fafner raises himself still higher in his pain, and, when Siegfried has let go his sword and sprung aside, he sinks on the wound.]

SIEGFRIED

Lie there, envious brute! Nothung's point home has speeded!

FAFNER *[In a weaker voice.]*

Who art thou, boy bold-hearted,
That hast pierced my breast?
Who stirred up thy childish soul
To the murderous deed?
Thy brain schemed not the harm
Wrought by thy hand.

SIEGFRIED

Not much have I learned,
Not even who I am;
Thou thyself with thy taunting
Stirred me to fight and to slay.

FAFNER

O boy bright-eyed,
Who knowest not yet who thou art,
Whom thou hast murdered
Hear from me.
Two mighty giants there were,
Fasolt and Fafner;
The brothers now are both fallen.
For the curs! Old gold
We got from the Gods
I did Fasolt to death.
He who now guards
The hoard as dragon,
Fafner, the last remaining,
Falls, by a rosy boy slain.
Boy in thy bloom,
Watch and be wary:
He who stirred thee blind to this deed
Takes thought how to compass thy death.

[Dying.]

Mark the ending!
Think on me!

SIEGFRIED

Who was my father?
Tell, if thou canst.
Dying, thou showest,
Wild one, much wisdom.
Siegfried my name is; haply
That may help thee to guess.

FAFNER

Siegfried!...

[He raises himself and dies.]

SIEGFRIED

The dead can tell no tidings.
My living sword, lead!
Lead onward, my sword!

[Fafner has rolled to the side in dying. Siegfried now draws the sword from his breast. In doing so his hand gets sprinkled with the blood; he draws it back quickly.]

The hot blood burns like fire!

[Involuntarily he raises his fingers to his mouth to suck the blood from them. As he looks musingly before him his attention becomes more and more attracted by the singing of the birds.]

I almost seem
To hear the birds speaking to me.
Is there a spell,
Perhaps, in the blood?
The curious bird up there—
Hark! he sings to me.

VOICE OF THE WOOD-BIRD

[From the branches of the lime-tree above Siegfried.]

Hei! Siegfried now owns
All the Nibelung hoard!
Oh! could he the hoard
In the cave but find!
Tarnhelm, if he could but win it,
Would help him to deeds of renown;
And could he discover the ring,
It would make him the lord of the world!

SIEGFRIED

[Has listened holding his breath and beaming with delight.]

Thanks, bonnie bird,
For the counsel good:
I follow the call!

[He turns towards the back and descends to the cave, where he at once disappears.]

Mime steals up, looking about him timidly to assure himself of Fafner's death. At the same time Alberich comes out of the cleft on the opposite side. He observes Mime, rushes on him and bars his way, as the latter turns towards the cave.

ALBERICH
On what errand
Furtive and sly,
Knave, dost thou slink?

MIME
Accurs'Äd brother,
That thou shouldst come!
What brings thee here?

ALBERICH
Rogue, has my gold
Provoked thy greed?
Dost covet my goods?

MIME
Get thee gone quickly!
This corner is mine;
What huntest thou here?

ALBERICH
Have I disturbed thee,
Thief, at thy work,
Secret and sly?

MIME
What I have slaved
And toiled to win
Shall not escape me.

ALBERICH
Who was it robbed
The Rhine of gold for the ring?
And whose cunning wrought
The spell of magical might?

MIME
Who made the Tarnhelm,
Changing its wearer's form?
Though thou didst want it,
Was it designed by thee?

ALBERICH
And what of thyself
Couldst aright have fashioned, thou bungler?
The magic ring
Forced thee to master thy craft.

MIME
And where is the ring?
'Twas reft from thy clutch by the giants.
What thou hast lost
I will gain and keep by my guile.

ALBERICH
What the boy has won
Would the niggard deny him?
'Tis not thine; the hero
Who won it is now its lord.

MIME
I brought him up;
For my pains now he shall pay;
For its reward
My trouble has waited too long.

ALBERICH
Just for rearing him,
The old niggardly,
Beggary knave,
Bold as brass,
A king now would become?
The ring would befit
Better a dog
Than bumpkin like thee.
Never to thee
The magical ring shall fall!

MIME *[Scratches his head.]*
Well, keep it, then,
And guard with care
The gleaming gold;
Be thou lord,
But treat me as a brother;
Give me against it
Tarnhelm for toy,
Fairly exchanged;
Divided thus,
There will be booty for both.

[He rubs his hands confidently.]

ALBERICH *[With a mocking laugh.]*
Share it with thee?
And the Tarnhelm too!
How sly thou art!
I could never
Sleep for a moment safely.

MIME *[Beside himself.]*
What! not even
Strike a bargain!
I must go bare,
Beggared of gain!
Thou wouldst leave me with nothing!

[Shrieking.]

ALBERICH
Nothing, not so
Much as a nail,
Shall fall to thy portion.

MIME *[In a fury.]*
Neither ring nor Tarnhelm
Shall thy hand touch, then;
'Tis I will not share!

I will call on Siegfried,
Summon the aid
Of his keen-edged sword;
The lad will make
Short work, dear brother, of thee!

ALBERICH

[Siegfried having appeared in the background.]

Turn and look there!
From the cavern hither he comes.

MIME

He will have chosen
Trivial toys.

ALBERICH

He bears the Tarnhelm!

MIME

Also the ring!

ALBERICH

Curst luck! The ring!

MIME *[Laughing maliciously.]*
Get him to give thee the ring now!
'Tis I, not thou, who shall win it.

ALBERICH

And yet to its lord
Must it at last be surrendered!

[He disappears in the cleft.]

[During the foregoing Siegfried, with Tarnhelm and ring, has come slowly and meditatively from the cave; he regards his booty thoughtfully, and stops on the knoll in the middle of the stage.]

SIEGFRIED

I do not know
Of what use
Ye are; I chose you
From out the heaped-up hoard
Because of friendly advice.
Meanwhile, of this day
Be ye worn as witness,
Recalling to mind
How with fallen Fafner I fought,
And yet could not learn how to fear.

[He hangs the Tarnhelm on his girdle and puts the ring on his finger. Silence. His notice is involuntarily drawn to the bird again, and he listens to him with breathless attention.]

THE WOOD-BIRD'S VOICE

Hei! Siegfried now owns
Both the helm and the ring!
Oh! let him not listen
To Mime, the false!
He were wise to be wary of
Mime's treacherous tongue.
He will understand
Mime's secret intent,
Because he has tasted the blood.

[Siegfried's mien and gestures show that he has understood the bird's song. He sees Mime approaching, and remains without moving, leaning on his sword, observant and self-contained, in his place on the knoll till the close of the following scene.]

MIME

[Steals forward, and observes Siegfried from the foreground.]

He weighs in his mind
The booty's worth;
Can there by chance
Have come this way
A Wanderer wise

Who talked to the child,
And taught him crafty runes?
Doubly sly
Be then the dwarf;
My snares must be cunning,
Cleverly set,
That with cajoling
And wily falsehoods
The insolent boy I may fool.

[He goes nearer to Siegfried and welcomes him with flattering gestures.]

Ha! Welcome, Siegfried!
Say, bold fighter,
Hast thou been taught how to fear?

SIEGFRIED

A teacher still is to find.

MIME

But the dragon grim
Has fallen before thee?
A fell and fierce monster was he.

SIEGFRIED

Though grim and spiteful the brute,
I grieve over his death,
While there live still, unpunished,
Blacker scoundrels than he was!
The one who bade me slay
I hate far more than the slain.

MIME *[Very friendly.]*

Have patience! Thou wilt not
Look on me long.

[Sweetly.]

In endless sleep
Soon thine eyelids will be sealed.
Thy uses are over,

[As if praising him.]

Done is the deed;
The only task left
For me is to win the booty.
Methinks that task will not tax me;
Thou wert always easy to fool.

SIEGFRIED

To me thou art plotting harm, then?

MIME *[Astonished.]*

What makes thee think that?

[Continuing tenderly.]

Siegfried, listen, my own one!
I have always loathed
Thee and all that are like thee.
It was not from love
That I reared thee with care:
The gold hid in Fafner's cave
I worked for as my reward.

[As if he were promising him something nice.]

If thou wilt not yield
It up to me,

[As if he were ready to lay down his life for him.]

Siegfried, my son,
Thou plainly must see

[As if in friendly jest.]

I have no choice but to slay thee!

SIEGFRIED

That I am hated

Pleases me;

But must I lose my life for thy pleasure?

MIME [*Angrily.*

I never said that;

Thou hast made a mistake.

See, thou art weary

From stress of strife,

Burning with fever and thirst;

Mime, the kind one,

To cool thy thirst

Brought a quickening draught.

While thy blade thou didst melt

I brewed thee the drink;

Touch it, and straight

Thy sword shall be mine,

And mine the hoard and Tarnhelm too.

[*Tittering.*

SIEGFRIED

So thou of my sword

And all it has won me—

Ring and booty—wouldst rob me?

MIME [*Violently.*

Why wilt mistake so my words!

Do I drivel or dote?

I use the utmost

Pains with my speech,

That what in my heart

I mean may be hidden;

And the stupid boy

Misunderstands what I say!

Open thy ears, boy,

And attend to me!

Hear, now, what Mime means.

Take this: the drink will refresh thee

As my drinks oft have done.

Many a time

When fretful and bad,

Though loth enough,

The draughts I brought thou hast swallowed.

SIEGFRIED

Of a cooling drink

I were glad;

Say, how has this one been brewed?

MIME

[*Jesting merrily, as if describing to him a pleasant state of intoxication which the liquor is to bring about.*

Hei! Just drink it!

Trust to my skill.

In mist and darkness

Soon shall thy senses be sunk;

None to watch or ward them,

Stark-stretched shall thy limbs be.

Thou lying thus,

'Twere not hard

To take the booty and hide it;

But wert thou to awake,

Nevermore would

Mime be safe,

Even owning the ring.

So with the sword

He has made so sharp

[*With a gesture of extravagant joy.*

First I will hack

The child's head off!

Then I shall have both rest and the ring!

[*Tittering.*

SIEGFRIED

Thou wouldst, then, slay me when sleeping?

MIME [*Furiously.*

Do what, child? Did I say that?

[*He takes pains to assume the utmost tenderness. Carefully and distinctly.*

I only mean

To chop off thy head!

[*With the appearance of heartfelt solicitude for Siegfried's health.*

For even if I

Had loathed thee less,

And had not thy scoffs

And my drudgery shameful

So loudly urged to vengeance,

[*Gently.*

I should never dare to pause

Till from my path I thrust thee:

[*Jestingly again.*

How else could I come by the booty,

Which Alberich covets as well?

[*He pours the liquid into the drinking-horn, and offers it to Siegfried with pressing gestures.*

Now, my Walsung,

Wolf-begot,

Drink the draught and be choked,

And never drink again!

[*Tittering.*

SIEGFRIED [*Threatens him with his sword.*

Taste thou my sword,

Loathsome babbler!

[*As if seized by violent loathing, he gives Mime a sharp stroke with his sword. Instantly Mime falls dead to the ground. Alberich's voice in mocking laughter from the cleft.*

SIEGFRIED

[*Looking at Mime on the ground, quietly hangs his sword again on his belt.*

Envy's wage

Pays Nothung;

'Twas for this that I forged him.

[*He picks up Mime's body, carries it to the knoll, and throws it into the cave.*

In the cavern, there,

Lie on the hoard;

With steadfast guile

The gold thou hast gained:

Now let it belong to its master!

And a watchman good

I give thee, that thieves

Never may enter and steal.

[*With a great effort he pushes the body of the dragon in front of the entrance to the cave, which it completely stops up.*

There lie thou too,

Dragon grim;

Along with thy foe

Greedy of gain

Thou shalt guard the glittering gold:

So both at last shall rest in peace.

[*He looks down thoughtfully into the cave for a time, and then turns slowly to the front of the stage as if tired. He passes his hand over his brow.*

Hot I feel
 From the heavy toil;
 Fast and furious
 Flows my blood,
 My hand burns on my head.
 High stands the sun in heaven;
 From azure heights
 Falls his gaze
 Through a cloudless sky on my crown.
 Pleasant shadows will cool me under the linden.

[He stretches himself out under the lime-tree, and again looks up through the boughs.]

If only, pretty warbler,
 So long and so
 Rudely disturbed,
 I could once more hear thee singing!
 On a branch I see thee
 Merrily swaying;
 Chirping and chattering,
 Brothers and sisters
 Are happily hovering round.

But I—I am alone,
 Without brother or sister;
 My mother died,
 My father fell,
 Unseen by their son!
 The one soul I knew
 Was a loathsome old dwarf;

[Warmly.]

Love he festered not
 By kindness;
 Many a cunning
 Snare did he set me;
 At last I was forced to slay him.

[He looks sorrowfully up at the branches.]

Bird sweet and friendly,
 I ask thee a boon:
 Wilt thou find for me
 A comrade true?—
 Wilt thou choose for me the right one?
 So oft I have called,
 And yet no one has come!
 Thou, my friend,
 Wilt manage it better,
 So wise thy counsel has been.

[Softly.]

Now sing! I hearken to thy song.

THE WOOD-BIRD'S VOICE
 Hei! Siegfried has slain
 The deceitful dwarf!
 I know for him now
 A glorious bride.
 She sleeps where rugged rocks soar;
 Ringed is her chamber by fire.
 Who battles the flames,
 Wakens the bride,
 Brünnhilde wins as reward.

SIEGFRIED

[Starts up impetuously from his seat.]

O lovely song,
 Flower-sweet breath!
 Thy yearning music
 Burns in my breast!
 Like leaping flame
 It kindles my heart.
 What races so swift

Through soul and senses?
 Sweetest of friends, O say!

[He listens.]

THE WOOD-BIRD'S VOICE
 Grieving yet glad,
 Love I am singing;
 Blissful, from woe
 Weaving my song:
 They only who yearn understand.

SIEGFRIED

Forth, forth then,
 Swift and rejoicing!
 Forth from the wood to the fell!
 Just one thing more
 I would learn, sweet singer:
 Say, shall I break through the fire?
 Can I awaken the bride?

[He listens again.]

THE WOOD-BIRD'S VOICE
 No coward wins
 Brünnhild' for bride,
 Or wakes the maid:
 Only a heart without fear.

SIEGFRIED *[Shouting with joy.]*

The foolish boy
 Who has never learned fear,
 Dear bird, that dullard am I!
 To-day I took endless
 Trouble in vain,
 To find out what fear was from Fafner.
 With longing I burn
 Now from Brünnhild' to learn it.
 What path soonest leads to the fell?

[The bird flutters up, circles over Siegfried, and flies hesitatingly before him.]

SIEGFRIED

The bird to my goal will guide me.
 Fly where thou wilt,
 I follow thy flight!

[He runs after the bird, who for a time flies uncertainly hither and thither to tease him; at last he follows him, when, taking a definite direction towards the back, the bird flies away.]

THE THIRD ACT

A wild spot at the foot of a rocky mountain which rises precipitously at the back on the left. Night, storm, lightning and violent thunder. The latter ceases shortly, but the lightning continues to flash from the clouds for some time. The Wanderer enters and walks resolutely towards a cavernous opening in a rock in the foreground, and takes up his position there, leaning on his spear, while he calls the following towards the entrance to the cave.

WANDERER

Waken, Wala!
 Wala! Awake!
 From thy long sleep,
 Slumberer, wake at my call!
 I summon thee forth:
 Arise! Arise!
 From cloud-covered caves
 In earth's dim abysses, arise!
 Erda! Erda,
 Old as the world!
 From depths dark and hidden
 Rise to the day!
 With song I call thee,
 I sing to wake thee,
 From deep dreams of wisdom
 Bid thee arise.

All-knowing one!
 Fount of knowledge!
 Erda! Erda,
 Old as the world!
 Waken! Awaken, thou Vala! Awaken!

[A dim bluish light begins to dawn in the cavern. In this light Erda, during the following, rises very gradually from below. She appears to be covered with hoar-frost, which glitters on her hair and garments.]

ERBA
 Loud is the call;
 Strong the spell that summons;
 I have been roused
 From dark and wise dreams:
 Who wakes me from my sleep?

WANDERER
 'Tis I who awake thee
 With song of magic,
 That what in slumber
 Was folded fast may rise.
 The wide earth ranging,
 Far I have roamed,
 Seeking for knowledge,
 Wisdom at fountains primeval.
 No one that lives
 Is wiser than thou;
 Thou knowest all
 In the hidden depths,
 What moves on hill,
 Dale, in water and air.
 Where life is found,
 There thou art breathing;
 And where brains ponder,
 There is thy thought.
 Men say that all
 Knowledge is thine.
 That I might ask of thee counsel,
 I have called thee from sleep.

ERBA
 My sleep is dreaming,
 My dreaming brooding,
 My brooding wisdom's calm working.
 But while I sleep
 The Norns are wakeful:
 They twine the rope,
 And deftly weave what I know.
 The Norns thou shouldst have questioned.

WANDERER
 In thrall to the world
 Sit the Norns weaving;
 They cannot alter
 What ordained is.
 But I would fain
 Be taught of thy wisdom
 How a wheel on the roll can be stayed.

ERBA
 Dark and troubled
 My mind grows through men's deeds.
 A God once subdued
 The Wala's self to his will.
 A wish-maiden
 I bore to Wotan;
 From fields of battle
 She brought him slain heroes;
 Bold is she
 And wise to boot:
 Why waken me?
 Why seek not counsel
 From Erda's and Wotan's child?

WANDERER
 The Valkyrie, Brünnhild?
 Meanest thou her?
 She flouted the storm-controller,
 When, sorely urged, himself he controlled.
 What the swayer and lord
 Of battles longed for,
 What he refrained from
 Against his desire,
 Brünnhilde, bold,
 Rash, over-confident,
 When the fight was at fiercest,
 Stroved for herself to perform.
 War-father
 Punished the maid:
 He pressed slumber into her eyes,
 On the flame-girt rock she sleeps.
 The hallowed maid
 Will waken alone,
 That she may love and wed with a man.
 Small hope of answer from her.

ERBA
 Dazed have I felt
 Since I woke;
 Wild, confused
 Seems the world!
 The Valkyrie,
 The Wala's child,
 Bound lay, fettered by sleep,
 While her all-knowing mother slept!
 Does revolt's teacher
 Chide revolt?
 Does the deed he urged to
 Anger him, done?
 He who guards the right,
 To whom vows are sacred,
 Hinders the right?—
 Reigns through falsehood?
 Let me down to the dark,
 That my wisdom may slumber!

WANDERER
 I will not let thee descend,
 For a potent magic I wield.
 All-wise one,
 Planted by thee
 The sting of care was
 In Wotan's dauntless heart;
 For, through thy wisdom,
 Downfall and shameful
 Doom were foretold him;
 My mind was fettered by fear.
 Now let the world's
 Wisest of women
 Answer and say
 How a God may conquer his care.

ERBA
 Thou art not
 What thou hast said.
 Why art thou come, wild and wayward,
 To trouble the Wala's sleep?

WANDERER
 Thou art not
 What thou hast dreamed.
 Thy end draws near,
 Mother of wisdom;
 Thy wisdom at war
 With me shall perish.
 Knowest thou Wotan's will?

[A long silence.

I tell thee
That thou mayest sleep
For evermore unvexed by care.
That the Gods are doomed,
No longer dismays me,
Since I will it so.
What, with myself at war, in anguish,
Despairing, once I resolved,
Gaily, gladly,
With delight I now do.
Mad with disgust I decreed once
The world to the Nibelung's hate,
But now to the valiant Walsung
I leave it with joy.
One who never knew me,
Though chosen by me,
A boy bold and fearless,
Helped not by Wotan,
Has won the Nibelung's ring.
Blest in love,
Void of all envy,
On him shall fall harmless
Alberich's curse,
For no fear does he know.
Soon thy child and mine,
Brünnhild',
Shall be waked by him;
And when waked
Our child shall achieve
A deed to redeem the world.
So slumber again,
Closing thine eyelids;
Dreaming behold my downfall!
Whatever comes after,
The God rejoicing
Yields to youth ever young.
Descend, then, Erda,
Mother of fear!
World-sorrow!
Descend! Descend!
And sleep for aye!

[Erda, whose eyes are already closed, and who has gradually been sinking deeper, disappears entirely. The cavern has become quite dark again.

Dawn lights up the stage; the storm has ceased. The Wanderer has gone close to the cave, and leans with his back against it, facing the wings.

WANDERER

Lo! Yonder Siegfried comes.

[He remains where he is without changing his position. Siegfried's wood-bird flutters towards the foreground. Suddenly the bird stops in his direct flight, flutters to and fro in alarm, and disappears quickly towards the back.

SIEGFRIED [*Enters and stops.*

My bird has vanished from sight!
With fluttering wings
And lovely song
Blithely he showed me the way,
And then forsook me and fled!
I must discover
The rock for myself:
The path I followed so far
'Twere best still to pursue.

[He goes towards the back.

WANDERER [*Still in the same position.*

Boy, pray tell me,
Whither away?

SIEGFRIED [*Halts and turns round.*

Did some one speak?
Perhaps he knows the road.

[He goes nearer to the Wanderer.

I would find a rock
That by flaming fire is surrounded:
There sleeps a maid
Whom I would awake.

WANDERER

Who bade thee seek
This rock flame-circled?—
Taught thee to yearn for the woman?

SIEGFRIED

It was a singing
Woodland bird;
He gave me welcome tidings.

WANDERER

A wood-bird chatters idly
What no man understands;
How then couldst thou tell
The song's true meaning?

SIEGFRIED

Because of the blood
Of a dragon grim
That fell before me at Neidhöhl'—
The burning blood
Had scarce touched my tongue
When the sense of the singer grew plain.

WANDERER

Who was it urged thee on
To try thy strength,
And slay this dragon so dread?

SIEGFRIED

My guide was Mime,
A faithless dwarf:
What fear is fain he had taught me.
But 'twas the dragon
Roused me himself,
Wrathful, to strike the blow;
For he threatened me with his jaws.

WANDERER

Who forged the sword
So hard and keen
That it slew the daunting foe?

SIEGFRIED

I forged it myself
When the smith was beaten;
Swordless else I should have been still.

WANDERER

But who made
The mighty splinters
From which the sword was welded strong?

SIEGFRIED

What know I of that?
I only know
That the splintered steel was useless
Were not the sword forged anew.

WANDERER

[Bursts out laughing with gleeful good-humour.

I fully agree.

SIEGFRIED [*Surprised.*

At what dost thou laugh?
 Prying greybeard!
 Prithee have done;
 Keep me no longer here talking.
 Speak if thou knowest
 Whither my way lies;
 And hold thy tongue
 Unless thou canst tell.

WANDERER
 Good boy, have patience!
 If I seem old,
 More need to show me due honour.

SIEGFRIED
 What an odd notion!
 My whole life long
 A hateful old man
 Has blocked my pathway;
 Him I at last swept aside.
 Standest thou longer
 Trying here to stay me,
 I warn thee frankly

[With a significant gesture.]

That thou like Mime shalt fare.

[He goes still nearer to the Wanderer.]

But what art thou like?
 Why wearest thou
 Such a monstrous hat,
 And why hangs it so over thy face?

WANDERER *[Still without altering his position.]*
 That is the way I wear it
 When against the wind I go.

SIEGFRIED *[Inspecting him still more closely.]*
 But an eye beneath it is wanting.
 Perchance by some one
 Whose way thou didst
 Too boldly bar
 It has been struck out.
 Take thyself off,
 Or else very soon
 The other thou shalt lose also!

WANDERER
 I see, my son,
 Where thou art blind,
 And hence thy jaunty assurance.
 With the eye that is
 Amissing in me
 Thou lookest now on the other
 That still is left me for sight.

SIEGFRIED

[Who has been listening thoughtfully, now bursts involuntarily into hearty laughter.]

Thy foolish talk sets me laughing!
 But come, this nonsense must finish.
 At once show me my way;
 Then proceed thou too on thine own;
 For me further
 Use thou hast none:
 So speak, or off thou shalt pack!

WANDERER *[Gently.]*
 Child, didst thou know
 Who I am,
 Thy scoffs I had been spared!
 From one so dear,

Insult hard to endure is.
 Long have I loved
 Thy radiant race,
 Though from my fury
 In terror it shrank.
 Thou whom I love so,
 All too fair one,
 Rouse my wrath not to-day;
 It would ruin both thee and me.

SIEGFRIED
 Still art thou dumb,
 Stubborn old man?
 Stand to one side, then;
 That pathway, I know,
 Leads to the slumbering maid;
 For thither the wood-bird
 Was guiding when he flew off.

[It suddenly becomes dark again.]

WANDERER

[Breaking out in anger and assuming a commanding attitude.]

In fear of its life it fled.
 It knew that here
 Was the ravens' lord;
 Dire his plight were he caught!
 The way that it guided
 Thou shalt not go!

SIEGFRIED

[Amazed, falls back and assumes a defiant attitude.]

Hoho! Interferer!
 Who then art thou
 That wilt not let me pass?

WANDERER
 Fear thou the rock's defender!
 My might it is
 Holds the maiden fettered by sleep.
 He who would wake her,
 He who would win her,
 Impotent makes me for ever.

A burning sea
 Encircles the maid,
 Fires fiercely glowing
 Surround the rock;
 He who craves the bride
 The flames must boldly defy.

[He points with his spear towards the rocky heights.]

Look up above!
 That light dost thou see?
 The surging heat,
 The splendour, grows;
 Clouds of fire rolling,
 Tongues of flame writhing,
 Roaring and raging,
 Come ravening down.
 Thy head now
 Is flooded with light;

[A flickering glow, increasing in brightness, appears on the summit of the rock.]

The fire will seize thee,
 Seize and devour thee.—
 Back, back, there, foolhardy boy!

SIEGFRIED
 Stand back, old babbler, thyself!
 For where the fire is burning,
 To Brünnhilde yonder I go!

[He advances; the Wanderer bars his way.]

WANDERER

Hast thou no fear of the fire,
Then barred by my spear be thy path!
I still hold the haft
That conquers all;
The sword thou dost wield
It shivered long ago:
Upon my spear eternal
Break it once more.

[He stretches out his spear.]

SIEGFRIED *[Drawing his sword.]*

'Tis my father's foe,
Found here at last!
Now, then, for vengeance!
In luck am I!
Brandish thy spear:
My sword will hew it in twain!

[With one stroke he hews the Wanderer's spear in two pieces. Lightning flashes from the spear up towards the rocks, where the light, until now dim, begins to flame brighter and brighter. A violent thunder-clap, which quickly dies away, accompanies the stroke.]

WANDERER

[Quietly picking up the pieces of the spear which have fallen at his feet.]

Fare on! I cannot prevent thee!

[He suddenly disappears in utter darkness.]

SIEGFRIED

With his spear in splinters
Vanished the coward!

[The growing brightness of the clouds of fire, which keep sinking down lower and lower, attracts Siegfried's eye.]

Ha! Rapturous fire!
Glorious light!
Shining my pathway
Opens before me.
In fiery flames plunging,
Through fire I will win to the bride!
Hoho! Hahei!
To summon a comrade I call!

[He sets his horn to his lips and plunges into the fiery billows, which, flowing down from the heights, now spread over the foreground. Siegfried, who is soon lost to view, seems, from the sound of his horn, to be ascending the mountain. The flames begin to fade, and change gradually into a dissolving cloud lit by the glow of dawn.]

The thin cloud has resolved itself into a fine rose-coloured veil of mist, which so divides that the upper part rises and disappears, disclosing the bright blue sky of day; whilst on the edge of the rocky height, now becoming visible (exactly the same scene as in the third Act of "The Valkyrie"), a veil of mist reddened by the dawn remains hanging, which suggests the magic fire still flaming below. The arrangement of the scene is exactly the same as at the end of "The Valkyrie." In the foreground, under a wide-spreading fir-tree, lies Brünnhilde in full shining armour, her helmet on her head, and her long shield covering her, in deep sleep.

SIEGFRIED

[Coming from the back, reaches the rocky edge of the summit, and at first shows only the upper part of his body. He looks round him for a longtime in amaze. Softly.]

Solitude blissful
On sun-caressed height!

[He climbs to the summit, and, standing on a rock at the edge of the precipice at the back, gazes at the scene in astonishment. He looks into the wood at the side and comes forward a little.]

What lies in shadow,
Asleep in the wood?
A charger
Resting in slumber deep.

[Approaching slowly he stops in surprise when, still at some little distance from her, he sees Brünnhilde.]

What radiant thing lies yonder?

The steel, how it gleams and glints!
Is it the glare
That dazzles me still?
Shining armour?
Shall it be mine?

[He lifts up the shield and sees Brünnhilde's form; her face, however, is for the most part hidden by her helmet.]

Ha! It covers a man!
The sight stirs thoughts sweet and strange!
The helm must lie
Hard on his head;
Lighter lay he
Were it unloosed.

[He loosens the helmet carefully and removes it from the head of the sleeper. Long curling hair breaks forth. Tenderly.]

Ah! how fair!

[He stands lost in contemplation.]

Clouds gleaming softly
Fringe with their fleeces
This lake of heaven bright;
Laughing, the glorious
Face of the sun
Shines through the billowy clouds!

[He bends lower over the sleeper.]

His bosom is heaving,
Stirred by his breath;
Ought I to loosen the breastplate?

[He tries to loosen the breastplate.]

Come, my sword,
Cleave thou the iron!

[He draws his sword and gently and carefully cuts through the rings on both sides of the breastplate; he then lifts this off along with the greaves, so that Brünnhilde now lies before him in a soft woman's robe. He draws back startled and amazed.]

That is no man!

[He stares at the sleeper, greatly excited.]

Magical rapture
Pierces my heart;
Fixed is my gaze,
Burning with terror;
I reel, my heart faints and fails!

[He is seized with sudden terror.]

On whom shall I call,
For aid imploring?
Mother! Mother!
Remember me!

[He sinks as if fainting on to Brünnhilde's bosom; then he starts up sighing.]

How waken the maid,
Causing her eyelids to open?

[Tenderly.]

Her eyelids to open?
What if her gaze strike me blind!
How shall I dare
To look on their light?
All rocks and sways
And swirls and revolves;
Uttermost longing
Burns and consumes me;
My hand on my heart,
It trembles and shakes!

What ails thee, coward?
Is this what fear means?
O mother! Mother!
Thy dauntless child!

[Very tenderly.]

A woman lying asleep
Has taught him what fear is at last!
How conquer my fear?
How brace my heart?
That, myself, I waken,
I must waken the sleeper!

[As he approaches the sleeping figure again he is overcome by tenderer emotions at the light. He bends down lower; sweetly.]

Softly quivers
Her flower-sweet mouth!
Its lovely trembling
Has charmed my despair!
Ah! And the fragrant,
Blissful warmth of her breath!

[As if in despair.]

Awaken! Awaken,
Maiden divine!

[He gazes at her.]

She hears me not.
New life from the sweetest
Of lips I will suck, then,
Even though kissing I die!

[He sinks, as if dying, on to the sleeping figure, and, closing his eyes, fastens his lips on Brünnhilde's. Brünnhilde opens her eyes. Siegfried starts up, and remains standing before her.]

BRÜNNHILDE

[Rises slowly to a sitting posture. Raising her arms, she greets the earth and sky with solemn gestures on her return to consciousness.]

Sun, I hail thee!
Hail, O light!
Hail, O glorious day.
Long I have slept;
I am awake.
What hero broke
Brünnhilde's sleep?

SIEGFRIED

[Awed and entranced by her look and her voice, stands as if spell-bound.]

Through the fierce fires flaming
Round this rock I burst;
I unloosened thy helmet strong;
I awoke thee.
Siegfried am I.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Sitting upright.]*

Gods, I hail you!
Hail, O World!
Hail, O Earth, in thy glory!
My sleep is over now,
My eyes open.
It is Siegfried
Who bids me wake!

SIEGFRIED

[Breaking forth in rapturous exaltation.]

I hail thee, mother
Who gave me birth!
Hail, O Earth,
That nourished my life
So that I see those eyes

Beam on me, blest among men!

BRÜNNHILDE

I hail the mother
Who gave thee birth!
Hail, O Earth,
That nourished thy life!
No eye dared see me but thine;
To thee alone might I wake!

[Both remain full of beaming ecstasy, lost in mutual contemplation.]

BRÜNNHILDE

O Siegfried! Siegfried!
Hero most blest!
Of life the awaker,
Conquering light!
O joy of the world, couldst know
How thou wert always loved!
Thou wert my gladness,
My care wert thou!
Thy life I sheltered
Before it was thine;
My shield was thy shelter
Ere thou wert born:
So long loved wert thou, Siegfried!

SIEGFRIED *[Softly and timidly.]*

My mother did not die, then?
Did the dear one but sleep?

BRÜNNHILDE

[Smiles and stretches her hand out kindly towards him.]

Adorable child!
Nevermore thy mother will greet thee!
Thyself am I,
If I be blest with thy love.
All things I know
Known not to thee;
Yet only of my love
Born is my wisdom.

O Siegfried! Siegfried!
Conquering light!
I loved thee always,
For I alone
Divined the thought hid by Wotan:
Hidden thought I dared not
So much as utter;
Thought that I thought not,
Feeling it only;
For which I worked,
Battled and strove,
Defying even
Him who conceived it;
For which in penance
Prisoned I lay,
Because thought it was not,
But felt alone!
For what the thought was—
Say, canst thou guess it?—
Was love of thee, nothing but that!

SIEGFRIED

How wondrous sounds
Thy rapturous song!
But dark the meaning to me.

[Tenderly.]

Of thine eyes the splendour
I see plain,
I can feel thee breathing
Soft and warm,

Sweet can hear
The singing of thy voice,
But what thou sayest I strive
Vainly to understand.
I cannot grasp clearly
Things so far distant;
Needed is every sense
To feel and behold thee!
By laming fear
Fettered am I,
For how to fear
Thou hast taught me at last;
Thou who hast bound me
In bonds of such power,
Give me my courage again!

[He remains in great excitement with his yearning gaze fixed on her.]

BRÜNNHILDE

[Turns her head gently aside and looks towards the wood.]

I see there Grane,
My sacred horse;
In gladness he grazes
Who slept with me!
He too has by Siegfried been waked.

SIEGFRIED

[Without changing his position.]

My gaze on a mouth
Most lovely is feasting;
My lips are afire
With passionate yearning
For the pasture sweet that I look on!

BRÜNNHILDE

[Points to her armour, which she now perceives.]

I see there the shield
That sheltered heroes;
And there is the helmet
That hid my head:
It shields, it hides me no more!

SIEGFRIED *[With fire.]*
By a glorious maid
My heart has been hurt
Wounds in my head
A woman has struck:
I came without shield or helm!

BRÜNNHILDE *[With increased sadness.]*

I see there the breastplate's
Glittering steel;
A keen-edged sword
Sundered the rings,
From the form of the maiden
Loosened the mail:
Nor shelter nor shield is left
To the weak and sorrowful maid!

SIEGFRIED *[With heat.]*
Through billows of fire
I battled to thee,
No buckler or breastplate
Sheltered or screened;
The flames have won
Their way to my heart;
My blood hot-surgings
Rushes and leaps;
A ravening fire
Is kindled within me:
The flames that shone

Round Brünnhilde's rock
Are burning now in my breast!
O maid, extinguish the fire!
Calm the commotion and rage!

[He has embraced her passionately.]

BRÜNNHILDE

[Springs up, resists him with the utmost strength of terror, and flies to the other side of the stage.]

No God's touch have I known!
With awe the heroes
Greeted the maiden:
Holy came she from Walhall.
Woe's me! Woe's me!
Woe the affront,
The bitter disgrace!
He wounds me sore
Who waked me from sleep!
He has broken breastplate and helm;
Now I am Brünnhild' no more.

SIEGFRIED

Thou art to me
The dreaming maid still;
Brünnhilde lies
Lapped still in sleep.
Awake, be a woman to me!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Bewildered.]*

Confused are my senses,
My mind is blank:
Wisdom, dost thou forsake me?

SIEGFRIED

Said not thy song
Thy wisdom drew
Its light from thy love of me?

BRÜNNHILDE *[Staring before her.]*

Shadows drear-falling
Darken my gaze;
Mine eyes see dimly,
The light dies out,
Deep is the dark.
From dread-haunted mists
Fear in a frenzy
Comes writhing forth;
Terror stalks me
And grows with each stride!

[She hides her eyes with her hands in violent terror.]

SIEGFRIED

[Gently removing her hands from her eyes.]

Dread lies dark
On eyelids bound;
With the fetters vanish
The fear and gloom;
Rise from the dark and behold:
Bright as the sun is the day.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Much agitated.]*

Flaunting my shame,
Bright as the sun shines the day!
O Siegfried! Siegfried!
Pity my woe!
I have always
Lived and shall live—
Always in sweet,
Rapturous yearning,
And always to make thee blest!

O Siegfried! Glorious

Wealth of the world!
 Laughing hero!
 Life of the earth!
 Ah, forbear!
 Leave me in peace!
 Touch me not,
 Mad with delirious frenzy!
 Break me not,
 Bring me not under thy yoke,
 Undo not the loved one so dear!

Hast thou rejoiced
 Thyself to see
 Reflected clear in the stream?
 If into wavelets
 The water were stirred,
 And ruffled the limpid
 Calm of the brook,
 Thy face would not be there,
 Only water's rippling unrest.
 So untouched let me stay,
 Trouble me not,
 And thy face
 Mirrored bright in me
 Will smile to thee always,
 Gay and merry and glad!
 O Siegfried,
 Radiant child,
 Love thyself
 And leave me in peace;
 O bring not thine own to naught!

SIEGFRIED
 I love thee;
 Didst thou but love me!
 Myself I have lost;
 Ah, would thou wert won!
 A fair-flowing flood
 Before me rolls;
 With all my senses
 Nothing I see
 But buoyant, beautiful billows.
 If it refuse
 To mirror my face,
 Just as I am,
 To assuage my fever,
 Myself I will plunge
 Straight in the stream:—
 If only the billows
 Would blissfully drown me,
 My yearning lost in the flood!
 Awaken, Brünnhilde!
 Waken, O maid!
 Laughing and living,
 Sweetest delight,
 Be mine! Be mine! Be mine!

BRÜNNHILDE [*With deep feeling.*
 Thine, Siegfried!
 I was from of old!

SIEGFRIED [*With fire.*
 What thou hast been
 That be thou still!

BRÜNNHILDE
 Thine I will
 Always be!

SIEGFRIED
 What thou wilt be
 Be thou to-day!
 Clasped in my arms

And closely embraced,
 Heart upon heart
 Beating in rapture,
 Glances aglow,
 And breath mingled hungrily,
 Eye in eye and
 Mouth on mouth!
 All that thou wert
 And wilt be, be thou it now!
 The fear and the fever would vanish
 Were Brünnhild now mine!

BRÜNNHILDE
 Were I now thine?

Heavenly calm
 Is tossing and raging;
 Light that was pure
 Flames into passion;
 Wisdom divine
 Forsakes me and flies;
 Jubilant love
 Has scared it away!

If I be thine?
 Siegfried! Siegfried!
 Canst thou not see?
 By the blaze of my eyes
 Thou art not struck blind?
 In my arms' embrace
 Thou surely must burn!
 As my blood like a torrent
 Surges and leaps,
 The fire fierce-flaming
 Dost thou not feel?
 Fearest thou, Siegfried?
 Fearest thou not
 The wild, love-frenzied maid?

SIEGFRIED [*With a shock of joy.*
 Ha!
 As the blood swift-surfing is kindled,
 As our eyes devour one another,
 As our arms cling close in their rapture,
 Dauntless again
 My courage swells,
 And the fear I failed
 For so long to learn,
 The fear that I scarcely
 Learned from thee—
 The stupid boy fears
 That fear is completely forgot!

[*With the last words he has involuntarily let Brünnhilde go.*

BRÜNNHILDE [*Laughing wildly with joy.*
 Oh, valorous boy!
 Oh, glorious hero!
 Unwitting source
 Of wonderful deeds!
 Laughing, laughing I love thee;
 Laughing welcome my blindness;
 Laughing let us go doomwards,
 Laughing go down to death!

Farewell Walhall's
 Radiant world,
 Its stately halls
 In the dust laid low!
 Farewell, glittering
 Pomp divine!
 End in bliss,
 O immortal race!
 Norns, rend in sunder

Your rope of runes!
Dusk steal darkly
Over the Gods!
Night of their downfall
Dimly descend!
Now Siegfried's star
Is rising for me;
He is for ever
And for aye,
My wealth, my world,
My all in all:
Love ever radiant,
Laughing death!

SIEGFRIED

*[While Brünnhilde repeats the foregoing, beginning at "Farewell
Walhall's Radiant world."*

Laughing thou wakest,
Thou my delight!
Brünnhilde lives,
Brünnhilde laughs!
Hail, O day
In glory arisen!
Hail, O Sun
That shines from on high!
Hail, O light
From the darkness sprung!
Hail, O world
Where Brünnhilde dwells!
She wakes! She lives!
She greets me with laughter!
Splendour streams
From Brünnhilde's star!

SIEGFRIED

She is for ever
And for aye
My wealth, my world,
My all in all,
Love ever radiant,
Laughing death!

[Brünnhilde throws herself into Siegfried's arms. The curtain falls.]

Wagner: Götterdämmerung

PRELUDE

The curtain rises slowly. The scene is the same as at the close of the second day, on the Valkyries' rock; night. In the background, from below, firelight shines. The three Norns, tall women in long, dark, veil-like drapery. The first (eldest) lies in the foreground, to the right, under the spreading pine-tree; the second (younger) is stretched on a shelving rock in front of the cave; the third (youngest) fits in the centre at the back on a rock near the peak. Motionless, gloomy silence.

THE FIRST NORN

What light glimmers there?

THE SECOND NORN

Is it already dawn?

THE THIRD NORN

Loge's host

Glow in flame around the rock.

It is night.

Why spin we not, singing the while?

THE SECOND NORN [*To the first.*]

Where for our spinning and singing

Wilt thou fasten the rope?

THE FIRST NORN

[While she loosens a golden rope from herself and ties one end of it to a branch of the pine-tree.]

I sing and wind the rope

Badly or well, as may be.

At the world-ash-tree

Once I wove,

When from the stem

There bourgeoned strong

The boughs of a sacred wood.

In the shadows cool

A fountain flowed;

Wisdom whispered

Low from its wave;

Of holy things I sang.

A dauntless God

Came to drink at the well;

For the draught he drank

He paid with the loss of an eye.

From the world-ash-tree

Wotan broke a holy bough;

From the bough he cut

And shaped the shaft of a spear.

As time rolled on the wood

Wasted and died of the wound;

Sere, leafless and barren,

Wan withered the tree;

Sadly the flow

Of the fountain failed;

Troubled grew

My sorrowful song.

And now no more

At the world-ash-tree I weave;

I needs must fasten

Here on the pine-tree my rope.

Sing, O sister—

Catch as I throw—

Canst thou tell us why?

THE SECOND NORN

[Winds the rope thrown to her round a projecting rock at the entrance of the cave.]

Runes of treaties

Well weighed and pondered

Cut were by Wotan

In the shaft,

Which wielding, he swayed the world.

A hero bold

In fight then splintered the spear,

The hallowed haft

With its treaties cleaving in twain.

Then bade Wotan

Walhall's heroes

Hew down the world-ash-tree

Forthwith,

Both the stem and boughs sere and barren.

The ash-tree sank;

Sealed was the fountain that flowed.

Round the sharp edge

Of the rock I wind the rope:

Sing, O sister,

Catch as I throw;

Further canst thou tell?

THE THIRD NORN

[Catching the rope and throwing the end behind her.]

The castle stands

By giants up reared.

With the Gods and the holy

Host of the heroes

Wotan sits in his hall;

And round the walls

Hewn logs are heaped,

High up-piled,

Ready for burning:

The world-ash-tree these were once.

When the wood

Flares up brightly and burns,

In its fire

Shall the fair hall be consumed.

And then shall the high Gods' downfall

Dawn in darkness for aye.

Know ye yet more,

Begin anew winding the rope;

Again I throw it

Back from the north.

Spin and sing, O my sister.

[She throws the rope to the second Norn and the second throws it to the first, who loosens the rope from the bough and ties it on to another.

THE FIRST NORN

[Looking towards the back.

Is it the dawn,
Or the firelight that flickers?
Grief-darkened is my gaze.
The holy past
I can scarce remember,
When Loge burst
Of old into burning fire.
Dost thou know how he fared?

THE SECOND NORN

[Winding the rope which has been thrown to her round the rock again.

Overcome by Wotan's
Spear and its magic,
Loge worked for the God;
Then, to win his freedom,
Gnawed with his tooth
The solemn runes on the shaft.
So with the potent
Spell of the spear-point
Wotan confined him
Flaming where Brünnhilde slumbered.
Canst thou tell us the end?

THE THIRD NORN

With the broken spear's
Sharp-piercing splinters
Wotan wounded
The blazing one deep in the breast;
Ravening fire
Springs from the wound,
And this is thrown
'Mid the world-ash-tree's
Hewn logs heaped ready for burning.
Would ye know
When that will be,
Wind, O sisters, the rope!

[She throws the rope back; the second Norn winds it up and throws it again to the first.

THE FIRST NORN

[Fastening the rope again.

The night wanes,
Dark grows my vision;
I cannot find
The threads of the rope;
The strands are twisted and loose.
A horrible sight
Wildly vexes mine eyes:
Rhinegold
That black Alberich stole.
Knowest thou more thereof?

THE SECOND NORN

[With laborious haste winds the rope round the jagged rock at the mouth of the cave.

The rock's sharp edge
Is cutting the rope;
The threads loosen
Their hold and grow slack;
They droop tangled and frayed.
From woe and wrath
Rises the Nibelung's ring;
A curse of revenge
Ruthlessly gnaws at the strands:—

Canst thou the end foretell?

THE THIRD NORN

[Hastily catching the rope which is thrown to her.

The rope is too short,
Too loose it hangs;
It must be stretched,
Pulled straighter, before
Its end can reach to the north!

[She pulls hard at the rope, which breaks.

It breaks!

THE SECOND NORN

It breaks!

THE FIRST NORN

It breaks!

[They take the pieces of broken rope and bind their bodies together with them.

THE THREE NORNS

So ends wisdom eternal!
The wise ones
Will utter no more.
Descend to Erda! Descend!

[They vanish. The dawn grows brighter; the firelight from the valley gradually fades. Sunrise; then broad daylight.

Siegfried and Brünnhilde enter from the cave. He is fully armed; she leads her horse by the bridle.

BRÜNNHILDE

Belov'Äd hero,
Poor my love were
Wert thou thereby
Kept from new deeds.
One single doubt
Yet makes me linger:
The fear my service
Has been too small.
The things the Gods taught me
I could give:
All the rich hoard
Of holy runes;
But by the hero
Who holds my heart
I have been robbed
Of my maiden valour.
In wisdom weak,
Although strong in will;
In love so rich,
In power so poor—
Must thou not scorn
Her lack of riches
Who, though so eager,
Can give nothing more?

SIEGFRIED

Wonderful woman, more
Thy gifts than I can guard!
O chide not if thy teaching
Has left me still untaught.

[With fire.

That Brünnhilde lives for me—
To that lore I hold fast;
And one lesson I have learned—
Brünnhilde to remember!

BRÜNNHILDE

If thou wouldst truly love me,
Think of thyself alone,
And of thy deeds of daring!

The raging fire remember
That fearless thou didst fare through
When around the rock it burned—

SIEGFRIED
That I might conquer Brünnhild'!

BRÜNNHILDE
Think too of the shield-hidden maid
Thou didst find there lapped in slumber.
And whose helmet hard thou didst break—

SIEGFRIED
Brünnhilde to awaken!

BRÜNNHILDE
Those oaths remember
That unite us;
The faith and truth
That are between us,
And evermore
The love we live for;
Brünnhilde in thy breast
Will deeply burn then for aye!

[She embraces Siegfried.]

SIEGFRIED
Must I leave thee, O love,
In thy holy fortress of fire,

[He has taken Alberich's ring from his finger, and holds it out to Brünnhilde.]

This ring of mine I give thee;
Let it pay for thy runes.
Of whatever deeds I did
The virtue lies therein.
By my hand was the dragon grim,
Who long had guarded it, slain;
Keep thou the gold and its might
As token true of my love!

BRÜNNHILDE
[Putting on the ring in rapturous delight.]

I covet it more than all else!
For the ring take Grane, my horse.
Through the air with me
He galloped once boldly,
But lost with mine
Was his magic art;
Upon clouds and storm,
Through thunder and lightning
No more
Gallantly now will he sweep!
But if thou lead the way,
Even through fire
Fearlessly Grane will follow.
For henceforth, hero,
Thou art his master!
Entreat him well;
He knows thy voice;
O, greet him often
In Brünnhilde's name!

SIEGFRIED
Then every deed that I dare
Will be achieved through thy virtue
All my battles thou wilt choose,
And my victories will be thine.
Upon thy good horse riding,
And sheltered by thy shield,
No longer Siegfried am I,
But only Brünnhilde's arm!

BRÜNNHILDE
O were but Brünnhilde thy soul too!

SIEGFRIED
Through her my courage burns high.

BRÜNNHILDE
Then wert thou Siegfried and Brünnhild'.

SIEGFRIED
Where I am, there thy abode is.

BRÜNNHILDE *[With animation.]*
Then a waste is my hall of rock?

SIEGFRIED
Made one, both there abide.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Greatly moved.]*
Ye Gods, O ye holy
Race of immortals,
Feast ye your eyes
On this love-hallowed pair!
Apart—who shall divide us?
Divided—still we are one!

SIEGFRIED
Hail, O Brünnhilde,
Beautiful star!
Hail, love and its glory!

BRÜNNHILDE
Hail, O Siegfried,
Conquering light!
Hail, life and its glory!
Hail, conquering light!

BOTH
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

[Siegfried leads the horse quickly to the edge of the sloping rock, Brünnhilde following him. Siegfried disappears with the horse down behind the projecting rock, so that he is no longer visible to the audience. Brünnhilde is thus suddenly left standing alone on the edge of the slope, and gazes down into the valley after Siegfried. Her gestures show that Siegfried has vanished from her sight. Siegfried's horn is heard from below. Brünnhilde listens, and steps further out on the slope. She catches sight of Siegfried in the valley again, and waves to him joyfully. Her happy smiles seem to reflect the air of the merrily departing hero.]

THE FIRST ACT

The hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. This is quite open at the back. An open shore stretching to the river occupies the background. Rocky heights enclose the shore. Gunther and Gutrune on a throne at one side, before which stands a table with drinking-vessels on it. In front of this Hagen is seated.

GUNTHER
Give ear, Hagen;
Tell me the truth:
Is my fame on the Rhine
Worthy of Gibich's son?

HAGEN
I envy thee
Thy fame and thy glory;
Thy great renown was foretold
To me by Grimhild' our mother.

GUNTHER
I envy thee,
So envy not me.
I, as first-born, rule,
But the wisdom is thine.
Half-brother's feud

Could scarce be laid better;
Asking thus of my renown,
'Tis thy wisdom that I praise.

HAGEN
My words I withdraw,
Thy fame might be more:
I know of precious treasures
That the Gibichung has not yet won.

GUNTHER
Hide these, and I
Withdraw my praise.

HAGEN
In summer's full-ripened glory
Blooms the Gibich stock,
Thou, Gunther, still unwived,
Thou, Gutrun', still unwed.

GUNTHER
Whom wouldst thou have me woo,
To win more wide renown?

HAGEN
One I know of,
None nobler in the world.
She dwells on soaring rocks,
Her chamber is circled by fire;
And he who would Brünnhild' woo
Must break through the daunting flame.

GUNTHER
Suffices my strength for the task?

HAGEN
For one stronger still it is decreed.

GUNTHER
Who is that hero unmatched?

HAGEN
Siegfried, the Wälsung's son;
He is the hero bold.
A twin-born pair,
Whom fate turned to lovers,
Sigmund and Sieglinde,
Had as their offspring this child.
In the woods he grew and waxed strong.
'Tis he that Gutrun' must wed.

GUTRUNE [*Shyly*.
Tell me what deed of high valour
Made this hero the first in renown.

HAGEN
At Neidhöhle
A huge dragon lay,
Who guarded the Nibelung's gold.
He was slain,
And his horrid jaws closed
By Siegfried's invincible sword.
From this colossal deed
The fame of the hero dawned.

GUNTHER [*Thoughtfully*.
They say that a priceless treasure
The Niblungs had in their hoard.

HAGEN
The man who could use its spell
Were lord of the world evermore.

GUNTHER
And Siegfried won it in fight?

HAGEN
He has the Niblungs in thrall.

GUNTHER
And Brünnhild' no other can win?

HAGEN
To no other will the flames yield.

GUNTHER [*Rises angrily from his seat*.
Why wake dissension and doubt?
Why stir up my desire
And yearning for joys
That cannot be won?

[*He walks to and fro much agitated*.

HAGEN
[*Without leaving his seat causes Gunther to pull up as he approaches him, by a gesture of mysterious import*.

Would not Brünnhilde
Be thy bride,
Were she by Siegfried brought home?

GUNTHER
[*Turns away doubtful and angry*.

But how could I force this man
To woo the bride for me?

HAGEN [*As before*.
Thy simple prayer would force him,
Gutrun' winning him first.

GUTRUNE
Thou mockest, cruel Hagen!
What arts have I to bind him?
The greatest hero
In all the world
Has long ere this by the fairest
Women on earth been loved.

HAGEN
[*Bending confidentially towards Gutrune*.

What of the drink in the chest?
[*More secretly*.

In me who won it have more faith.
To thee in love it will bind
Him whom thy heart most desires.

[*Gunther has come to the table again, and, leaning against it, pays close attention*.

Hither did Siegfried come,
And taste of this potion of herbs,
He would straight forget he had looked
On any woman before,
Or been by woman approached.
Now answer:
Think ye my counsel good?

GUNTHER [*Starting up suddenly*.
Now Grimhild' be praised,
Who for brother gave us thee.

GUTRUNE
Siegfried fain I would behold!

GUNTHER
But how can he be found?

[A horn on the stage, from the background on the left, very loud but distant.]

HAGEN

[Listens and turns to Gunther.]

Merrily hunting
After renown
Across the world
As through a wood,
Belike in his chase he will come,
To the Gibich's realm on the Rhine.

GUNTHER

Heartily welcome were he.

[A horn on the stage, nearer, but still distant. Both listen.]

A horn from the Rhine I hear.

HAGEN

[Looks down the river and calls towards the back.]

A man and horse on board a boat!
His horn how gaily he winds!

[A horn on the stage sounds nearer. Gunther stops half-way listening.]

See the leisurely stroke,
And the indolent arm
Against the stream
Urging the boat!
So skilful a hand
On the swinging oar
Can be but his
Who the dragon slew:—
It is Siegfried—surely no other!

GUNTHER

Will he go by?

HAGEN

[Making a trumpet of his hands, calls towards the river.]

Hoiho! Blithe hero,
Whither bound?

SIEGFRIED *[From the distance.]*

I seek the son of Gibich.

HAGEN

I bid thee welcome to Gunther's hall.

[Siegfried in a boat appears at the shore.]

This way! Stop here and land!

Siegfried brings his boat to the shore. Hagen makes it fast with the chain. Siegfried springs ashore with his horse. Gunther has come down and joined Hagen.

HAGEN

Hail, Siegfried, hero bold!

[Gutrune gazes at Siegfried from the throne in astonishment. Gunther prepares to offer him friendly greetings. All stand fixed in silent mutual contemplation.]

SIEGFRIED

[Leaning on his horse, remains quietly standing by the boat.]

Who is Gibich's son?

GUNTHER

I am he thou dost seek.

SIEGFRIED

Thy fame has reached me
From the Rhine;
Now fight with me,

Or be my friend.

GUNTHER

Be thou mine;
Thou art welcome!

SIEGFRIED

Where stable my horse?

HAGEN

Leave him to me.

SIEGFRIED *[Turning to Hagen.]*

My name thou knowest;
Where have we met?

HAGEN

I guessed from thy strength
Who thou must be.

SIEGFRIED

[As he hands over the horse to Hagen.]

Be careful of Grane,
For thou hast never
Led by the rein
So noble a steed.

[Hagen leads the horse away. While Siegfried looks thoughtfully after him, Gutrune, obeying a sign of Hagen's which Siegfried does not notice, goes to her room through a door on the left. Gunther comes into the hall with Siegfried, whom he has invited to accompany him.]

GUNTHER

My father's ancient hall,
O hero, greet in gladness!
All thou beholdest,
Where'er thou art,
Treat as thine own henceforward:
Thine is my kingdom—
Land and folk;
By my body I swear it!
Yea, myself I am thine.

SIEGFRIED

Nor land nor folk have I to give,
Nor father's house nor hall;
In my body
Is all my wealth;
As I live it grows less.
But a sword have I
Which I welded;
Let my sword be my witness!—
That and myself I bestow.

HAGEN

[Who has come back and now stands behind Siegfried.]

Of the Nibelungs' treasure
Rumour names thee the lord.

SIEGFRIED

[Turning round to Hagen.]

I almost forgot the hoard,
So lightly I prize its worth.
I left it lying in a cavern,
Where a dragon once held watch.

HAGEN

And nothing took at all?

SIEGFRIED

Only this, not knowing its use.

HAGEN

It is the Tarnhelm,
The gem of the Nibelung's art;
Its use, when worn on thy head,
Is to change thy shape as thou wilt;
If fain to be borne afar,
In a flash lo! thou art there!
Didst thou take nothing besides?

SIEGFRIED

Yes, a ring.

HAGEN

Which safe thou dost hold?

SIEGFRIED [*Tenderly.*]

'Tis held by a woman fair.

HAGEN [*Aside.*]

Brünnhild'!

GUNTHER

Nay, Siegfried, let us not barter;
All I have a bauble poor,
Matched with thy treasure, would be.
I will serve thee without reward.

[*Hagen has gone to Gutrune's door, and now opens it.*]

GUTRUNE

[*Enters carrying a full drinking-horn, with which she approaches Siegfried.*]

Welcome, O guest,
To Gibich's house!
'Tis his daughter gives thee to drink.

SIEGFRIED

[*Bows in a friendly manner and takes the horn, which he holds thoughtfully before him.*]

Were all forgot
Thou gavest to me,
One lesson
I will never forget;
So this first draught
With love undying,
Brünnhild', I drink to thee!

[*He puts the drinking-horn to his lips and takes a long draught; then he hands it back to Gutrune, who, ashamed and confused, casts down her eyes. Siegfried gazes at her with sudden passion.*]

SIEGFRIED

O thou who dost scorch
And blind with thine eyes,
Why sink them abashed by my gaze?

[*Gutrune, blushing, looks up at him.*]

O lovely maid,
Lower thine eyes;
My heart is aflame,
Burnt by their light;
They kindle my blood; it flows
In devouring torrents of fire.

[*With a trembling voice.*]

Gunther, what name is thy sister's?

GUNTHER

Gutrune.

SIEGFRIED [*Softly.*]

Can those be good runes
That in her eyes I am reading?

[*He ardently seizes Gutrune's hand.*]

With thy brother I was fain to serve;
His pride my prayer scorned.
Were I to pray the same of thee,
Wouldst thou like him be proud?

[*Gutrune involuntarily meets Hagen's eye. She bows her head humbly, and, expressing her feeling of unworthiness with a gesture, leaves the hall with faltering steps.*]

SIEGFRIED

[*Attentively watched by Hagen and Gunther, gazes after Gutrune as if entranced.*]

Gunther, hast thou a wife?

GUNTHER

I am not wed,
Nor, it would seem,
Likely to find a wife!
My heart on one I have set
Whom there is no way to win.

SIEGFRIED

[*Turns with animation to Gunther.*]

In what canst thou fail
With me for friend?

GUNTHER

On rocky heights her home;
Surrounded by fire her hall;

SIEGFRIED

[*Interrupting in wondering haste.*]

"On rocky heights her home;
Surrounded by fire her hall"...?

GUNTHER

He only who braves the fire...

SIEGFRIED

[*As if making an intense effort to remember something.*]

"He only who braves the fire"...?

GUNTHER

May Brünnhilde's wooer be.

[*Siegfried shows by a gesture that at the mention of Brünnhilde's name all remembrance of her has faded.*]

I dare not essay the dread mountain;
The flames would not fall for me.

SIEGFRIED

[*Awakes from his dreamy state, and turns to Gunther high-spirited and gay.*]

For thee I will win her,
Of fire I have no fear;
For thy man am I,
And my strength is thine,
If Gutrun' I win as my wife.

GUNTHER

Gutrune gladly I grant thee

SIEGFRIED

Thou shalt have Brünnhilde then.

GUNTHER

But how wilt deceive her?

SIEGFRIED

I will wear the Tarnhelm
And appear in thy form.

GUNTHER

Then let the oath now be sworn!

SIEGFRIED

Blood-brotherhood

Sworn be by oath!

[Hagen fills a drinking-horn with fresh wine; he holds it out to Siegfried and Gunther, who cut their arms with their swords and hold them for a short pace over the horn; then they each lay two fingers on the horn, which Hagen continues to hold between them.]

SIEGFRIED and GUNTHER

Quickening blood

Of blossoming life

Lo! I drop in the horn!

Bravely mixed

In brotherly love,

Bloom our blood in the draught!

Troth I drink to the friend

Glad and free

To-day from the bond

Blood-brotherhood spring!

But if broken the bond,

Or if faithless the friend,

What in drops to-day

We drink kindly

In torrents wildly shall flow,

Paying treachery's wage.

So—sealed be the bond!

So—pledged be my faith!

[Gunther drinks and hands the horn to Siegfried, who finishes the draught, and holds out the empty horn to Hagen. Hagen breaks the horn in two with his sword. Gunther and Siegfried join hands.]

SIEGFRIED

[Observes Hagen, who, while the oat was being sworn, has stood behind him.]

Why hast not thou plighted thy troth?

HAGEN

My blood had soured the good draught.

It flows not pure

And noble like yours;

Stubborn and cold,

Slow it runs,

My cheek refusing to redden.

I hold aloof

From hot-blooded bonds.

GUNTHER *[To Siegfried.]*

Heed not him and his spleen.

SIEGFRIED

[Puts on his shield again.]

Up, then, and off!

Back to the boat!

Sail swift to the mountain!

[He steps nearer to Gunther and points at him.]

By the bank one night

On board thou shalt tarry,

And then bring home the bride.

[He turns to go, and beckons Gunther to follow him.]

GUNTHER

Wilt thou not rest awhile?

SIEGFRIED

I am eager to be back.

[He goes to the shore to unmoor the boat.]

GUNTHER

Thou, Hagen, keep guard o'er the homestead.

[He follows Siegfried to the shore. Whilst Siegfried and Gunther, after laying their arms in the boat, are hoisting the sail and making ready for departure, Hagen takes up his spear and shield. Gutrune appears at the door of her chamber just as Siegfried is pushing off the boat, which immediately glides into the middle of the stream.]

GUTRUNE

So swiftly whither haste they?

HAGEN

[While he seats himself comfortably with shield and spear in front of the hall.]

To woo Brünnhild' for bride.

GUTRUNE

Siegfried?

Hagen

See how he hastes,

For wife seeking to win thee!

GUTRUNE

Siegfried—mine?

[She returns to her room greatly excited. Siegfried has seized an oar and rows the boat down-stream, so that it is soon lost to view.]

HAGEN

[Sits motionless, his back against the door-post of the hall.]

On guard here I sit

Watching the house,

Warding the hall from the foe:

Gibich's son

Is sped by the wind,

And sails away for a wife;

A hero bold

Of the helm has charge,

And danger braves for his sake;

His bride once loved

He brings to the Rhine;

With her he brings me—the ring.

O merry comrades,

Freeborn and honoured,

Gaily speed on in your pride!

Base though ye deem him,

The Niblung's son

Shall yet be your lord.

[A curtain which frames the front of the hall is drawn, and cuts the stage off from the audience.]

The curtain is raised again. The rocky height as in the Prelude. Brünnhilde sits at the entrance to the cave in silent contemplation of Siegfried's ring. Moved by blissful memories, she covers the ring with kisses. Distant thunder is heard; she looks up and listens. She turns to the ring again. A flash of lightning. Again she listens, and looks into the distance, whence a dark thunder-cloud is approaching the rock.

BRÜNNHILDE

On my ear from afar

Falls an old sound familiar.

A horse comes flying

Swift through the air;

On the clouds it sweeps

In storm to the rock.

Who seeks the lonely one here?

WALTRAUTE'S voice *[From the distance.]*

Brünnhilde, sister,

Wake if thou sleepest!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Starts from her seat.]*

Waltraute's call!

How welcome the sound!

[Calling to the wing, and then hastening to the edge of the rock.]

Dost thou, sister,
 Boldly swinging come this way?
 In the wood—
 Still dear to thee—
 Halt and dismount,
 And leave thy courser to rest.

[She runs into the wood, from which a loud sound like a thunder-clap is heard. She returns in great agitation with Waltraute, and remains joyfully excited without noticing the latter's anxious fear.]

Art thou so bold
 That thou art come
 Brünnhild' to greet,
 Thy love unconquered by dread?

WALTRAUTE
 Thou alone
 Art cause of my haste!

WALTRAUTE
 For Brünnhild's sake War-father's ban
 Hast thou thus bravely broken?
 Or perchance—O say!—

[With some hesitation.]

Has he at last
 Softened to his child?
 When against the God
 I sought to shield Siegmund,
 Vainly—I know it—
 My deed fulfilled his desire.
 And I know that his anger
 Was assuaged,
 For albeit in slumber deep
 Here to the rock I was bound,
 Doomed to be thrall to the man
 Who should wake the maid as he passed,
 To my anguished prayer
 He granted grace;
 With ravening fire
 He surrounded the rock,
 To bar to all cowards the road.
 Bane and chastisement
 Turned so to blessing;
 A hero unmatched
 Has won me as wife;
 Blest by his love,
 In light and laughter I live.

[She embraces Waltraute with wild manifestations of joy, which the latter tries with anxious impatience to repress.]

Hast thou been lured by my lot,
 And wouldst thou, sister,
 Feast on my gladness,
 Sharing in my delight?

WALTRAUTE [*Vehemently.*]
 Sharing the frenzy
 That has maddened thee, fool!
 Far other the cause why I come,
 Defying Wotan in fear.

BRÜNNHILDE

[Here, for the first time, notices with surprise Waltraute's wildly excited state.]

Art afraid?
 Anguished with terror?
 So the stern one does not forgive?
 Thou fearest his punishing wrath?

WALTRAUTE [*Gloomily.*]
 Might I but fear it,
 At an end were my distress.

BRÜNNHILDE
 I am perplexed and amazed.

WALTRAUTE
 Calm thou thy frenzy;
 Mark with care what I say!
 The fear that drove me
 Hither to thee
 Drives me back to Walhall again.

BRÜNNHILDE [*Alarmed.*]
 What ails, then, the Gods everlasting?

WALTRAUTE
 Give earnest heed to what I tell thee!
 Since from thee Wotan parted,
 No more has he sent
 Us to battle;
 Anxious and bewildered
 We rode to the field.
 Shunned are Walhall's bold heroes
 By Warfather;
 Riding alone,
 Without pause or rest
 He wandered and roamed through the world.
 At last he returned
 With his spear splintered;
 In his hand the pieces;
 A hero had cleft it asunder.
 With silent sign
 Walhall's heroes
 Then he sent forth
 To hew down the world-ash-tree.
 He bade them pile
 The logs as they hewed them,
 Until they were heaped
 High round the hall of the blest.
 The Gods he next
 Called to a council;
 The high seat
 He solemnly took,
 Bidding them
 Who gathered in fear sit beside him.
 The heroes filled
 The hall, ranged round in their order.
 So sits he,
 Speaks no word,
 Upon his high seat
 Grave and mute,
 The splintered spear
 Held fast in his hand,
 Holda's apples
 Touching no more.
 Fear and amazement
 Hold the Gods fast fettered.
 He has sent his ravens
 Forth to seek tidings;
 If they return
 And bring him comforting news,
 Then the God will
 With soul serene
 Smile evermore and be glad.
 Round his knees in sorrow
 Twined lie the Valkyries;
 He heeds not
 Our glances beseeching;
 By terror and wild anguish
 We all are consumed.
 Against his breast
 Weeping I nestled,
 Then soft grew his gaze:
 He remembered, Brünnhilde, thee.
 He closed his eyes

As if dreaming,
 Heavily sighed
 And whispered these words:
 "If to the deep Rhine's daughters
 She would restore the ring that was theirs.
 From the grievous curse
 Both God and world were freed!"
 Then I took thought,
 And from his side
 Through the silent ranks
 Stole noiselessly forth.
 In haste, unseen,
 I mounted my horse,
 And stormed in tumult to thee.
 Grant, O sister,
 The boon I beg;
 What thou canst do,
 Undaunted perform!
 End thou the grief of the Gods!

[She has thrown herself down before Brünnhilde.

BRÜNNHILDE [*Quietly*.
 What dreadful dream-born fancies,
 Sad one, are those thou dost tell?
 The high Gods' holy
 And cloud-paved heaven
 Is no longer my home.
 I grasp not what thou art saying;
 Dark its sense,
 Wild and confused.
 Within thine eyes,
 So over-weary,
 Gleams wavering fire;
 With thy wan visage,
 O pale-faced sister,
 What wouldst thou, wild one, of me?

WALTRAUTE [*Vehemently*.
 The ring upon thy hand—
 'Tis that: ah, be implored!
 For Wotan fling it away!

BRÜNNHILDE
 The ring—away?

WALTRAUTE
 To the Rhine-daughters give it again.

BRÜNNHILDE
 The Rhine-daughters—I—the ring?
 Siegfried's love-pledge?
 Hast thou gone crazy?

WALTRAUTE
 Hear me! Hear my despair!
 On this hangs
 The world's undoing and woe.
 Throw it from thee
 Into the water;
 End the anguish of Walhall;
 The accurst thing cast in the waves!

BRÜNNHILDE
 Ha! dost thou know what 'twould mean
 How shouldst thou,
 Maid unloving and cold!
 Much is Walhall's rapture,
 Much is the fame of the Gods;
 More is my ring.
 One glance at its shining gold,
 One flash of its sacred fire
 Is more precious

Than bliss of all the Gods
 Enduring for aye!
 For Siegfried's dear love
 Shines from it bright and bless'ld.
 Love of Siegfried!
 Ah, could I but utter the rapture
 Bound up in the ring!

Go back to the holy
 Council of Gods;
 Repeat what I have told thee
 Of my ring:
 That love I will not forswear,
 Of love they never shall rob me;
 Sooner shall Walhall's glory
 Perish and pass!

WALTRAUTE
 This is thy faith, then?
 To her sorrow
 Thus coldly thou leavest thy sister?

BRÜNNHILDE
 Up and away!
 Swiftly to horse!
 I will not part with the ring.

WALTRAUTE
 Woe's me! Woe's me!
 Woe to thee, sister!
 Woe to Walhall's Gods!

[She rushes away. A storm-cloud immediately rises from the wood, accompanied by thunder.

BRÜNNHILDE

[As she looks after the brightly lit, retreating thunder-cloud, which soon vanishes in the distance.

Borne by the wind
 In storm and lightning,
 Haste away, cloud,
 And may I see thee no more!

[Twilight has fallen. The light of the fire gradually shines more brightly from below. She gazes quietly out on the landscape.

Eventide shadows
 Dim the heavens,
 And more brightly
 The flames that encircle me glow.

[The firelight approaches from below. Ever-brightening tongues of flame shoot up over the edge of the rock.

Why leap so wildly
 The billows that blaze round the rock?
 Up here to the peak
 Surges the fiery flood!

[Siegfried's horn is heard from the valley. Brünnhilde starts up in delight.

Siegfried?
 Siegfried returned?
 With his horn greeting he sends!
 Up! Out to the welcome!
 Swift to my God's embrace!

[She hastens joyfully to the edge of the crag. Flames leap up, out of which Siegfried springs forward on to a high rock, whereupon the flames immediately withdraw and again only shine up from below. Brünnhilde recoils in terror, flies to the foreground, and from there, in speechless astonishment, stares at Siegfried, who, wearing the Tarnhelm, which covers the upper half of his face, leaving only his eyes free, appears in Gunther's form.

BRÜNNHILDE
 Betrayed! Who seeks me here?

SIEGFRIED

[Remaining on the rock at the back, motionless and leaning on his shield, regards Brünnhilde. In a feigned (harsher) voice.

Brünnhild'! A wooer comes
Whom thy fire did not dismay.
I want thee for my wife;
Consent to follow me!

BRÜNNHILDE *[Trembling violently.*
What man has done
This deed undaunted
That the boldest only dares?

SIEGFRIED *[As before.*
A hero who will tame
Thy pride by force at need.

BRÜNNHILDE
A monster stands
Upon yonder stone;
An eagle has come
To rend me in pieces!
Who art thou, frightful one?
Art thou a mortal,
Or dost thou hie
From Hella's dark host?

SIEGFRIED
[As before, beginning with a slightly tremulous voice, but continuing with more confidence.

A Gibichung am I,
And Gunther is his name
Whom thou must follow hence.

BRÜNNHILDE
[Breaking out in despair.

Wotan! Thou cruel,
Merciless God!
Woe! Now I see
How thine anger works!
To scorn and sorrow
I am condemned.

SIEGFRIED
[Springs down from the stone and approaches.

Night falls apace;
Within thy cave
Thou must receive thy husband.

BRÜNNHILDE
[Stretching out with a threatening gesture the finger on which she wears Siegfried's ring.

Stand back! Fear thou this token!
While I am shielded by this,
Thou canst not force me to shame.

SIEGFRIED
Wife it shall make thee to Gunther;
With this ring thou shalt be wed.

BRÜNNHILDE
Stand back, base robber!
Impious thief!
Nor dare, overbold, to draw near!
Stronger than steel
Made by the ring,
I never will yield!

SIEGFRIED
That it must be mine
I learn from thy lips.

[He presses towards her. There is a struggle. Brünnhilde wrenches herself free, flies and turns round as if to defend herself. Siegfried seizes her again. She flies; he reaches her. They wrestle violently together. Siegfried catches her hand and draws the ring from her finger. She gives a loud scream. As she sinks helpless into his arms her unconscious look meets Siegfried's eyes. Siegfried lays her fainting on the stone bench at the entrance to the cave.

SIEGFRIED
Now thou art mine!
Brünnhilde, Gunther's bride,
Lead me the way to thy cave!

BRÜNNHILDE
[Stares, as if fainting, before her; exhausted.

O woman undone,
Where now thy defence?

SIEGFRIED
[Drives her on with a gesture of command. Trembling and with tottering steps she goes into the cave.

Now, Nothing, witness thou
That chastely I have wooed,
And loyal been to my brother;
Lie betwixt me and his bride!

[He follows Brünnhilde. The curtain falls. In his natural voice.

THE SECOND ACT

An open space on the shore in front of the Gibichungs' hall; to the right the open entrance to the hall, to the left the bank of the Rhine. From the latter, crossing the stage and mounting towards the back, rises a rocky height, cut by several mountain-paths. There an altar-stone to Fricka is visible, as well as one, higher up, to Wotan, and one at the side to Donner. It is night. Hagen, his arm round his spear and his shield by his side, fits against one of the pillars of the hall asleep. The moon shines out suddenly and throws a vivid light on Hagen and his immediate surroundings. Alberich is seen crouching in front of him, leaning his arms on Hagen's knees.

ALBERICH *[Softly.*
Hagen, son, art asleep?
Betrayed by drowsiness
And rest thou dost not hear?

HAGEN
[Softly, without moving, so that he seems to sleep on although his eyes are open.

I hear thee, O baleful Niblung;
What wouldst thou tell me while I slumber?

ALBERICH
Remember the might
Thou art endowed with,
If thou art valiant
As thy mother bore thee to me.

HAGEN *[Still as before:*
Though courage she bestowed,
I have no cause to thank her
For falling under thy spell;
Soon old, wan and pale,
Hating the happy,
Where is my joy?

ALBERICH *[As before.*
Hagen, my son,
Hate thou the happy;
This joyless and
Sorrow-laden one,
Him alone thou shalt love.
Be thou strong
And bold and wise!
Those whom with weapons

Of darkness we fight
 Already our hate has dismayed.
 And he who captured my ring,
 Wotan, the ravening robber,
 By one of his sons
 In fight has been vanquished;
 He has lost
 Through the Walsung power and might.
 With the whole immortal race
 He awaits in anguish his downfall.
 Him I fear no more:
 He and all his must perish!
 Hagen, son, art asleep?

HAGEN

[Remains motionless as before.]

The might of the Gods
 Who then shall wield?

ALBERICH

I—and thou!
 The world we shall own,
 If in thy truth
 I rightly trust,
 Sharest thou my hate and wrath.
 Wotan's spear
 Was splintered by Siegfried,
 The hero who won
 As booty the ring
 When Fafner, the dragon, he slew.
 Power supreme
 He has attained to;

[Still mysteriously.]

Walhall and Nibelheim bow to his will.
 On this hero undaunted
 My curse falls in vain,
 For he knows not
 The ring's true worth,
 Nor makes use
 Of its wonderful spell;
 Laughing he burns life away,
 Caring only for love.
 Nothing can serve us
 But his undoing!

Sleepest, Hagen, my son?

HAGEN *[As before.]*

Already he speeds
 Through me to his doom.

ALBERICH

The golden ring—
 'Tis that that we must capture!
 The Walsung
 By a wise woman is loved.
 If, urged by her,
 To the Rhine's fair daughters
 —Who bewitched me once
 Below in the waves—
 The stolen ring he restored,
 Forever lost were the gold,
 And no guile could win it again.
 Wherefore with ardour
 Aim for the ring.
 I gat thee
 A stranger to fear,
 That against heroes
 Thou mightst uphold me.
 I had not the strength,

Indeed, to despatch,
 Like the Walsung, Fafner in fight;
 But I reared Hagen
 To deadly hatred,
 And he shall avenge me—
 Shall win the ring,
 Putting Walsung and Wotan to scorn!
 Swear to me, Hagen, my son!

*[From this point Alberich is covered by an ever-deepening shadow.
 At the same time day begins to dawn.]*

HAGEN *[Still as before.]*

The ring shall be mine yet;
 Quietly wait!

ALBERICH

Swear to me, Hagen, my son!

HAGEN

To myself swear I;
 Make thy mind easy!

ALBERICH

*[Still gradually disappearing, and his voice, as he does so, becoming
 more and more inaudible.]*

Be true, Hagen, my son!
 Trusty hero, be true!
 Be true!—True!

*[Alberich has quite disappeared. Hagen, who has never changed po-
 sition, looks with fixed eyes and without moving towards the Rhine,
 over which the light of dawn is spreading.]*

*The gradually brightening red of dawn is reflected in the Rhine.
 Siegfried steps out suddenly from behind a bush close to the shore.
 He appears in his own shape, but has the Tarnhelm on his head still;
 he takes this off and, as he comes forward, hangs it on his girdle.*

SIEGFRIED

Hoioh! Hagen!
 Weary man!
 Where is thy welcome?

HAGEN *[Rising in a leisurely fashion.]*

Hei! Siegfried?
 Swift-footed hero,
 Whence stormest thou now?

SIEGFRIED

From Brünnhilde's rock.
 'Twas there that I drew the breath
 I called to thee with;
 A quick passage I made!
 Slower behind me a pair
 On board a vessel come.

HAGEN

Hast thou won Brünnhild'?

SIEGFRIED

Wakes Gutrune?

HAGEN *[Calling towards the hall.]*

Hoioh! Gutrune!
 Haste and come!
 Siegfried is here.
 Why dost delay?

SIEGFRIED *Turning to the hall.*

How Brünnhild' yielded
 Ye shall both be told.

[Gutrune comes from the hall to meet him.]

SIEGFRIED

Give me fair greeting,
Gibich's child!

I come to thee with joyful news.

GUTRUNE

Freia greet thee
To the honour of all women!

SIEGFRIED

To thy lover glad
Be gracious;
For wife I have won thee to-day.

GUTRUNE

Comes then Brünnhild' with my brother?

SIEGFRIED

None ever wooed with more ease.

GUTRUNE

Was he not scorched by the fire?

SIEGFRIED

It had not burnt him, I trow;
But I broke through it instead,
That I for wife might win thee.

GUTRUNE

And no harm didst thou take?

SIEGFRIED

I laughed 'mid the surge of the flames.

GUTRUNE

Did Brünnhild' think thee Gunther?

SIEGFRIED

Like were we to a hair;
The Tarnhelm saw to that,
As Hagen truly foretold.

HAGEN

I gave thee counsel good.

GUTRUNE

And so the bold maid was tamed?

SIEGFRIED

Her pride—Gunther broke.

GUTRUNE

Did she give herself to thee?

SIEGFRIED

Through the night the vanquished
Brünnhild'
To her rightful husband belonged.

GUTRUNE

For her husband thou didst pass?

SIEGFRIED

By Gutrune sojourned Siegfried.

GUTRUNE

But 'twas Brünnhild' lay beside thee.

SIEGFRIED [*Pointing to his sword.*]

Far as north from east and west,
So far was Brünnhild' removed.

GUTRUNE

But how got Gunther his wife from thee?

SIEGFRIED

Through the flames of the fire as they faded,
When day dawned, through the mist
She followed me down the hill;
When near the shore,
None observing,
I gave Gunther my place,
And by the Tarnhelm's magic
Wished myself straight to thee.
A strong wind drives the lovers
Merrily down the Rhine;
Prepare to greet them with joy.

GUTRUNE

Siegfried! Such is thy might,
I am afraid of thee!

HAGEN [*Calling from the shore.*]

I can see a sail in the distance.

SIEGFRIED

Now be the envoy thanked!

GUTRUNE

Let us give her gracious greeting,
That glad and gay she here may tarry!
Thou, Hagen, prithee
Summon the men
To the hall here for the wedding,
While blithe maids
To the feast I bid;
Our joy they will merrily share.

[*As she goes towards the hall she turns round again.*]

Wilt thou rest, wicked man?

SIEGFRIED

Helping thee is rest enough.

[*He gives her his hand and accompanies her into the hall.*]

HAGEN

[*Has mounted a rock at the back, and starts blowing his cow-horn.*]

Hoiho! Hoiho! Hoho!

Ye Gibich vassals,
Up and prepare!
Woeful tidings!
Weapons! Weapons!
Arm through the land!
Goodly weapons,
Mighty weapons
Sharp for strife!
Dire the strait!
Woe! Danger! Danger!
Hoiho! Hoiho! Hoho!

[*Hagen remains where he is on the rock. Armed men arrive in haste by different paths; first singly, and then in larger and larger groups.*]

THE VASSALS

Why sounds the horn?
Who calls us to arms?
We come with our arms?
We come with our weapons.
Hagen! Hagen!
Hoiho! Hoiho!
Who hath suffered scathe?
Say, what foe is nigh?
Who forces war?
Is Gunther sore pressed?
We come with our weapons,
With weapons keen!

Hoiho! Ho! Hagen!

HAGEN [*Still from the rock.*
Come fully armed
Without delay!
Welcome Gunther, your lord:
A wife Gunther has wooed.

THE VASSALS
Is he in straits,
Pressed by the foe?

HAGEN
A woman hard won
With him he brings.

THE VASSALS
Her kinsmen and vassals
Follow for vengeance?

HAGEN
No one follows
But his bride.

THE VASSALS
Then the peril is past,
And the foe put to flight?

HAGEN
The dragon-slayer
Helped him at need;
Siegfried, the hero,
Kept him from harm.

THE VASSALS
How then can his vassals avail him?
And why hast call'd us here?

HAGEN
Sturdy oxen
Ye shall slaughter;
On Wotan's altar
Their blood be shed!

THE VASSALS
And after that, Hagen? Say, what next?

HAGEN
After that for Froh
A boar ye shall fell,
And a full-grown and strong
He-goat for Donner;
But for Fricka
Sheep ye shall slaughter,
That she may smile on the marriage!

THE VASSALS
[*With increasing cheerfulness.*
What shall we do
When the beasts we have slain?

HAGEN
The drink-horn take
That women sweet
With wine and mead
Blithely have filled.

THE VASSALS
The drink-horn in hand,
What task awaits us still?

HAGEN

Gaily carouse
Until tamed by wine:
Drink, that the Gods, duly honoured,
Grace may accord to this marriage.

THE VASSALS

[*Burst into ringing laughter.*

Good luck and joy
Laugh on the Rhine,
If Hagen, the grim one,
So merrily jests!
To wedding-feasts
Hagen invites;
His prick the hedge-thorn,
Hagen, has lost!

HAGEN

[*Who has remained very grave, has come down to the men, and now stands among them.*

Now cease from laughing,
Doughty vassals!
Receive Gunther's bride;
Yonder come Brünnhild' and he.

[*He points towards the Rhine. Some of the men hurry to the height; others range themselves on the shore to watch the arrival. Hagen goes up to some of the men.*

Be to your lady
Loyal and true;
Suffers she wrong,
Swiftly avenge her!

[*He turns slowly aside and moves towards the back. The boat arrives with Gunther and Brünnhilde. Those who have been looking out from the height come down to the shore. Some vassals spring into the water and pull the boat to land. All press closer to the bank.*

THE VASSALS

Hail! Hail! Hail!
Be greeted! Be greeted!
Welcome, O Gunther!
Hail! Hail! Hail!

[*Gunther steps out of the boat with Brünnhilde.*

THE VASSALS

[*Range themselves respectfully to receive them.*

Welcome, Gunther!
Health to thee and to thy bride!

[*They strike their weapons loudly together.*

GUNTHER

[*Presenting Brünnhilde, who follows him with pale face and lowered eyes, to the men.*

Brünnhild', a peerless bride,
Here to the Rhine I bring.
No man ever won
A nobler woman!
The Gods have shown from of old
Grace to the Gibichung stock.
To fame unmatched
Now may it mount!

THE VASSALS [*Solemnly clash their weapons.*
Hail! O hail, happy Gibichung!

GUNTHER

[*Leads Brünnhilde, who never raises her eyes, to the hall, from which Siegfried and Gutrunne, attended by women, now come forth. Gunther stops before the hall.*

Dear hero, greetings glad!
 I greet thee, fair sister!
 By him who won thee for wife
 I joyfully see thee stand.
 Two happy pairs
 Here radiant are shining:

[He draws Brünnhilde forward.]

Brünnhild'—and Gunther,
 Gutrun'—and Siegfried.

[Brünnhilde, startled, looks up and sees Siegfried. Her eyes remain fixed on him in amazement. Gunther, who has released her violently trembling hand, shows, as do all present, blank astonishment at her behaviour.]

THE VASSALS and WOMEN
 What ails her?
 Has she gone mad?

SIEGFRIED

[Goes a few steps towards Brünnhilde, who has begun to tremble.]

Why looks Brünnhild' amazed?

BRÜNNHILDE *[Scarcely able to control herself.]*
 Siegfried ... here? Gutrune....

SIEGFRIED
 Gunther's gentle sister,
 Wed to me
 As thou to him.

BRÜNNHILDE *[With fearful vehemence.]*
 I? Gunther? 'Tis false.

[She sways and seems about to fall. Siegfried supports her.]

Light fades from mine eyes. ..

[In Siegfried's arms, looking faintly up at him.]

Siegfried ... knows me not?

SIEGFRIED
 Gunther, see, thy wife is swooning!

[Gunther comes to them.]

Wake, Brünnhild', wake!
 Here stands thy husband.

BRÜNNHILDE

[Perceives the ring on Siegfried's outstretched finger, and starts up with terrible vehemence.]

Ha! The ring
 Upon his hand!
 He ... Siegfried?

THE VASSALS
 What's wrong?

HAGEN

[Coming among the vassals from behind.]

Now pay good heed
 To the woman's tale.

BRÜNNHILDE

[Mastering her terrible excitement, tries to control herself.]

On thy hand there
 I beheld a ring.
 'Twas wrested from me
 By this man here;

[Pointing to Gunther.]

'Tis not thine.
 How earnest thou by
 The ring thou hast on?

SIEGFRIED

[Attentively regarding the ring on his finger.]

'Twas not from him
 I got the ring.

BRÜNNHILDE *[To Gunther.]*
 Thou who didst seize the ring
 With which I wedded thee,
 Declare to him thy right,
 Make him yield up the pledge!

GUNTHER *[In great perplexity.]*
 The ring? No ring I gave him,
 Though thou dost know it well.

BRÜNNHILDE
 Where hast thou hid the ring
 That thou didst capture from me?

[Gunther, greatly confused, does not answer.]

BRÜNNHILDE *[Breaking out furiously.]*
 Ha! He it was
 Who despoiled me of the ring—
 Siegfried, the treacherous thief!

[All look expectantly at Siegfried, who seems to be lost in far-off thoughts as he contemplates the ring.]

SIEGFRIED
 No woman gave
 The ring to me,
 Nor did I wrest it
 From a woman's grasp.
 This ring, I know,
 Was the booty won
 When at Neidhöhl' boldly I fought,
 And the mighty dragon was slain.

HAGEN

[Stepping between them.]

Brünnhild', dauntless queen,
 Knowest thou this ring well?
 If it was by Gunther won,
 Then it is his,
 And Siegfried has got it by guile.
 For his guilt must the traitor pay.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Shrieking in terrible anguish.]*
 Betrayed! Betrayed!
 Shamefully betrayed!
 Deceived! Deceived!
 Wrong too deep for revenge!

GUTRUNE
 A wrong? To whom?

VASSALS and WOMEN
 Deceit? To whom?

BRÜNNHILDE
 Holy Gods!
 Ye heavenly rulers!
 Whispered ye this
 In councils dark?
 If I must bear
 More than ever was borne,
 Bowed by a shame
 None ever endured,
 Teach me such vengeance

As never was raved!
Kindle such wrath
As can never be calmed!
Order Brünnhild's
Poor heart to be broken,
Bring ye but doom
On him who betrayed!

GUNTHER
Brünnhild', dear wife,
Control thyself!

BRÜNNHILDE
Away, betrayer!
Self-betrayed one!
All of you, hearken!
Not he,
But that man there,
Won me to wife.

VASSALS and WOMEN
Siegfried? Guttrune's lord?

BRÜNNHILDE
He forced delight
And love from me.

SIEGFRIED
Dost thou so lightly
Hold thine honour,
The tongue that thus defames it
I must convict of its falsehood.
Hear whether faith I broke!
Blood-brotherhood
I have sworn unto Gunther;
Nothing, my trusty sword,
Guarded the sacred vow;
'Twixt me and this sad woman distraught
Its blade lay sharp.

BRÜNNHILDE
Behold how thou liest,
Crafty man,
Vainly as witness
Citing thy sword!
Full well I know its keenness,
And also the scabbard
Wherein so snugly
Hung on the wall
Nothing, the faithful friend,
When its lord won the woman he loved.

VASSALS and WOMEN
[Crowd together in violent indignation.]

What! Siegfried a traitor?
Has he stained Gunther's honour?

GUNTHER *[To Siegfried.]*
Disgraced were I
And sullied my name,
Were not the slander
Cast in her teeth!

GRUTUNE
Siegfried faithless?
False to his vow?
Ah, prove thou that worthless
Is her word!

THE VASSALS
Clear thyself straight;
If thou art wronged

Silence the slander;
Sworn be the oath!

SIEGFRIED
If I must swear,
The slander to still,
Which of you offers
His sword for the oath?

HAGEN
Swear the oath upon
The point of my spear;
Bad faith 'twill surely avenge.

[The vassals form a ring round Siegfried and Hagen. Hagen holds out the spear; Siegfried lays two fingers of his right hand upon the point.]

SIEGFRIED
Shining steel!
Weapon most holy,
Witness my oath sworn for ever!
On this spear's sharp point
I solemnly swear;
Spear-point, mark thou my words!
If weapon must pierce me,
Thine be the point!
When by death I am stricken
Strike thou the blow,
If what she tells is true,
And I broke faith with my friend!

BRÜNNHILDE
[Strides furiously into the ring, tears Siegfried's hand from the spear, and grasps the point with her own.]

Shining steel!
Weapon most holy,
Witness my oath sworn for ever!
On this spear's sharp point
I solemnly swear!
Spear-point, mark thou my words!
Devoted be thy might
To his undoing!
Be thy sharpness blessed by me,
That it may slay him!
For broken his oaths have been all,
And false is what he has sworn.

THE VASSALS
Help, Donner!
Roar with thy thunder
To silence this terrible shame!

SIEGFRIED
Gunther, look to this woman
Who falsely slanders thy name.
Let her rest awhile,
The untamed mountain maid,
That the unbridled rage some demon
In malice has
Against us roused
May have the chance to subside.
Ye vassals, go ye your ways;
Let the womenfolk scold.
Like cravens gladly we yield,
Comes it to fighting with tongues.

[He goes up to Gunther.]

Thou art not so vexed as I
That I beguiled her ill;
The Tarnhelm must, I fear,
But half have hid my face.
Still, women's wrath
Soon is appeased:

That I won her for thee
Thankful thy wife will be yet.

[He turns again to the vassals.]

Follow me, men,
With mirth to the feast!

[To the women.]

Gaily, women,
Help at the wedding!
Joyfully laugh
Love and delight!
In hall and grove
There shall be none
This day more merry than I!
Ye whom love has blessed,
Like myself light-hearted,
Follow and share in my mirth!

[He throws his arm in the highest spirits round Gutrune and draws her into the hall. The vassals and women follow, carried away by his example. All go off, except Brünnhilde, Gunther, and Hagen. Gunther, in deep shame and dejection, with his face covered, has seated himself on one side. Brünnhilde, standing in the foreground, gazes for some time sorrowfully after Siegfried and Gutrune, then droops her head.]

BRÜNNHILDE *[Lost in thought.]*
What dread demon's might
Moves here in darkness?
By what wizard's spell
Worked was the woe?
How weak is my wisdom
Faced by this puzzle!
And where shall I find
The runes for this riddle?
Oh, sorrow! Sorrow!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
I gave all my wisdom to him;

[With increasing emotion.]

The maid in his power
He holds.
Fast in his fetters
Bound is the booty
That, weeping her grievous shame,
Gaily to others he gives!
Will none of you lend a sword
With which I may sever my bonds?

HAGEN

[Going close to Brünnhilde.]

Leave that to me,
O wife betrayed;
I will avenge
Thy trust deceived.

BRÜNNHILDE *[Looking round dully.]*
On whom?

HAGEN

On Siegfried, traitor to thee.

BRÜNNHILDE
On Siegfried? Thou?

[Smiling bitterly.]

One single flash
Of his eye and its lightning—
Which streamed in its glory on me
Even through his disguise—
And thy heart would fail,
Shorn of its courage.

HAGEN

But to my spear
His perjury gives him.

BRÜNNHILDE
Truth and falsehood—
What matter words!
To arm thy spear
Seek for something stronger,
Strength such as his to withstand!

HAGEN
Well know I Siegfried's
Conquering strength:
How hard in battle to slay him;
But whisper to me
Some sure device
For speeding him to his doom.

BRÜNNHILDE
Ungrateful, shameful return!
I taught him all
The arts I know,
To preserve his body from harm.

He bears unwitting
A charm—
And safely walks by spells enwound.

HAGEN

Then no weapon forged could wound him?

BRÜNNHILDE
In battle none;—yet—
Did the blow strike his back!
Never—I knew that—
Would he give way,
Or turn and fly, the foe pursuing,
So there I gave him no blessing.

HAGEN

And there shall my spear strike!

[He turns quickly from Brünnhilde to Gunther.]

Up, Gunther,
Noble Gibichung!
Here stands thy valiant wife.
Why hang thy head in grief?

GUNTHER

[Starting up passionately.]

O shame!
Dishonour!
Woe is me!
No man has known such sorrow!

HAGEN
In shame thou liest—
That is true.

BRÜNNHILDE *[To Gunther.]*
O craven man!
Falsest of friends!
Hidden behind
The hero wert thou
While won were for thee
The prize and the glory.
Low indeed
The race must have sunk
That breeds such cowards as thou!

GUNTHER *[Beside himself.]*

Deceived am I—and deceiver!
 Betrayed am I—and betrayer!
 My strength be consumed,
 And broken my heart!
 Help, Hagen!
 Help for my honour!
 Help, for my mother was thine—
 Thee too she bore!

HAGEN
 No help from head
 Or hand will suffice:
 'Tis Siegfried's death we need.

GUNTHER [*Seized with horror.*
 Siegfried's death?

HAGEN
 Unpurged else were thy shame.

GUNTHER [*Staring before him.*
 Blood-brotherhood
 He and I swore.

HAGEN
 Who broke the bond
 Pays with his blood.

GUNTHER
 Broke he the bond?

HAGEN
 In betraying thee.

GUNTHER
 Was I betrayed?

BRÜNNHILDE
 He betrayed thee,
 And me ye all are betraying!
 If I were just,
 All the blood of the world
 Would not atone for your guilt!
 But the death of one
 Is all I ask for.
 Dying, Siegfried
 Atones for himself and you!

HAGEN
 [*Turning to Gunther and speaking to him secretly.*

His death would profit thee;
 Boundless were indeed thy might
 If thou couldst capture the ring,
 Which, alive, he never will yield.

GUNTHER [*Softly.*
 Brünnhilde's ring?

HAGEN
 The ring the Niblung wrought.

GUNTHER [*Sighing deeply.*
 'Twould be the end of Siegfried.

HAGEN
 His death would serve us all.

GUNTHER
 But Gutrun', to whom
 He has been given!
 How could we look in her face

If her husband we had slain?

BRÜNNHILDE [*Starting up furiously.*
 What wisdom forewarned of,
 And runes hinted darkly,
 In helpless despair
 Is plain to me now.

[*Passionately.*

Gutrune is the spell
 That stole my husband's heart away!
 Woe be her lot!

HAGEN [*To Gunther.*
 If this grief we must give her,
 Conceal how Siegfried died.
 We go to-morrow
 Merrily hunting;
 The hero gallops ahead;
 We find him slain by a boar.

BRÜNNHILDE and HAGEN
 So shall it be!
 Perish Siegfried!
 Purged be the shame
 He brought on me!
 Faith sworn by oath
 He has broken;
 Now with his blood
 Let him atone!
 Avenging,
 All-hearing God!
 Oath-witness,
 And lord of vows!
 Wotan, come at my call!
 Send thou thine awful
 Heavenly host
 Hither to hear
 While I vow revenge!

HAGEN
 Doomed let him die,
 The hero renowned!
 Mine is the hoard,
 And mine I shall hold it!
 From him the ring
 Shall be wrested!

Niblung father!
 O fallen prince!
 Night warder!
 Nibelung lord!
 Alberich! Hear thou thy son!
 Ruling again
 O'er the Nibelung host,
 Bid them obey thee,
 The ring's dread lord!

[*As Gunther turns impetuously towards the hall with Brünnhilde they are met by the bridal procession coming out. Boys and girls, waving flower-wreathed staves, leap merrily in front. The vassals are carrying Siegfried on a shield and Gutrune on a seat. On the rising ground at the back men-servants and maids are taking implements and beasts for sacrifice, by the various mountain-paths, to the altars, which they deck with flowers. Siegfried and the vassals blow wedding-calls on their horns. The women invite Brünnhilde to accompany them to Gutrune's side. Brünnhilde stares blankly at Gutrune, who beckons her with a friendly smile. As Brünnhilde is about to step back angrily Hagen comes quickly between them and presses her towards Gunther, who takes her hand again, whereupon he allows himself to be raised on a shield by the men. As the procession, scarcely interrupted, moves on quickly again towards the height, the curtain falls.*

THE THIRD ACT

A wild wooded and rocky valley on the Rhine, which flows past a steep cliff in the background. The three Rhine-Maidens, Woglinde,

Wellgunde, and Flosshilde, rise to the surface and swim and circle as if dancing.

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

[Swimming slower.

The sun
Sends hither rays of glory;
In the depths is darkness.
Once there was light,
When clear and fair
Our father's gold shone on the billows.
Rhinegold!
Gleaming gold!
How bright was once thy radiance,
Lovely star of the waters!

[They sing and again start swimming and circling about. They pause and listen, then merrily splash the waters.

O sun,
The hero quickly send us
Who again our gold shall give us!
If it were ours,
We should no longer
Envy thine eye for its splendour.
Rhinegold!
Gleaming gold!
How glad was thy radiance,
Glorious star of the waters!

[A horn is heard.

WOGLINDE
Hark! That is his horn!

WELLGUNDE
The hero comes.

FLOSSHILDE
Let us take counsel.

[They all dive down quickly.

SIEGFRIED
[Appears on the cliff fully armed.

Some elf has led me astray
And lured my feet from the path.
Hey, rogue! Behind what hill
Hast suddenly hidden my game?

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS
[Rise to the surface again and swim and circle as in a dance.

Siegfried!

FLOSSHILDE
What art thou scolding about?

WELLGUNDE
With what elf art thou so wroth?

WOGLINDE
Hast thou been tricked by some sprite?

ALL THREE
Tell us, Siegfried; let us hear!

SIEGFRIED
[Regarding them with a smile.

Have ye, then, hither charmed
The shaggy-hided fellow
Whom I have lost?
Frolicsome maids,
Ye are welcome to him,
If he is your love.

[The maidens laugh.

WOGLINDE
What would our guerdon be,
Siegfried, if we restored him?

SIEGFRIED
I have caught nothing yet,
So ask of me what you will.

WELLGUNDE
A golden ring
Gleams on thy finger.

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS
Wilt grant it?

SIEGFRIED
From a dragon grim
I won the ring in fight;
And think ye for a worthless bear-skin
I would exchange the gold?

WOGLINDE
Art thou so mean?

WELLGUNDE
In bargains so hard?

FLOSSHILDE
Free-handed
Thou with women shouldst be.

SIEGFRIED
On you did I waste my goods,
My wife would have cause to scold.

FLOSSHILDE
Is she a shrew?

WELLGUNDE
And beats thee sore?

WOGLINDE
Has the hero felt her hand?

[They laugh immoderately.

SIEGFRIED
Though gaily ye may laugh,
In grief ye shall be left,
For, mocking maids, this ring
Ye ask shall never be yours.

[The Rhine-Maidens have again joined hands for dancing.

FLOSSHILDE
So fair!

WELLGUNDE
So strong!

WOGLINDE
So worthy love!

THE THREE
How sad he should a miser be!

[They laugh and dive down.

SIEGFRIED
[Comes down nearer to the river.

Why should I stand
 Their taunts and blame?
 Why endure their scorn?
 Did they return
 To the bank again,
 The ring gladly I'd give them.

[Calling loudly.]

Hey, hey! ye merry
 Water-maidens,
 Come back; the ring shall be yours.

[He holds up the ring, which he has taken from his finger.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

[Rise to the surface again. They appear grave and solemn.]

Nay, hero, keep
 And ward it well,
 Until the harm thou hast felt
 That in the ring lies hid.
 Then wouldst thou fain
 Be freed by us from its curse.

SIEGFRIED

[Calmly puts the ring on his finger again.]

Sing something that ye know!

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Siegfried! Siegfried! Siegfried!
 Dark our knowledge for thee!
 The ring thou keepest
 To thy own scathe!
 From the gleaming gold
 Of the Rhine 'twas wrought;
 He who cunningly forged it,
 And lost it in shame,
 Laid a curse on it
 Which, for all time,
 The owner thereof
 Dooms to his death.
 As the dragon fell
 So shalt thou too fall,
 And that to-day;
 Thy fate is foretold,
 Wilt thou not give to the Rhine
 The ring to hide in its waters.
 Its waves alone
 Can loose the curse.

SIEGFRIED

Enough, O ye women
 Full of wiles!
 Was I firm when ye flattered,
 I am firmer now when ye threaten!

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Siegfried! Siegfried!
 Our warning is true:
 Flee, oh, flee from the curse!
 The Norns who weave
 By night have entwined it
 In the rope
 Of Fate's decrees!

SIEGFRIED

My sword once shattered a spear;
 And if the Norns
 Have woven a curse
 Into the strands
 Of destiny's rope,
 Nothing will cleave it asunder.

A dragon once warned me
 Of this dread curse,
 But he could not teach me to fear.

[He contemplates the ring.]

The world's wealth
 Has bestowed on me a ring.
 For the grace of love
 Had it been yours,
 And still for love might it be got,
 But by threats to my life and my limbs—
 Had it not even
 A finger's worth—
 The ring ye never shall gain.
 My limbs and my life—

Look!—thus
 Freely I fling away!

[He lifts a clod of earth from the ground, holds it over his head, and with the last words throws it behind him.]

THE THREE RHINE-MAIDENS

Come, sisters!
 Fly from the madman!
 Though dauntless and wise
 He seems to himself,
 He is blind and in fetters bound fast.

[Wildly excited, they swim in wide circles close to the shore.]

Oaths he swore,
 And was false to his word;

[Moving quickly again.]

Runes he knows
 That he cannot rede.
 A glorious gift
 Fell to his lot;
 He flung it from him
 Unawares;
 And the ring that deals doom and death
 Alone he will not surrender!

Farewell, Siegfried!
 A woman proud
 Ere night falls thy wealth shall inherit.
 Our cry by her will be heard.
 To her! To her! To her!

[They turn quickly to their dance, and gradually swim away to the back singing.]

SIEGFRIED

[Looks after them smiling, one foot on a piece of rock and his chin resting on his hand.]

Alike on land and water
 I have studied women's ways:
 Still those who mistrust their smiles
 They seek with threats to frighten,
 And, are their threats despised,
 At once they begin to scold.
 And yet—
 Held I not Gutrun' dear,
 Of these alluring maidens
 One had surely been mine.

[He looks calmly after the Rhine-Maidens, who have disappeared, and whose voices gradually die away. Horn-calls are then heard. Siegfried starts from a reverie and sounds his horn in answer.]

HAGEN'S VOICE *[Far off.]*
 Hoiho!

VASSALS' VOICES
 Hoiho! Hoiho! Hoiho!

SIEGFRIED

[Having first answered the call with his horn.

Hoiho! Hoihe!

HAGEN

[Appears on the height, followed by Gunther. He sees Siegfried.

So we have found thee
Where thou wert hidden!

SIEGFRIED

Come down all! Here 'tis fresh and cool.

[The vassals now appear on the height, and come down with Hagen and Gunther.

HAGEN

Here let us rest
And see to the meal.

[They lay the game in a heap.

Lay down the booty
And hand round the wine-skins.

[Wine-skins and drinking-horns are produced. All lie down.

HAGEN

Now be the wonders told us
Of Siegfried and his hunting
That chased the game from us.

SIEGFRIED

No meal at all is mine;
I beg of you
To share with me your spoil.

HAGEN

No luck at all?

SIEGFRIED

I sought for forest-game,
But water-fowl only I found;
Furnished with the right equipment,
A brood of three wild water-birds
I had caught and brought you.
Down there on the Rhine they told me
That slain to-day I should fall.

[Gunther starts and looks darkly at Hagen. Siegfried lies down between Gunther and Hagen.

HAGEN

A sorry chase were that
If the luckless hunter fell
A victim to the quarry!

SIEGFRIED

Thirst plagues me!

HAGEN

[Whilst he orders a drinking-horn to be filled for Siegfried, and hands it to him.

It has been rumoured, Siegfried, That thou canst tell the meaning
Of what the birds sing:
Does rumour speak true?

SIEGFRIED

I have not listened
For long to their song.

[He takes the drinking-horn and turns with it to Gunther, to whom he offers it after he has drunk from it.

Drink, Gunther, drink! Thy brother hands the draught!

GUNTHER

[Looks into the horn with horror. Moodily.

A pale draught thou hast poured!

[More gloomily.

Thy blood alone is there.

SIEGFRIED *[Laughing.*

With thine, then, be it mingled!

[He pours from Gunther's horn into his own so that it runs over.

Thus mixed the wine flows over
To Mother Earth
May it prove a cordial kind!

GUNTHER *[With a deep sigh.*

Thou over-joyous man!

SIEGFRIED *[Low, to Hagen.*

His cheer Brünnhild' has marred.

HAGEN *[Low, to Siegfried.*

She speaks less plain to him
Than speak the birds to thee!

SIEGFRIED

Since I have heard women singing.
The birds I have clean forgot.

HAGEN

But thou didst hear them once?

SIEGFRIED

[Turning with animation to Gunther.

Hei! Gunther!

Moody-faced man!
Come, I will tell thee
Tales of my boyhood,
If thou wouldst care to hear them.

GUNTHER

'Twould please me much.

[All lie down close to Siegfried, who alone sits upright.

HAGEN

Sing, hero, sing!

SIEGFRIED

Mime was
A surly old dwarf
Who because of greed
Reared me with care,
That when the child
Grew sturdy and bold
He might slay a dragon grim
That guarded treasure in the wood.
He taught me to forge
And the art of fusing,
But what the craftsman
Could not achieve
The scholar did
By skill and by daring—
Out of the splinters of a weapon
Fashioned featly a sword.
My father's blade
Forged was afresh;
Strong and true
Nothing was tempered,
Deemed by the dwarf
Fit for the fight.
The wood then we sought, and there
The dragon Fafner I slew.

Listen and heed

Well to my tale;

I have marvels to tell you.
 From the dragon's blood
 My fingers were burning,
 And these I raised to my lips;
 And barely touched
 Was the blood by my tongue,
 When what a bird was saying
 Above me I could hear.
 On a bough it sat there and sang:
 "Hei! Siegfried now owns
 All the Nibelung hoard!
 Oh! could he the hoard
 In the cave but find!
 Tarnhelm, if he could but win it,
 Would help him to deeds of renown;
 And could he discover the ring,
 It would make him the lord of the world!"

HAGEN
 Didst thou take
 The Tarnhelm and ring?

A VASSAL
 Was that the end of the singing?

SIEGFRIED
 Having taken
 Tarnhelm and ring,
 Once more I listened
 And heard the sweet warbler;
 He sat above me and sang:—
 "Hei! Siegfried now owns
 Both the helm and the ring!
 Oh! let him not listen
 To Mime, the false,
 For Mime, too, covets the treasure,
 And cunningly watches and spies!
 He is bent on murdering Siegfried;
 Be Siegfried wary of Mime!"
 HAGEN
 'Twas well that he warned?

THE VASSALS
 Got Mime due payment?

SIEGFRIED
 A deadly-brewed draught
 He brought me to drink;
 But, fear-stricken,
 His tongue stammered truly:
 Nothing stretched him out dead!

HAGEN
[With a strident laugh.

The steel that he forged not
 Mime soon tasted!

[He has another drinking-horn filled, and drops the juice of a herb into it.

THE VASSALS
 What further did the bird tell thee?

HAGEN
 From my horn
 Drink, hero, first:
 A magical draught is this;
 It will mind thee of things long forgotten,
 And bring old days to remembrance.

[He offers the horn to Siegfried, who looks into it thoughtfully and then drinks slowly.

SIEGFRIED
 In sorrow I listened,
 Grieving looked up;
 He sat there still and sang.
 "Hei! Siegfried has slain
 The deceitful dwarf!
 I know for him now
 A glorious bride.
 She sleeps where rugged rocks soar;
 Ringed is her chamber by fire.
 Who battles the flames
 Wakens the bride,
 Brünnhilde wins as reward!"

HAGEN
 The wood-bird's counsel
 Didst thou follow?

SIEGFRIED
 Straight without pause
 I rose and I ran

[Gunter listens with increasing astonishment.

Till I came to the fire-ringed rock.
 I passed through the flames,
 And for prize I found,

[More and more ecstatic.

Sleeping, and clad in bright mail,
 A woman lovely and dear.
 The hard helmet
 I loosened with care,
 And waked the maid with my kiss.
 Ah, then the burning, sweet embrace
 Of Brünnhild's rapturous arms!

GUNTHER
[Springing up in the greatest consternation.

What says he?
[Two ravens fly up out of a bush, circle above Siegfried, and then fly away towards the Rhine.

HAGEN
 Didst understand
 What the ravens there said?

[Siegfried starts up suddenly, and, turning his back to Hagen, looks after the ravens. Hagen thrusts his spear into Siegfried's back.

HAGEN
 Vengeance—that was the word!

[Gunter and the vassals rush towards Hagen. Siegfried swings his shield on high with both hands in order to throw it on Hagen; his strength fails him; the shield drops from his grasp backwards, and he falls down upon it.

GUNTHER and VASSALS
[Who have tried to hold Hagen back in vain.

Hagen, what dost thou?

HAGEN
 Death to traitors!

[He turns calmly away, and is seen in the gathering twilight disappearing slowly over the height. Gunter bends over Siegfried in great grief. The vassals stand round the dying man full of sympathy.

SIEGFRIED
[Supported by two vassals in a sitting posture, opens radiant eyes.

Brünnhilde,
 Heaven-born bride,
 Awake! Open thine eyelids!
 Who again
 Has locked thee in sleep
 And bound thee in slumber so fast?

Lo! he that came
And kissed thee awake

Again breaks the bonds
Holding thee fettered
And looks on Brünnhild's delight.
Ah! those dear eyes
Now open for ever!
Ah! the soft fragrance
Borne on her breathing!
Death, thou art welcome—
Sweet are thy terrors—
Brünnhild' greets me, my bride!

[He sinks back and dies. The rest stand round him motionless and sorrowing. Night has fallen. At a silent command from Gunther the vassals raise Siegfried's body and bear it away slowly in a solemn procession over the height. The moon breaks through the clouds, and lights up the funeral procession with increasing clearness as it reaches the top of the hill. A mist has risen from the Rhine which gradually fills the whole stage, on which the funeral procession has become invisible. After a musical interlude the mist divides again, until at length the hall of the Gibichungs, as in Act I. appears with increasing distinctness.]

It is night. The moonlight is mirrored in the Rhine. Gutrune comes out of her chamber into the hall.
Was that his horn?

[She listens.]

No!—he
Has not returned.
Troubled was my sleep
By evil dreams!
Then wildly neighed his horse;
Brünnhild' laughed,
And I woke up afraid.
What woman was it
I saw go down to the shore?
I fear this Brünnhild'!
Is she within?

[She listens at the door at the right and calls.]

Brünnhild'! Brünnhild'!
Art awake?

[She opens the door timidly and looks into the inner room.]

No one is there!
So it was she
I saw go downwards to the Rhine.

[A distant horn sounds.]

Was that his horn?
No!
All silent!

[She looks out anxiously.]

Would but Siegfried return!

[Hagen's voice is heard outside coming nearer. When Gutrune hears it she stands for a time transfixed with terror.]

HAGEN
Hoiho! Hoiho!
Awake! Awake!
Lights! Ho! lights here!
Burning torches!
Home bring we
Spoils of the chase.
Hoiho! Hoiho!

[Increasing light from the torches is seen without. Hagen enters the hall.]

Up! Gutrun'!
Give Siegfried greeting,
For home to thee
Thy hero comes.

GUTRUNE *[In great fear.]*
What is wrong, Hagen?
I heard not his horn.

[Men and women with lights and firebrands accompany, in great confusion, the procession returning with Siegfried's body.]

HAGEN
The hero pale
Will blow it no more;
No more will he ride
To battle or chase
Or gaily go wooing fair women.

GUTRUNE *[With growing terror.]*
What bring they here?

[The procession reaches the middle of the hall, and the vassals set down the body on a hastily improvised platform.]

HAGEN
'Tis a wild boar's spoil they bring thee:
Siegfried, thy husband slain.

[Gutrune shrieks and falls upon the corpse. General emotion and mourning.]

GUNTHER
[Bends over the fainting Gutrune.]

Gutrun', gentle sister!
Open thine eyelids!
Look up and speak!

GUTRUNE
[Recovering consciousness.]
Siegfried—they have slain Siegfried!
[She pushes Gunther back violently.]

Hence! false-hearted brother,
Thou slayer of my husband!
Oh, who will help me!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
These men have murdered my Siegfried!

GUNTHER
Cast not the blame on me;
'Tis Hagen who must bear it:
He is the accurs'd wild boar
That did the hero to death.

HAGEN
With me art wroth for that?

GUNTHER
Woe and grief
For aye be thy portion!

HAGEN
[Stepping forward with terrible defiance.]

Yes, then, 'tis true that I slew him.
I—Hagen—
Did him to death!
By my spear he falsely swore,
So by my spear he fell.
I have the sacred right
Now to demand my booty,
And what I claim is this ring.

GUNTHER
Away! Thou shalt not have
What forfeit falls to me.

HAGEN
Ye vassals, judge of my right!

GUNTHER
Thou wouldst seize Gutrune's dower,
Insolent Niblung son?

HAGEN

[Draws his sword.

'Tis thus

The Niblung son demands his own.

[He rushes on Gunther, who defends himself: they fight. The vassals throw themselves between. Gunther falls slain by a stroke from Hagen.

HAGEN

Mine the ring!

[He makes a grasp at Siegfried's hand, which raises itself in menace. All stand transfixed with horror.

BRÜNNHILDE

[Advances firmly and solemnly from the background to the front. Still at the back.

Silence! Your sorrow

Clamour less loud!

Now for vengeance his wife comes,

The woman all have betrayed.

[As she comes quietly forward.

I have heard you whining

As whine children

When milk is spilt by their mother;

But lamentation

Meet for a hero unmatched

I have not heard.

GUTRUNE

[Raising herself suddenly from the floor.

Brünnhilde, spite-envenomed!

Thou art the cause of our woe!

For, urged by thee, the men have slain him;

Curs'Äld hour that brought thee here!

BRÜNNHILDE

Peace, hapless wretch!

Thou never wert wife of his;

His leman wert thou,

Only that.

But I am his lawful bride;

To me was the binding oath sworn,

Before thy face he beheld.

GUTRUNE

[Breaking out in sudden despair.

Accurs'Äld Hagen,

Why didst thou give the poison

That stole her husband away?

O sorrow!

Mine eyes are opened:

Brünnhild' was the true love

Whom through the draught he forgot.

[She turns from Siegfried in shame and fear, and, dying, bends over Gunther's body; remaining motionless in this position until the end. Hagen stands defiantly leaning on his spear and shield, sunk in gloomy thought, on the opposite side. Brünnhilde stands alone in the middle. After long and absorbed contemplation of Siegfried she turns with solemn exaltation to the men and women.

BRÜNNHILDE

Let great logs

Be borne to the shore

And high by the Rhine be heaped;

Fierce and far

Let the flames mount

That consume to ashes

Him who was first among men!

His horse lead to me here,

That with me his lord he may follow.

For my body longs

To have part in his glory

And share his honour in death.

Obey Brünnhild's behest.

[The young men, during the following, raise a great pyre of logs before the hall, near the bank of the Rhine; women decorate this with rugs, on which they strew plants and flowers.

BRÜNNHILDE

[Absorbed anew in contemplation of Siegfried's dead face. Her expression brightens and softens as she proceeds.

Sheer golden sunshine

Streams from his face;

None was so pure

As he who betrayed.

To wife forsworn,

To friend too faithful,

From his own true love—

His only beloved—

Barred he lay by his sword.

Never did man

Swear oaths more honest,

No one was ever

Truer to treaties;

Never was love

Purer than Siegfried's;

Yet oaths the most sacred,

Bonds the most binding,

And true love were never

So grossly betrayed!

Know ye why that was?

[Looking upward.

Ye Gods who guard

All vows that are uttered,

Look down on me

In my terrible grief,

Your guilt never-ending behold!

Hear my voice accusing,

Mighty God!

Through his most valiant deed—

Deed by thee so desired—

Thou didst condemn him

To the doom

That else upon thee had fallen.

He, truest of all,

Must betray me,

That wise a woman might grow!

Know I all thou wouldst learn?

All things! All things!

All I know now:

All stands plainly revealed.

Round me I hear

Thy ravens flapping.

By them I send thee back

The tidings awaited in fear.

Rest in peace now, O God!

[She signs to the vassals to bear Siegfried's body on to the pyre; at the same time she draws the ring off Siegfried's finger, and regards it musingly.

I claim as mine

What he has left me.

O gold accurst!

Terrible ring!

I now grasp thee

And give thee away.

O sisters wise,

Ye have my thanks

For your counsel good, ye who dwell

In the waters deep of the Rhine.

What ye desire

I gladly give;

From out my ashes

Take ye your treasure;

The fire by which I am burnt
 Cleanses the ring of its curse.
 Down in the waves
 Wash it away,
 And guard ever pure
 The shining gold
 That stolen was to your grief!

[She has put the ring on her finger, and now turns to the pile of logs on which Siegfried's body lies stretched. Taking a great firebrand from one of the men, she waves it and points to the background.]

Fly home, ye ravens,
 Tell your lord the tidings
 That ye have heard by the Rhine.
 But fly, as ye go,
 By Brünnhild's rock:
 Still Loge flames there;
 Bid him follow to Walhall;
 For the Gods are drawing
 Near to their doom.

Thus—thrown be the brand
 On Walhall's glittering halls!

[She hurls the brand on to the pile of wood, which quickly breaks into flame. Two ravens fly up from the rock by the shore and vanish in the background. Brünnhilde perceives her horse, which has just been led in by two men.]

Grane, my horse,
 Be greeted fair!

[She springs towards him, and, catching hold of him, removes his bridle and bends towards him affectionately.]

Knowest thou, my friend,
 To whom we are going?
 Thy lord lies radiant
 There in the fire,
 Siegfried, my hero blest!
 Thou neigest with joy
 To think thou shalt join him?
 Laughing, the flames
 Allure thee to follow?
 Feel thou my bosom,
 Feel how it burns;
 Flames of fire
 Have laid hold on my heart.
 Ah, to embrace him,
 By him be embraced,
 United for ever
 In love without end!
 Heiajoho! Grane!
 Give thy lord greeting!

[She has swung herself on to the horse, and urges it forward.]

Siegfried! Siegfried!
 See! Brünnhild greets thee, thy bride!

[She urges her horse with one leap into the burning pile of logs. The flames immediately blaze up, so that they fill the whole space in front of the hall and seem to catch hold of the building itself. The terrified men and women press as far to the front as possible. When the whole stage appears to be filled with fire the glow gradually fades, so that there is soon nothing left but a cloud of smoke, which drifts towards the back and hangs there as a dark bank of cloud. At the same time the Rhine overflows and the flood rolls up over the fire. The three Rhine-Maidens swim forward on the waves, and now appear over the spot where the fire was. Hagen, who since the incident of the ring has been watching Brünnhilde's behaviour with growing anxiety, is much alarmed by the fight of the Rhine-Maidens. He throws away his spear, shield, and helmet, and dashes into the flood as if mad, crying out, "Back from the ring!" Woglinde and Wellgunde fling their arms round his neck and, swimming away, draw him down with them into the depths. Flosshilde, swimming ahead of the others towards the back, joyously holds up the recovered ring. Through the bank of cloud on the horizon a red glow of increasing brightness breaks forth, and, illumined by this light, the Rhine-Maidens are seen merrily circling about and playing with the ring on the calmer waters of the Rhine, which has gradually retired to its natural bed. From the ruins of the fallen hall the men and women watch in great

agitation the growing gleam of fire in the heavens. When this is at its brightest the hall of Walhall is seen, in which the Gods and heroes fit assembled, as described by Waltraute in the first Act. Bright flames seem to seize on the hall of the Gods. When the Gods are completely hidden by the flames the curtain falls.